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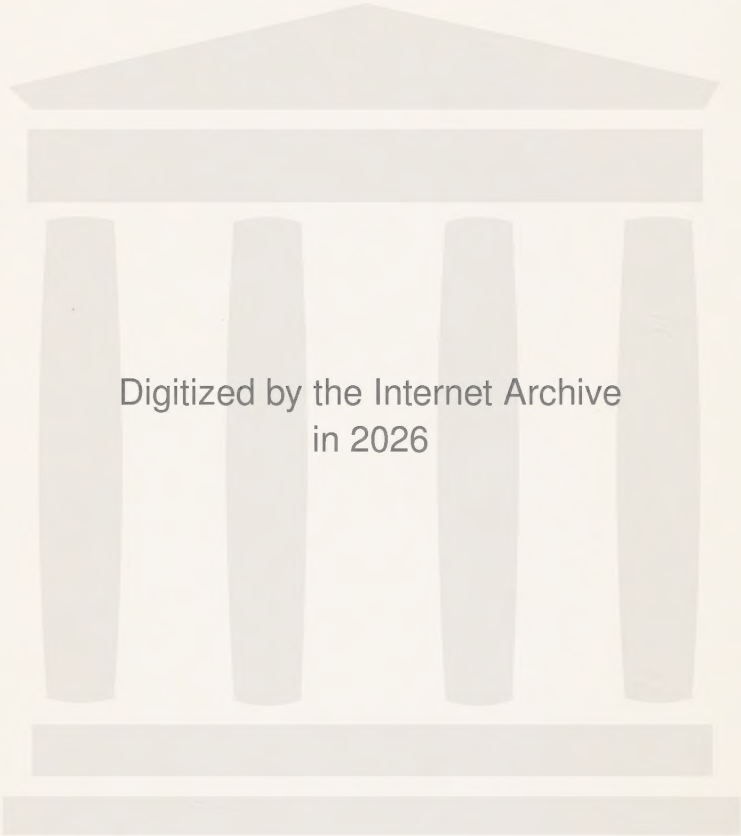
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ANNA MARIA BRUDENELL, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY

From the painting by Mary Beale at Althorp

[*Frontispiece*

Rogues and Scoundrels

By Philip W. Sergeant *Author of "The Life of Anne Boleyn," "The Empress Josephine," "Cleopatra of Egypt," etc.*

Ἐσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἁπλῶς, πανταδοπῶς δὲ κακοί.

There is one way of being good, but all kinds of ways of being bad.

With 16 Illustrations

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PREFACE

I DO not know to how many readers of the history of the past it is a pleasure to turn aside from the broad main road, and to explore rather the narrow by-paths which seem to lead to nowhere in particular. I confess that to me it is a pleasure, even though those by-paths are often very muddy. We may admire that view of history which makes its function the chronicling of national affairs and of movements, and despises the stories of kings, courtiers, and courtesans ; but, having paid our tribute of admiration to that view, some of us (for I am sure that I am not alone) will return with greater zest to the records of individuals whom the austerer writers of history assure us to be of very little, if any, importance.

In truth, to us who do not pretend to this austerity of judgment, without the human stories the historical record is somewhat arid. Looking through some old note-books, I see that years ago I was invited to discuss, for the doubtful edification of tutors (these long back in the past) or of pupils (these somewhat more recently), such subjects as : " What Securities were there for the Permanence of the Athenian Democracy ? " ; " What is the Significance of the Question of Monopolies under Queen Elizabeth ? " ; " With what Evils did the Social Legislation of 1832–67 Attempt to Deal ? "—and so on.

Of course, these are weighty and, in a manner, interesting topics ; and for the teaching of history one cannot imagine them supplanted by investigations into the identity of Perkin Warbeck, the Man in the Iron Mask, etc., or character-studies of Piers Gaveston, Jane Shore, Cagliostro, or Lola Montez. Nevertheless, must we admit that the exploration of the by-paths is no part of history, and has no value ? I would rather take the opposite view, and hold that the observation of human nature, in the varying yet perpetually recurring

circumstances throughout the ages, is the really valuable part of the study called history.

But why, it may be asked, waste time over the bad characters of the past? Granted that the observation of individual character in history has value, why not write rather of the good? The answer, or the excuse, is that the positive is more interesting and more intelligible than the negative; and goodness is a negative quality compared with badness. The absence of vices is not, indeed, the sole requisite of goodness, any more than the absence of desire is the sole requisite of happiness; but in each case one is a very large part of the other.

Badness is more varied than goodness. In the words quoted on the title-page, there is one way of being good, but all kinds of ways of being bad. Perfection in itself is dull, and there is little that one can say of it except that it is perfect. The epithets are exhausted. It is otherwise with badness. The average human being can sympathise with the bad, having the like potentialities in himself. He does not want to commit the crimes, but at least he knows the motives which actuate them. I do not say that a Thomas Cromwell can inspire sympathy, for there seems to be in his personal character something as icily evil as in many saints we find icily good. But in the ordinary "bad hat" there is a warmth that arouses some genial regard. "There, but for the grace of God, goes myself," one can say. One cannot say, with respect to St. Simplicissimus, "There, but for original sin, heredity, evil company, and so on, goes myself."

The saint, in fact, is more of a freak than the sinner; and freaks inspire more curiosity than fellow-feeling.

I had almost added that the saint is more static, whereas the sinner is more dynamic. But this might easily be challenged, and scores of dynamic saints might be produced—very uncomfortable people, who caused wars, broke up homes, outraged conventions with the carelessness of any sinner, and altogether made the world wonder whether there was really room for a large crop of saints. This aspect of the matter is expressed in four curious lines included in a petition from the inhabitants

of Covent Garden to the Lord Chancellor at some time in the reign of Charles II.,[1] protesting against the oppressions of one Dr Baber:

> Help, Lord, for good and godly men
> Malitious are as Divells.
> You, our good Angell, only can
> Seale up these pious evills.

Probably Dr. Baber was a very doubtful kind of saint. But it is frequently the case that one man's saint is another man's sinner; whereas the full-blown sinner can hardly, for his sins, be elevated to the hagiology. Perhaps Colonel Blood came nearest to it. Even the admirers of his "godliness," however, did not apparently try to impute to him for virtue his many misdemeanours. In his Declaration at the time of the attempt on Dublin Castle he stated that "we doubt not that the Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God of Jacob, will strengthen our weak hands." But he did not, as far as we know, indulge in such talk while trying—if he did really try—to hang the Duke of Ormonde, or to steal the Crown Jewels.

"Till follies become ruinous," wrote Lord Halifax, "the world is better with them than it would be without them." Even when we stretch the word "follies" to include a good deal of scoundrelism we may admit the truth of this. Anyhow, we must allow the historical worth of the scoundrels. Without their lives we should have very little light on the manners of a period. They exhibit the exuberance, the full blood of their times. They give those times for us their colour, a great part of their fascination. They also provide large opportunities for the moralist and the satirist. Without the sinners, what ready stones would be left unthrown, what useful adjectives left idle, what precious lessons lost! Without them we could not talk nearly as much as we do about progress; but I agree with Dean Inge (for all that he calls himself a Whig, though no advocate assuredly of the First of the Whigs) that such talk is of little profit.

. . . . . .

Are all the people dealt with in this book rogues and

[1] *British Museum Additional MSS.* 28,094, *f.* 122.

scoundrels? I must confess to having used the term "rogues" in order to be able to include the ladies; for, as we know, ladies are never called scoundrels, whereas, without impropriety, we may call them rogues, even though they may be far from "dainty rogues."

Are they, then, all rogues and scoundrels? I think so, though in very varying degrees. It is with some regret that I make the admission about the second Lord Chesterfield, as I say below. I am sorry to put so good a Jacobite in the gallery. But in his line, which was seduction, he was pre-eminent, and wished to be thought so. Lady Shrewsbury was a sort of feminine counterpart of Chesterfield, on this side of his nature, but a very much worse character, with no apparent virtues beyond what many will not esteem a virtue, the Jacobitism which she shared with him.

Blood was a very different type, quite remote from the world of love. No one, however, can dispute that he was a very acccomplished scoundrel, whose career is most illuminating, even in spite of its unsolved mysteries. A liking for him must perforce be an acquired taste; but I feel that, in some preposterous way, he rather grows on one as he matures.

As for Thomas Cromwell, I explain later how my inclusion of him was more or less forced on me by the suggestion of a critic that in my *Anne Boleyn* I did him less than justice. So perhaps I did; and I have endeavoured to repair my error. I have a suspicion that I have done the wrong thing.

With regard to the Duke of Cumberland, it is of course a serious thing to speak ill of princes so close to the throne. Since, however, he has been held up to admiration as a real Englishman, a typical John Bull, it is permissible, I suppose, to deal with him as an ordinary human being, and to ask whether he deserved the *odium historicum* which no one of even diluted Highland blood can fail to inherit against him. There I am bound to plead guilty to prejudice in his regard.

Mrs. Manley may perhaps be classed as a "dainty rogue." She had no doubts as to her own charm and her possession of at least a fair share of good looks. At the same time she was a thorough minx, loose in her own life and venomous in her

attacks on the characters of others. She had an excuse that she was scandalously treated in girlhood in the matter of her mock-marriage, but in her later career there was no great display of injured innocence. With her study of the passion of love she combined, though she refused to see it, a thorough appreciation of the passion of hate. Brilliant, licentious, and deadly bitter, she has no close parallel among women. The appreciation of her own sex is not to be expected for her ; nor has she had it.

No apology seems needed for the inclusion of the two "Back Stairs" gentlemen, Chiffinch and Progers. They were rather little villains ; but they were reputed to do their work efficiently, and they were well paid for it. They had many friends at Court, and not only among the bad characters. Doubtless they had agreeable manners, and one kept very good—his master's—wines.

It may quite possibly be said that there are worse scoundrels in the book than those to whom the various sections of it are specifically devoted. I think this is true. For instance, the Duke of Buckingham easily outshone them all. But I have not tried to describe the worst scoundrels, merely to look at a few sides of scoundrelism. I believe that the result is at least to exhibit "a diversity of creatures."

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

St. John's Wood,
May, 1924

P.S.—A passage occurs in the recently-published Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle which seems appropriate in connection with what has been said above. "After all," she remarks, "the pleasantest company, as Burns thought, *are* the *blackguards*!—that is, those who have just a sufficient dash of blackguardism in them to make them snap their fingers at *ceremony* and all that sort of thing."

I fear, however, that some of my Rogues and Scoundrels did more than "snap their fingers at *ceremony* and all that sort of thing"!

LOVEMORE AND D'AUMONT DISCUSS MRS. MANLEY

From the frontispiece to "The Adventures of Rivella"

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THE FATAL COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY

Br

THE FATAL COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY

"I WOULD take a wager," the Chevalier de Gramont represents himself in his memoirs as saying, "she might have a man killed for her every day, and she would only hold her head the higher for it."

In this statement about the too celebrated wife of the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury there is the usual touch of exaggeration which marks the Chevalier's language. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that the lady was one with whom it was very dangerous for any man to have dealings, and that the evil influence of her beauty and levity of character extended so as to be a peril even to her friends' friends, who in themselves might have no desire to be entangled in her web.

. . . . . .

Anna Maria Brudenell was the eldest daughter of Robert, Lord Brudenell, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Viscount Savage. The Brudenells sprang from Buckinghamshire; and the first of the family to come into public notice was Sir Robert Brudenell, knight, who was a judge under Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and acquired a considerable amount of property in the course of his career. A descendant of his, Thomas Brudenell, was one of the early recipients of the new honour, duly paid for, of baronetage under James I. Charles I. made him a baron in 1628; and in the year following the Restoration Charles II. elevated him to the dignity of first Earl of Cardigan.

Robert, son of Thomas, was born in 1607. The dates of his two marriages are unknown, as also are those of the births of his son Francis and of his daughter, the subject of this sketch. There were two other daughters, like Francis and Anna Maria the issue of the second marriage: Catherine, who ultimately married Charles, Earl of Middleton; and

Dorothy, who married first the Earl of Westmorland, and secondly Robert Constable, Viscount Dunbar, nephew of her father's first wife. As Dorothy, when she died on January 26th, 1740, was stated to be ninety-three years of age, she must have been born in 1646 or 1647. We may, perhaps, presume her eldest sister to have been born in the early forties of the Seventeenth Century, which would make her under nineteen when she became, by marriage, Countess of Shrewsbury.

In the *Journal of the House of Lords*, under the date July 1st, 1661, there is a draft of an act for the naturalising of "Francis Brudenell, Esq., son and heir-apparent of the Rt. Hon. Robert Lord Brudenell, and of the Rt. Hon. Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, daughter of the said Lord Brudenell and now wife of the Rt. Hon. Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury." The reason for this naturalisation is not evident. In fact, we hear hardly anything of the family previous to the Restoration. There is a mention of Lord Brudenell as a papist as early as 1645. This should refer to Thomas. But Robert also became a Roman Catholic, and his children were brought up in that faith.

Anna Maria Brudenell thus comes to us a shadowy figure when on January 10th, 1659, at the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, she appears as the bride of Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Francis was then about thirty-six. He was the second-born son of John, the tenth Earl, by his first wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Fortescue, of Salden, Buckinghamshire. But his elder brother George had died before his father, and so on February 8th, 1654, Francis succeeded to the earldom.[1] Though married before, he had no surviving issue by his first wife, a daughter of Sir John Conyers. Like his new wife, he was a Roman Catholic. He had seen service in the Royalist army in the Civil War, and was in favour with Charles II., who stood godfather to his son Charles Talbot, born July 24th, 1660. At the Coronation Francis was second

[1] The tenth Earl had yet another son, Gilbert, and three daughters by his first wife; and by his second, Frances, daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour, three sons, of whom the eldest was Thomas. We shall hear of Gilbert and Thomas Talbot again.

swordbearer to the King, and in the same year he received an appointment at Hampton Court.

Lord Shrewsbury had not long to wait before discovering that in his new wife he had made the worst of bargains. She was young and beautiful, personal beauty being indeed a trait of the Brudenell family; and she had soon borne him a son and heir. But, whatever her upbringing had been (and we have no ground for thinking her father or mother unprincipled, while her brother's chief fault, apparently, was an addiction to wine), the Countess soon plunged into the swirl of the gay Court and became notorious as the lightest of swimmers amid the scum. We do not rely too much on Gramont's statement that she "placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than others," though "no person could complain of having been ill received." What Pepys and Evelyn have to say about her, her own son's attitude toward her in later years, and the bare facts of her life, suffice to show what she was. Unhappily for her husband, she had a spell over him which he found it hardly possible to shake off, and his reputation suffered greatly thereby, until his tragic end redeemed it somewhat. He seems to have been a staid man, of no particular strength of character, capable, indeed, of jealousy, but incapable of action to rid himself of the curse which he had taken into his life.

It is in 1662, little more than three years after the marriage at St Giles-in-the-Fields, that the first public scandal in connection with Lady Shrewsbury comes to light. By this time she had collected a numerous throng of admirers. The King, being very much engaged otherwise, never appears to have been among these. But Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, was one of the many. Another was Captain Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard and younger brother of Charles, the recently created Earl of Carlisle. Of this Howard, who at the time commanded a company in the Guards, Gramont says that "there was not a braver nor finer man in England; and though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and peaceful, no one was more spirited or more passionate." The gallant Captain seems to have

thought that he had an exclusive right to the favours of Lady Shrewsbury ; and, when one of the most general amorists of the Court attempted to supplant him, there was trouble.

The interloper was Harry Jermyn, nephew of the Earl of St. Albans, the favourite counsellor and friend of the widowed Queen Henrietta Maria. It is not to be wondered at that Howard resented Jermyn's manner of approach. Having previously ascertained, by the way in which the lady returned his smiles, that she would not keep him at a distance, Jermyn, upon hearing that Howard had invited her one evening to an entertainment, determined to be one of the guests. The party was at the Spring Garden—either at the original one next St. James's Park or at the newly opened one at Vauxhall—and, in addition to the public attractions of the place, the groves and the warbling birds, the fiddles and harps and " Jew's trumps,"[1] and the throng of fashionable promenaders, Howard had provided a bagpiper from his regiment. Jermyn presented himself outside the arbour or pavilion in which they were gathered, and, when Lady Shrewsbury showed herself upon the balcony, forced his way in and came upstairs to join the company. Not content with flirting with the lady, he began to rail at the entertainment and ridicule the music. Howard did not appreciate the conduct of the uninvited guest, and " three times the banquet was on the point of being stained with blood," Gramont says. But he restrained himself, and at last the repast came to an end, and Jermyn took his departure.

The next morning, however, Jermyn awoke to find a challenge awaiting him from Howard. The duel took place in St. James's Fields, Pall Mall, at 11 a.m. on August 18th, 1662, Howard having as second Colonel Cary Dillon, a son of the second Earl of Roscommon and himself afterwards fifth Earl ; and Jermyn having Colonel Giles Rawlings, a gentleman in the household of the Duke of York. The account given of the affair, in a letter preserved among the *Verney Papers*, says that Howard and Dillon drew on the others before a door coming from the tennis-court, when

[1] See Pepys's *Diary*, May 28th, 1667, where he finds the scene " mighty divertising."

HENRY JERMYN

From the painting by Wissing at Chevely Park

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"Tom slew Giles in the place, and after that fell on Harry and wounded him in three or four places, which prove but slight hurts; which done, Tom said, 'Now we have done justice, let's be gone.' And, having their horses hard by, with pistols at the saddlebow, they presently fled, and 'tis thought Howard had some hurt, for he was seen to bear himself up in his pummell. . . . It is also said that Howard was in buff, and that he cut off the heels of his boots, and so came fully prepared and took the others unawares, who, because they had only the usual bodkins, desired but their footmen's swords, but had them not; and yet Rawlins thrust so home that he bent his sword at the hilt, but buff or other armour would not suffer entrance. Dillon fought carelessly, as if willing neither to hurt nor be hurt, it being none of his quarrel."

It was not poor Rawlings's quarrel either; but he was dead. Howard and Dillon escaped from England. After three months, however, they returned for trial and were acquitted. The jury no doubt, as so often, "found it chance medley." As for Jermyn, he was carried from the scene of the duel to his uncle's house, and in due course recovered. He is not recorded to have continued the pursuit of Lady Shrewsbury. But he lived on, to make love to countless more ladies, including Lady Castlemaine—to King Charles's great annoyance—to receive from James II. the barony of Dover, to fight for him at the battle of the Boyne, to make peace with William of Orange, and to die quietly in the country in 1708, six years after the Countess to whom his advances so nearly cost him his life in 1662. His career of gallantry had come to an end long before, when he married a simple and virtuous country maiden, Judith Pooley, by whom he had one daughter, who died young.

Whether Howard carried his affair with Lady Shrewsbury much further, does not appear. In or before 1664 he took to wife Mary Villiers, daughter of the first Duke of Buckingham, who had previously had two husbands, Charles, Lord Herbert, and James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Writing

in November 1664, Charles Lyttelton describes the Howards as "the fondest couple that can be." To Thomas Howard Lady Shrewsbury had not succeeded in bringing ill-luck. His wife was famed for her looks—"the fairest Lady Mary in England," wrote Viscount Conway to her brother—and in 1662 payment had been ordered to her of £20,000, due to her from the late King. By his marriage Howard became brother-in-law to the man whose connection with Lady Shrewsbury was soon to be so infamous. To his credit his name was coupled with hers before he married, not, like the Duke of Buckingham's, years after he had a wife of his own.

For a brief while scandal ceased to be busy about Lady Shrewsbury. Then it blazed up again suddenly, and it is evident that she had thrown aside all restraint and had begun fairly to earn the names which her contemporaries so freely bestowed upon her. Her next accredited lover was a person of far inferior stamp to either the Earl of Arran or Captain Thomas Howard. Harry Killigrew was a typical bad man of the period. His father Thomas Killigrew, who married one of Henrietta Maria's Maids of Honour, Cecilia Crofts, was none too reputable a character; for, having been sent as English resident to Venice, he was recalled owing to complaints about his irregular and licentious behaviour.[1] After the Restoration, however, Charles II. made him a Groom of the Bedchamber, and also granted to him and Sir William Davenant a joint patent for the control of stage affairs in London. Witty and outspoken, he was a great favourite with the King, who allowed "Tom" Killigrew with impunity to criticise his manner of living, and when the post of Master of the Revels fell vacant by the death of Sir Henry Herbert preferred him to that.

Harry was the elder of Thomas's two sons by his first wife. Born in 1637, he inherited his father's liking for plain speech, but his wit was more questionable. In fact, on the evidence

[1] The lines by Sir John Denham on the occasion are well known, describing how

> Our Resident Tom
> From Venice is come,
> And has left all the Statesmen behind him.

of contemporary records, he was obviously a coarse fellow, particularly when, in Gramont's words, he was "a little elevated by the juice of the grape." That did not prevent him from becoming Groom of the Bedchamber, first to the Duke of York, and later to the King. In 1662 he had married Lady Mary Savage, a Maid of the Privy Chamber to Queen Catherine. It was not long after his marriage that he made himself notorious; and Lady Shrewsbury was the person through whom he got into trouble. According to Gramont, a few months later than the wedding of the Duke of Monmouth (which took place in April 1663) Killigrew, having nothing better to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury; and she did not reject his advances. But Killigrew was not content for the affair to remain a secret, boasting about the beauty of his mistress, to all who would listen, whenever he became elevated. Among the recipients of his confidences was the Duke of Buckingham, at whose table he used frequently to dine. Buckingham was inspired by Killigrew's extravagant praises to approach the lady himself. So began an amour which everyone expected, owing to the fickleness of both parties, would be brief in duration; but in reality "no amour in England ever lasted so long."

Before the commencement of the intrigue with Buckingham, however, must be placed a short one (if, indeed, it ever existed) with Richard Talbot, later Earl and then Duke of Tyrconnel. It is Gramont who assigns Dick Talbot to Lady Shrewsbury as a lover, and says that, when he aspired to the hand of Elizabeth Hamilton, afterwards Gramont's own wife, he offered her "as many sacrifices as she could desire of Lady Shrewsbury's letters, pictures and hair; curiosities which, indeed, are reckoned for nothing in housekeeping, but which testify strongly in favour of the sincerity and merit of a lover." If Talbot joined in the chase of Lady Shrewsbury, it must have been after his return to London in November 1663, bringing with him from Ireland a great collection of bonds which he had acquired by courses which we must admit to have been devious. It is not unlikely that, if he pursued the Countess, he had some token of her hair; for Gramont says

that there were three or four gentlemen who had an ounce of it made into bracelets. We have, however, no other allusion to any affair between Lady Shrewsbury and Dick Talbot. He was a very distant connection of her husband.

There is no similar doubt about the guilty relations between Lady Shrewsbury and Buckingham, which developed into the most celebrated case of its kind in the century. At whatever time it was that Killigrew made his indiscreet boasts at the Duke's dinner-table, His Grace, as soon as he seriously took up his wicked task, both conquered and was conquered. All rivals were to be swept away, including the unfortunate husband of the lady.

We may presume it to be unnecessary here to add to the long list of character-sketches of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, that compendium of nearly all the vices and of many of the ornaments of the Seventeenth Century. Sir John Reresby, who was an honest man, says of him that he was "the finest gentleman, both for person and for wit, I think I ever saw; but he knew not how to be long serious or mindful of business." This is a very kindly criticism, when we compare it with others which his contemporaries made upon Buckingham. Gifted himself with a finely malicious wit, he inspired others to be maliciously witty about him; and there are more epigrams to the page in the biographies of him than in those of any other character in history. In the picture in the National Portrait Gallery Lely had painted him to what we must feel to be the life—a man who could be the subject of such notices, splendid, cynical, and debauched.

In his relations with the Countess of Shrewsbury, Buckingham showed up in the worst light in his whole career. In 1657 he had married Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, when he was thirty and she only eighteen.[1] The marriage was no doubt one of self-interest, where he was concerned; and Mary

[1] See p. 67 with regard to this marriage. Previously Buckingham had aspired to marry the widowed Princess of Orange, who was not indifferent to him. Henrietta Maria, however, declared that she would tear her daughter in pieces if she thought she would so degrade herself. Later, when Buckingham was a married man, his advances to her other daughter, Henrietta, were such that the Queen Mother was again compelled to intervene (see p. 38).

Fairfax was plain—" a short, fat body," as Gramont describes her. But his conduct towards her was atrocious, particularly in the way in which he took advantage of her trustful nature. Yet she forgave him, and when she died, seventeen years after him, she was buried in the same grave with him at Westminster.

According to Reresby, Buckingham's " fatal amour " did not begin until 1666. By the absence of Lady Shrewsbury's name from the gossip of the period between 1664 and 1666 we might imagine that she had some affairs in hand to keep her quiet so long. It was in this interval, however, that she bore her second son, John Talbot, whose birthday was near the beginning of February 1665 ; and, as there never appears to have been any doubt as to the paternity of this child, we may assume that there had been some kind of reconciliation between husband and wife. Buckingham's entrance upon the scene put an end to this.

Reresby records that on June 20th, 1666, he received a letter from the Duke, who was Lord Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, saying that the King had commissioned him to raise a troop of horse, and that he had chosen him as his cornet. He asked him therefore to collect some men and bring them with him to York. They had been acquainted with one another since 1659, and from the first moment the Duke had " expressed a kindness " for Sir John—which no doubt influenced the latter's judgment upon him, though not to the extent of making him blind to his vices.

Reresby hastened to comply with the Duke's request, and proceeded with his men to quarters in York. While he was there, the Earl and Countess of Cardigan arrived, with their daughter and the Earl of Shrewsbury, and a great retinue. They had come to pay a family visit, but the Duke prevailed upon them to prolong their stay, and (in Reresby's words) : " entertained all the company at a vast expense, in my Lord Irwin's house, for a whole month. The days were spent in visits and play, and all sorts of diversions that place could afford ; and the nights in dancing sometimes till day the next morning : only the two Earls, not being men for these sports,

went to bed something early. I sent at this time for my wife to wait on the Duchess of Buckingham, who, good woman, perceived nothing at that time of the intrigue that was carrying on between her husband and the Countess of Shrewsbury; but her stay there was but short, it being no good school for a young wife."

Other people saw more than the Duchess of Buckingham; for Reresby relates how Lord Brudenell, Lady Shrewsbury's brother, told him one day over a bottle of wine that, coming hastily through the dining-room the evening before, he saw two tall persons together, who looked like his sister and Buckingham; "but he would not be too inquisitive, for fear it should prove so." Then, another night, Lord Brudenell was sent for from the tavern very late to come to his sister's chamber, where were Lord Shrewsbury's friends. There had been "a great quarrel of jealousy" concerning the Duke; "and yet the Countess had so great a power with her lord that he stayed some time after that."

As we read what Reresby says, we see that it obviously is not fair to paint Shrewsbury as a husband careless of his honour, as the *Memoirs of Gramont* do when they put into King Charles's mouth the words, "I know Lord Chesterfield is of such a disposition that he will not suffer men to quarrel about his wife with the same patience as the complaisant Shrewsbury." It is true that we heard of no action on Shrewsbury's part after the Howard-Jermyn scandal; but that does not prove that he accepted his lot without remonstrance. He was weak enough now to submit to the power of his wife and to stay on in York. He was ill rewarded; and when at last he took a drastic step he met with his end.

From Pepys's language, when speaking of the famous duel, it is clear that Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury had entirely disregarded the not over-censorious opinion of the world of their day and had flaunted their connection. The first person to make a public protest apparently was that rogue Harry Killigrew; for, apart from Gramont's chatter about the chagrin which Killigrew felt at the result of his boasting, it is natural to suppose that his attack on Buckingham was actuated by the

Duke's capture of Lady Shrewsbury. He was no doubt emboldened by the fact that the Duke had only just got over some very serious trouble, which forfeited for a time the King's kindness towards him.

The unravelling of the plot against Buckingham, at the centre of which appears to have been his colleague and rival on the Privy Council, Lord Arlington, the Secretary of State, has been done by Lady Burghclere in her life of Buckingham. First a certain rascally ex-Cromwellian, Braythwaite, whom Buckingham employed as agent on his estates, secretly informed the King that his master was consorting with men of very desperate intentions. Then Arlington caused the arrest of a curious impostor and magician, "Dr." Robert Heydon, and discovered among his papers a horoscope of the King's nativity cast at Buckingham's request! This was High Treason; and Arlington went to the Chancellor Clarendon with a demand for the arrest of the Duke also. The prudent Clarendon was not much impressed, and only unwillingly agreed to the issue of a warrant.

Buckingham was at the time (February 1667) at a country seat at Owthorp, Suffolk, and one Serjeant Bearcraft was sent down with the warrant to arrest him. As he was on his way, Lady Buckingham overtook him in her coach-and-six. The confiding young Duchess was returning from a visit to the Cardigans' house at Deene, where she had been in the company of Lady Shrewsbury. When her escort rode up to her coach-side and told her they had seen the King's Serjeant-at-arms, with his mace, in the coach they had overtaken, she was alarmed and urged her driver on so that they arrived at Owthorp half an hour before the royal messenger. When the latter got to Owthorp, he was refused admittance. Lady Buckingham sent down word, excusing herself for not seeing him, on the ground of fatigue through having spent the night nursing the sick Lady Shrewsbury at Deene! (Whether this detail was true or not, we do not know). Angry protests availed nothing, and the Serjeant-at-arms retired, to return next morning with four justices of the peace. This time he was admitted into the house; but Buckingham had fled. Nor were any incriminating

papers found. Bearcraft left and, when he reached St. Albans on his return journey to London, learnt that Buckingham had previously passed through quite openly in his coach-and-six.[1]

The Duke managed to lie hidden, in spite of a royal proclamation against anyone who should harbour him, while the Duchess came up to town. Her husband seems to have joined her for a while, but was not discovered. At last he grew tired and, after an ineffectual secret appeal to Clarendon to grant him an interview, on June 28th threw himself on the King's mercy. He was ordered to the Tower, making, however, quite a triumphal procession of his journey thither. He was soon acquitted of treason, and on July 16th was permitted to kiss the King's hand in Lady Castlemaine's room, though Charles was by no means cordial to him on the occasion.

Only four days later Harry Killigrew came on the scene. He was himself, and had been for nearly ten months past, in disgrace at Court. Having spoken some true, but very impolite, words against Lady Castlemaine, he had been dismissed from the Duke of York's household, at the express desire of the King. This did not persuade him to restrain his talk. He turned his attention to Lady Shrewsbury, and set himself to abuse her as heartily as he had previously extolled her. Then on July 20th, 1667, he made a public attack upon the Duke of Buckingham. They were in neighbouring boxes at the Duke's Theatre that afternoon, and an extraordinary scene occurred, which is related in a letter among the *Verney Papers*. Addressing Buckingham, Killigrew "drolled with him and made fun at him and spake scurvy language at him, insomuch that the Duke told him he might govern his tongue and his face better." Killigrew left his box and tried to persuade a friend to carry a challenge to Buckingham. The friend refused to do so in the theatre, whereupon Killigrew went back and struck the Duke twice over the head with his sword in its scabbard,

"and then ran away most nobly over the boxes and

[1] Lady Burghclere gives a full account of all this, in her *George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham*, from the Clarendon MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

forms, and the Duke after him, and cut him well favouredly, he crying, ' Good your Grace, spare my life,' and fell down, some say to beg for his life, but certainly the Duke kicked him. The Duke lost his wig in the pursuit for a while."

An order was at once given for Killigrew's committal to the Tower ; but it appeared that his head was so badly hurt that he was allowed to nurse his injuries at his own house. The next we hear is from a newsletter of August 9th, that the Lords have reported on the business of the Duke and Mr. Killigrew, and the latter is resolved to leave the country until he be reconciled to all parties. " The King in Council gave orders," it is added, " that when taken he should be sent to the Tower, and that he should be for ever banished from the Court." Charles, indeed, was for a time very angry. Writing to his sister Henrietta, he described Killigrew's conduct towards Lady Shrewsbury as " worse than I will repeate " ; and " for his *démêlé* with my Lord of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable."

The culprit's own feelings are shown in an extremely interesting letter of his among the State Papers, addressed to Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary to Lord Arlington. Writing on August 24th, 1667, Killigrew assures Williamson that, " in spite of all the calumnies that malicious people assert," he is pressed to the last extremity, when he sues him, though a stranger, for the loan of £30 to carry him on a journey so important to his future, which, if refused will be followed with a gaol and a million other miseries he cannot foresee ! We do not know whether the loan was granted to so deserving and eloquent a pleader.

With the exit of Killigrew comedy gives place to tragedy. The unhappy Earl of Shrewsbury found his position unbearable, and must have had a violent quarrel with his guilty wife. On September 17th, 1667, Henry Savile writes to Lord Halifax : " My Lady Shrewsbury, with only one chambermaid, took to her heels and, they say, is gone either into a monastery, or to kill Harry Killigrew herself, since none of her relations will undertake it, but her lord has sent to Dover and Rye to stop her

if possible." Apparently the Earl failed to stop her. He decided to end the scandal by issuing a challenge to the Duke of Buckingham. Gramont comments that "poor Lord Shrewsbury, too polite a man to make reproaches to his wife" —which is not true—"was resolved to have redress for his honour."

The exact date of the challenge is unknown. It appears, from Pepys, that the King had some notice of it a week or two before the actual duel, "and did give it to the Lord-General to confine the Duke or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight; and the General trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the General." In consequence there was no interference. The meeting took place on January 16th, in a close near Barn Elms. Shrewsbury had as his seconds Sir John Talbot, a distant kinsman, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and M.P. for Knaresborough; and Bernard Howard, eighth son of the Earl of Arundel, a relation by marriage. Buckingham's seconds were Sir Robert Holmes, an adventurous kind of person, in turns (if we may believe it) highwayman, officer in the Army, M. P. for Winchester, pirate and hero of the raid on the Smyrna fleet, and Vice-Admiral; and Captain William Jenkins, who by tradition was a fencing-master, though his skill with the sword was not manifest in this affair.

Barn Elms was apparently chosen as the scene of the duel because it was near a country-house of the Duke's. Also it was, of course, more private than that frequent *rendezvous* for affairs of honour in recent years, Pall Mall; and the rising tide of public feeling against these murderous encounters made it wise to take precautions lest there should be any interruption.

In an account of the duel written by Dr. William Denton to Sir Ralph Verney (where, by the way, the Talbot who was Shrewsbury's second is erroneously said to be his brother, Sir Gilbert) we read:

> "Shrewsbury is run quite through the breast, but hope he will do well. Barnard Howard behaved himself bravely. The Duke coming to relieve Jenkins, who had then no hurt,

and making a pass at Howard, with one hand he put by the Duke's sword, and with the other ran furiously upon Jenkins and killed him. Talbot hath two wounds in one arm. Buckingham, Holmes and Howard (who is fled into France) only three scratches."

The better known story of the duel in Pepys makes Shrewsbury "run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder"; Talbot "all along, up one of his arms"; Jenkins killed upon the place, and "the rest all in a little measure wounded."

The addition to the tale, that the Countess of Shrewsbury was present at the duel, in the disguise of a page, and holding Buckingham's horse, though it appears in Horace Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, has no contemporary support.

Buckingham, when on his defence after his fall in 1674, asserted that at the time of the duel Lady Shrewsbury was in a French monastery; and he could hardly have ventured on such a statement to the House of Lords, if it could have been proved to be a lie. Lady Shrewsbury's name is black enough without this piece of later embroidery to the tale.

The wounded Earl was carried away to Arundel House, and on January 19th, Pepys heard that he was likely to do well. The next step was a curious one. In spite of Charles's ineffectual attempt to stop the duel, before the end of January warrants were issued for grants of pardon to those concerned in the encounter, including Buckingham and Shrewsbury, the principals, and Bernard Howard, the actual slayer of Jenkins. The pardon to Buckingham is for "all treason, misprision of treason, felony, etc., especially concerning the killing of William Jenkins and assault on Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, or Sir John Talbot, whether or not they have died or shall die of the same."

It is noticeable that the pardons were granted by royal warrant, and it is shown by Pepys that this was done to prevent the matter going before Lord Privy Seal, the austere Lord Robarts, who was hostile to the grant of pardon for such an

offence. Furthermore, the pardon did not wait upon trial and conviction.

A week later Charles, to show his consistency, appointed a committee " to consider the way of preventing the frequent mischiefs of duelling " !

Shrewsbury seemed to recover of his wound. Nevertheless, on March 16th, he died at Arundel House. Three days later a *post-mortem* examination was made of the body, in the presence of a noble gathering, when the doctors declared that the wound was perfectly healed ; but we do not hear of any other cause of death. It is not surprising to find the Talbot family bitter on the subject of this affair for years afterwards, especially when we consider Pepys's often quoted entry in his diary for May 15th :

> " I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where, his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, ' Why, madame, I did think so, and have therefore ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's,' which was a devilish speech, but they say true ; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems."

Buckingham thus remained, as Gramont says, " a peaceable possessor of this famous Helen." On May 19th he received a further pardon, for the killing of the Earl, which shows that not too much reliance was placed on the acceptance of the statement that it was not the wound which had caused the death. Charles had, however, to promise his Privy Counsel that in future on no pretence whatsoever should any pardon be granted for the killing of any man in a duel. This did not put a stop to duelling.

Gramont remarks that the public was at first shocked at the affair ; " but the public grows familiar with everything by habit." The Queen, he adds, was at the head of those who exclaimed against so scandalous a crime. She had a special sympathy for the Duchess of Buckingham, who was like herself

unattractive, had similarly borne her husband no children and had been abandoned by him for another woman. But the Queen's influence was small. "The licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled, though she endeavoured to raise up the serious part of the nation, the politicians and devotees, as enemies against it." As we shall see, Catherine was able later to manifest her disgust with Lady Shrewsbury.

It is doubtful whether, as Pepys surmises, it was through Lady Castlemaine's intervention that Charles was so lenient to Buckingham's atrocious offence. For one thing, Lady Castlemaine's hold over Charles, except in the matter of his purse, was now less than Pepys imagined it to be. The beauties of the stage were attracting his attention, at the instigation of Buckingham himself, it seems. Then Lady Castlemaine was not on good terms with her cousin. She had intervened on his behalf when he was in trouble in 1666, and again in 1667; but since then they had drifted apart. They had both been bitter enemies of Clarendon, and both had rejoiced over his fall in August 1667. With the old Chancellor removed, the political bond of union between them was gone, and they were in opposite camps, the lady, a Roman Catholic since the end of 1663, siding with the Duke of York, who hated Buckingham, and whom Buckingham, a Presbyterian, would have liked to deprive of the succession to the throne by the legitimisation of the Duke of Monmouth.

At the beginning at 1668 Buckingham had become the most powerful minister in England and could almost afford to dispense with Lady Castlemaine's aid. His eminent position, of course, did not make his repudiation of his Duchess and his open living with the widow of the man whom he had killed more easy for the public to swallow. Yet the association continued, in spite of what anyone might say. Only Killigrew—of all people—made such violent protests that they could not be disregarded; and his protests were scarcely prompted by a concern for public morals. He had somehow managed to get back to London after the affray at the Duke's theatre, but was quickly in trouble again. Just about the time of Lord Shrewsbury's death, according to the *Verney Papers*, there was

a rumour that Killigrew, having committed a particularly villanous rape, had been condemned to the gallows and only reprieved through the intercession of Charles's mother and sister—though why they should interest themselves in such a creature is obscure. He was banished, it was said. But, if so, he was soon back in England once more ; for at the end of May Pepys saw him with a band of companions at Fox Hall [Vauxhall], molesting all the women they met, " and their mad bawdy talk did make my heart ake."

At length, however, Killigrew brought upon himself a retribution which was more dangerous than the terror of the law and nearly ended his career. Still sore about Buckingham's monopoly in Lady Shrewsbury, and furious that the lady refused even to know him now, " he attacked her with the most bitter invectives from head to foot," says Gramont, " and drew a frightful picture of her conduct." Though warned privately that the consequences might be unpleasant, he persisted in his conduct. At last Lady Shrewsbury determined to make an attempt to silence him. On the evening of May 18th, 1669, Killigrew was going in a coach through St. James's Park, having left the Duke of York's apartments and being bound for a house of his at Turnham Green. He fell asleep in the coach and was awakened by the stab of a sword in the neck, was dragged out on to the road, and was wounded in several other places. Colbert, the French ambassador in London, heard that the Countess of Shrewsbury's coach-and-six was at hand, with the lady and her three daughters in it, and that she called out to her varlets " Kill the villain ! " and did not drive off till she thought he was dead. Pepys says that Killigrew's man was killed, and it is reported that Lady Shrewsbury told Buckingham that it was not intended to hurt, but to beat him, but he ran at them first with his sword, Pepys infers that Buckingham was in the conspiracy with the Countess.

Lady Shrewsbury did not suffer for thus taking the law into her own hands. There is a jesting letter written by Sir Thomas Gower to Viscount Fauconberg on May 21st, 1669, in which Gower says : " H. Killigrew is better this morn, so as the

Countess (if he continue thus) may leave her retreat and appear again."

It might have been thought that this last passage of arms would have put an end to all acquaintance between Killigrew and the two lovers. It was apparently not so, however. A newsletter of September 10th, 1669, reports that " Mr. Henry Killigrew, who was formerly in disgrace upon his quarrel with the Duke of Buckingham at the playhouse, is said to have reconciled himself to the Duke and the Countess of Shrewsbury. On Wednesday he kissed the King's hand."

From this point Killigrew disappears from Lady Shrewsbury's story. He committed more crimes, but rose to be Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and Master of the Revels, seemingly in conjunction with his half-brother Charles. Neither the accession of James II. nor the usurpation of William of Orange disturbed him. Before his death he had had three wives, and he left sons to survive him. We must suppose the man to have had some charm about him which we should not gather from his history, when we find so comparatively reputable a person as Henry Savile styling him " happy-humoured Killigrew, soul of mirth and all delight."

After silencing Killigrew, Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury were allowed to continue their irregular and scandalous union in peace for some years ; and the Countess, ruler of the Duke's heart, became a person of some political importance, as was shown in the course of the tortuous intrigues with France, which were now beginning to occupy so much of the attention of Charles and his statesmen.

In spite of Buckingham's power in the King's counsels, he was singularly in the dark as to what was going on between Charles and Louis XIV. Buckingham was pro-French ; but as a Presbyterian he was quite unprepared to agree to the terms of the treaty which Louis wished Charles to sign with him. Therefore it was necessary to deceive him. The French King used the cleverest diplomatist he had, his sister-in-law Henrietta, Charles's sister. The fair Duchess of Orleans had a great hold over Buckingham, dating back to 1661, when he had accompanied her to France on her way to her wedding with

Orleans. So assiduously had he, though a married man, courted her then that her mother, who was travelling with them wrote to Charles to avert a scandal by recalling Buckingham. His infatuation, however, remained, and Henrietta was quite willing to turn it to good account to bring about the Treaty of Dover. First she lulled his suspicions, aroused by a message from his sister Mary in Paris, that something underhand was going on. Then in May, 1670, she arrived in England to get Charles's signature to the treaty, and managed the business so cleverly that she obtained this without Buckingham knowing anything about it.

Henrietta returned to France, to die almost at once, of appendicitis, according to the modern theory; though poison was suspected at the time by those who knew of the jealousy of the Duke of Orleans about his wife. Buckingham was heartbroken, and urged war against France. But the poison-story was contradicted, and his vanity was flattered by his appointment as special ambassador to France. Here he was made much of, and as he was returning Louis not only bestowed on him a jewelled sword and belt worth forty thousand crowns, but also intimated that he proposed to give Lady Shrewsbury an annuity of ten thousand *livres*!

The unconscious dupe returned to England, bringing with him a present for another, though in this case a willing, dupe. Buckingham escorted from France Louise de Keroualle, Maid of Honour to the late Duchess of Orleans, who had attracted Charles's attention a few months previously, during Henrietta's visit to England. It was at least suggested that he saw in her a means of dethroning Lady Castlemaine, now hated by him; and, at the same time, here was a means of binding Charles firmly to France. Charles, of course, did not require to be bound, after the Treaty of Dover. Nor was he such a dupe, except in so far as he did not see that, in Lord Halifax's words, "it was resolved generally by others whom he should have in his arms as well as whom he should have in his councils."

Lady Shrewsbury was, no doubt, duly pleased with Louis's present to her, and is said to have declared, when she received the money, that she would "make the Duke comply with

King Charles in all things." She experienced a little more difficulty than she had expected. Buckingham, unaware of the secret religious proviso in the compact with France, was quite reconciled to the idea of a war against Holland if he could have the command of the English army in Flanders. He had been led to look for this, and was very angry when he found that he was not to have it. It took some severe language from Charles as well as the blandishments of Lady Shrewsbury to make him accept the situation.

The time was not yet considered ripe, however, for declaring war against Holland; and 1671 passed without disturbance abroad. In the early part of it—the date of the event is unknown—Lady Shrewsbury bore a son to Buckingham, who, so far from concealing the fact, seems to have obtained, in some irregular way, a patent for the infant as Earl of Coventry and to have induced Charles to be godfather! Nor was the scandal abated by the child's speedy death; for the father gave it a solemn funeral and a grave in his family vault at Westminster Abbey, where the burial-register for March 12th, 1671, reads: "A young male child was layd in the Duke of Buckingham's vault, being related to that family."

There appears to have been scarcely a limit to Buckingham's audacity at this period. It is hard, however, to credit the note which the future James II. puts down in his memoirs, under date May 1671:

> "The report of his [Buckingham's] marriage with the countess of Salop, by Doctor Sprat, his chaplain. He owned it; and the true duchess was called, in raillery, the duchess dowager."

We do not doubt that the rumour went about, or that the unhappy Duchess of Buckingham received her nickname. But Dr. Sprat can scarcely have ventured to perform so outrageous a ceremony, even to please his patron.

Buckingham was now, in spite of his original fortune—about 1660 he was supposed to be the richest man in England—and of the profusion of the royal gifts to him, in a state of

insolvency. Indeed, his debts are said to have amounted to no less than £40,000. Yet he did abate the splendour of his living. In August of this year we read of a plan of his to take a new town-house. A correspondent writes to Sir Robert Paston on the 19th that he hears the Duke is to take Holland House of the Earl of Anglesey, and that he has been there three evenings in succession. "I saw him last night go up with the Count[ess] of Shrewsbury, Sir Charles Sydly[1] and James Porter, in the coach with him." For many years past he had been living at Wallingford House, in Whitehall. Why he should want Holland House is not clear.

The next glimpse we have of the Duke and his lady is at Newmarket on October 21st, 1671. The King was there for "the autumual sports," and John Evelyn, who had been on a visit to Lord Arlington at Euston, spent a night in the town, where he found "the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting and revelling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Christian Court," and the Duke of Buckingham, who "had with him that abandoned woman, the Countess of Shrewsbury, with his band of fiddlers, &c." The Duke, we may note, was in the habit of travelling about with his band, which he had, for instance, at York in 1666, as Reresby records.

In the following spring the war with Holland broke out, Buckingham's friend, Sir Robert Holmes, distinguishing himself by his entirely unjustifiable raid on the Smyrna fleet a fortnight before the declaration of war, though Buckingham afterwards declared that he knew nothing about it. Buckingham got small joy out of the war, the unpopularity of which in England contributed to his fall. He was disappointed of any military command in Flanders. Schomberg, who had been given the leadership of the English troops when the now openly confessed Romanist Duke of York, in consequence of the passing of the Test Act, had resigned all his offices, would have nothing to do with Buckingham. Apart from a short diplomatic mission to the Continent, which was unproductive of results, the Duke was reduced to stopping at home, struggling

[1] *Sc.* Sir Charles Sedley, poet, wit and rake, brother-in-law of Harry Killigrew.

with his debts and watching his favour, with both King and people, declining. Then, in July 1673, he was mixed up in an affair which not undeservedly brought upon him reprobation.

This July was, curiously, the month in which the young lady whom Buckingham had escorted over from France three years previously, in the hope of binding the King more firmly, had the seal of success put upon her by becoming Duchess of Portsmouth. But Louise de Keroualle was not concerned in Buckingham's mishap. It was Lady Shrewsbury, or rather a servant of hers, who brought it about, coupled with Buckingham's own bad temper. Two troopers in the Guards were engaged one day in a brawl in public, when Lady Shrewsbury's coachman interfered and struck one of them with his whip. The trooper promptly ran him through and killed him. The onlookers indignantly seized the murderer and took him to Buckingham, who gave him a beating and broke his head. He further endeavoured to get the man convicted of his crime; but the jury were probably influenced by the Duke's highhanded proceedings, and only brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

The affair was, no doubt, but a small one. However, it hastened Buckingham's disgrace. He left London, whether with or without Lady Shrewsbury we do not hear, and at the end of 1673 was at one of his country-houses, awaiting for the storm to break. It was not long in coming. When Parliament met at the beginning of the New Year the House of Commons at once began its attacks on the King's ministers. Lauderdale was the first sacrifice asked for. Buckingham tried to avert danger by waiving his right as a peer, and coming to the Commons to make excuses for the policy of the ministry. The Lower House heard him, but were not appeased, and called for his removal also. Then the House of Lords took up the attack, but on different grounds from the Commons. At last retribution was overtaking the Duke for his conduct in the matter of Lady Shrewsbury; and not only her husband's kindred, but her own brother also, led the assault.

On January 7th the petition was brought forward in the Upper House of Lord Brudenell, Gilbert and Thomas Talbot,

and other near relations, some of them trustees, of the young Earl of Shrewsbury, representing that he, as he grew in age and understanding, became daily more sensible of the deplorable death of his father and of the dishonour caused to his family by the wicked and scandalous life led by the Duke of Buckingham and his mother. The petitioners, "apprehending dangerous consequences therefrom, felt bound to complain to their Lordships." They would not have done so, they said, had the offenders employed the usual care to cover their guilt and shame; "but, on the contrary, they ostentatiously persist in their shameless course of life, . . . having caused a base son of theirs to be buried in the Abbey church at Westminster, with all solemnities, under the title of the Earl of Coventry." Their Lordships were prayed "to take the honour of the orphan peer under their protection and, by timely relief, exempt him from the danger of such unjustifiable ways of resentment as have already plunged that noble family into so sad and bloody a misfortune."

There certainly seems to be an implication of actual physical peril to the boy Earl, for which there is no warrant of which we are aware.

On January 14th Buckingham made his reply, at considerable length, admitting that his life had not been regular nor free from blame, but denying that there had been any open and odious living together before Lord Shrewsbury's death. He believed, he said, that "if the Earl had been left to the goodness of his natural disposition, and had not been exasperated by others, he had not resented a thing so much for which there was so little ground." It was generally known that Lady Shrewsbury "parted from her husband because she thought her honour was not vindicated upon one who had done her a public and barbarous affront; that she went to Paris, and afterwards into a monastery; and that the Earl, upon a groundless jealousy of the Duke's having been the cause of her going away, was much incensed against him."

After professing his grief over Lord Shrewsbury's death, Buckingham explained his subsequent connection with the Countess by her being disowned by her friends and relations

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

From the painting by Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

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upon her return to England and the greatest part of her jointure being injuriously kept from her, so that she sent to him for assistance, "which no man of honour could have denied a lady in her condition." He ended by humbly asking God's forgiveness and their Lordships' for anything that might have given occasion for scandal, and seriously promising to take care to avoid any reproach of the same nature for the future.

In the debate on January 31st whether to proceed upon the petition, the Duke again asked pardon of God and the House; while the Earl of Cardigan said that he had received a letter of submission from his daughter, and begged that she might not be made desperate! A week later the Lords decided that the Duke and Countess should give security, in £10,000 each, not to cohabit in future. The securities were, after a short delay, furnished by the Duke from an annuity of £2,500 out of the Irish revenues, and by the Countess from her jointure.

Buckingham was not slow to make a public demonstration of his repentance, Already on January 25th he had gone to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, "to hear a sermon with his Duchess," who, poor wretch, had made frantic endeavours to help him when danger assailed him in Parliament, and was now quite ready to take him back. Everyone else abandoned him; but she clung close to him, a remarkable example of wifely devotion indeed. The rather cruel criticisms of her by some of her female contemporaries refer to her looks and figure, which she could not help, and to her love of finery, which was a venial fault. But no one denied that she was a thoroughly good, if foolishly blind, woman. Perhaps she did succeed in touching her husband's heart, or his conscience, after his fall from office; for he really seems to have reformed his life to a great extent and to have made an attempt to pay his debts. He also returned to political life, and after a period in opposition worked his way back into Royal favour, though not to power, before Charles died. He even came to be on better terms with the Duke of York; but on James's accession he retired finally into the country, his health, as the result of his long years of profligacy, being seriously impaired.

At the end of her many years' *liaison* with the Duke of Buckingham, severed not through her own caprice, but through the flaming up of the long smouldering indignation of society against their conduct, and through His Grace's own reformation, Lady Shrewsbury fades away from view for a time. What she did immediately after the disgrace of the petition in the House of Lords does not appear. Possibly she went to her father's house. It was not until September 26th, in the same year 1674, that a license was issued for the Earl of Cardigan and the Countess of Shrewsbury, "with twelve servants, £100 in money, and her chamber-plate," to pass into France. The limitation as to money shows that the Crown had no intention of letting the lady off the penalty imposed by the House of Lords.

According to some accounts, Lady Shrewsbury went for a time into a convent at Dunkirk. It is in 1675 that we get a glimpse of her again, through the medium of some letters of her son Charles, which were preserved among the Shrewsbury Papers at Montagu House. Charles Talbot, who, in consequence of the Barn Elms duel, became twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury in March 1668, while still only in his eighth year, was destined to become a man of considerable note, "the finest gentleman we have" and "the favourite of the nation," according to Swift. Inheriting his mother's good looks, he was also famed for his courtesy and his aristocratic manners; and his intellect was of a high order. As we shall see, his political morality was open to reproach. But otherwise he was among the better products of his age. His education since his father's death had probably been directed by his uncles; and when in 1674 he went to Paris to complete it he kept up a long correspondence with Sir John Talbot, whom he calls "uncle," though the kinship was really more remote. The tone of this correspondence is astonishingly grave and dignified for his years. His attitude towards his mother can be plainly read between the lines. She is a great responsibility, a *mère terrible*, to be guided as far as possible into decorous conduct. He makes no allusions to his late father. The tragedy is supposed to have made a very deep impression upon him and,

coupled with the fact that his younger brother John was also killed in a duel in 1686, to have produced what Lord Dartmouth called his " unaccountable faintheartedness."

On June 12th, 1675, the fourteen-year-old Earl writes from Paris to Sir John that his mother, his grandfather (Lord Cardigan) and himself had been at Pontoise all the month of May. " My mother's manner of living, whilst she was there, gave very good content to my friends," he says. " In that time she went to wait upon the Lady Abbess of Mobison [Maubisson], who is Prince Rupert's sister, and was admitted into the monastery, where she did see that virtuous lady's austere way of living, which did work very much upon her." She had come from there to stop for one week with him in his Paris lodging, he continues. " She hath been ever since in her monastery, and I do not as yet hear anything of her leaving it, or her return for England."

It looks as if Lady Shrewsbury, who may now have been somewhere in the middle thirties of life, had been influenced by the Duke of Buckingham's reformation to try to turn over a new leaf herself. She was anxious, however, to be admitted to English Court society again, as her son's next letter shows. Just seven months later young Shrewsbury writes to his kinsman of his mother's desire to kiss Queen Catherine's hands. The difficulty was that the Queen would not consent to receive her unless the Talbot family agreed to it. Lady Shrewsbury was endeavouring to influence her son to agree and to obtain his uncles' consent. She used for her agent Abbot Montagu, uncle of " as arrant a knave as any in his time," as Swift justly describes Ralph Montagu, the English Ambassador in Paris. The old Abbot came to Shrewsbury with a suggestion of a letter to Sir John and Sir Gilbert, pleading that his mother was the only lady of her quality who was restrained from paying her duty to Her Majesty. Her design of going to Court, he was to represent, was only " to wash out that particular blot that lay upon her "—the banishment from the Royal presence, presumably, not her criminal offence—and all she wanted was the power to go to Court, which she would use but seldom.

In spite of Abbot Montagu's cajoleries, the cautious boy would not act as suggested. He pointed out that the promise not to receive Lady Shrewsbury had been made to the Talbot family, not to him alone. He made excuses to the Abbot, and did not write the letter. Then he received a communication from his mother, which he quotes :

" Sir John and Sir Gilbert got my Lord Arlington to speak to the Queen not to agree to my coming to Court till the family of the Talbots agreed to it ; but as you say the difficulty is best to be removed by those that were the cause, so I have chose that way, by my Lord Arlington, Sir John's friend."

Lady Shrewsbury gained her way. We do not know the details ; but the powerful Arlington must have persuaded the Talbots to withdraw their opposition ; and Queen Catherine allowed her hand to be kissed. At the success of his mother's scheming young Shrewsbury is evidently surprised. " I cannot choose but wonder," he writes to Sir John on December 30th, 1676, " it was so secretly carried on that I should not hear of it till 'twas done. I must desire you will send me word what part you had in this business, which you leave to be related by others."

Another short gap occurs in the story ; and then we see the Countess, evidently not at all prepared for a conventual life, taking precautions against it. Whatever reception she received from the Queen when she went back to Court, she did not waste her opportunities. Scarcely six months had passed before she was a wife again. She took no advice in the matter, and only revealed it to the world after the wedding.

Lady Shrewsbury's second marriage has frequently been stated to have taken place in 1680. It clearly occurred in 1677, however. On June 24th of that year Henry Savile writes to his brother, Lord Halifax, that " yesterday my Lady Shrewsbury own'd her match with Mr. Bridges, so much to the dissatisfaction of her parents that she left Cardigan House, and is now at my Lady Elizabeth Thinisbyes " (whoever she may have been). Moreover, there is the evidence of a letter of her son's. On January 30th, 1678, he writes to Sir John Talbot, concerning his mother, that it is a riddle to him that,

" of three months before she owned her marriage to this day, I have received but one letter, which was in three words, to tell me she was married, and that not till six weeks after she owned it in Town."

Why either the Cardigans or the Talbot family should have objected to the marriage is obscure. Lady Shrewsbury's new husband seems to have been quite respectable. He was George Rodney Bridges, second son of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keynsham, Somerset, and Avington, Hampshire. In 1678 we find him a Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, a post which was perhaps not given to him until after his marriage. In July of the same year there is a warrant for the grant to him of an annuity of £500. Possibly there was an objection to him on account of his being younger than his bride, though, as a matter of fact, we do not know his age, and, as has been said, can only guess at hers. Also, of course, there was her money. Apart from her jointure she had a pension of £1,600, granted to her perhaps after she was supposed to have purged her offence, though the date of the grant does not appear.

On December 4th, 1678, a passport was issued for " the Countess of Shrewsbury, Anne Countess of Cardigan, Lady Catherine Brudenell, and George Rodney Bridges, Groom of the Bedchamber, to pass to the parts beyond seas." It was a common enough thing for widows of title to retain the title after a second marriage ; and even eighteen years later we find her husband writing of her to her son as " my Lady Shrewsbury." This visit to France was short, for on February 3rd, 1679, there was a pass for the Countess to return to England. Then she disappears from view for many years, and we may assume thereby that she was a more faithful wife to Bridges than she had been to Lord Shrewsbury. At any rate she was involved in no public scandal. We do not hear of her, either, as one of the reigning Court beauties, so that perhaps Queen Catherine continued to show coldness to her and to see that she did not abuse her privilege of coming to Court.

Though we do not hear of her for so long, the years cannot have been uneventful for Lady Shrewsbury. At some unknown date she bore her new husband a son, who survived both his

parents and indeed lived until 1751, when he was accidentally drowned in the lake on his estate at Avington, having been for thirty-eight years M.P. for Winchester, in succession to his father. Next, not quite a year after the death of Charles II., which did not apparently affect the position of Bridges and his wife, she suffered the loss of her younger son by Lord Shrewsbury. John Talbot junior is stated to have been a lad of great promise. Probably, like his brother Charles, he had been educated not under the maternal eye, but under the supervision of his uncles. He was but within five or six days of his twenty-first birthday when he was cut off in the same manner as his father, more quickly, but without the same circumstances of horror as surrounded his father's end. It is no wonder if, as has been suggested, this second duelling tragedy in his immediate family had its effect on the nerves of Charles, Earl of Shrewsbury.

John Talbot's slayer was the young Duke of Grafton—Henry Fitzroy, King Charles's second son by Barbara Villiers, though it was long before Charles was sufficiently convinced of his paternity to accord the boy full recognition. When he was nine, however, and had been provisionally married to the little Isabella Bennet, Arlington's daughter, he created him Earl of Euston; and three years later he made him a Duke. Grafton had escaped much education, through the refusal of his mother to have him brought up by Arlington, and would have broken the marriage if she could. The ceremony was performed again, however, in 1679, and every endeavour was made to finish the training of the bridegroom, who became Colonel in 1681, and Vice-Admiral next year. He remained rough and boorish. Yet he was, among Charles's sons, the favourite with James II., when he was to repay by being very swift to betray him and by dying in arms against him.

Grafton was himself only twenty-four when he killed Talbot. In the month of February 1686 he fought fatal duels with two brothers of prominent peers; with Talbot on the 2nd, and with Robert Stanley, brother of the Earl of Derby, on the 19th. Evelyn states that Grafton slew Stanley "upon an almost insufferable provocation," but gives no details. With regard

to the duel with Talbot, Narcissus Luttrell in his diary merely records the fact, and adds that the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Therefore we do not know anything of the reason why Grafton fought young Talbot. He did not suffer any penalty for either of the two crimes, it seems; for in the following month he was involved with his brother Northumberland in the disgraceful spiriting away of the latter's wife to a convent in Flanders. Though he got the nickname of "Kidnapping Grafton," the elder Duke was not punished for this exploit either, and continued his career of advancement under his absurdly indulgent uncle.

Early in 1687 Buckingham died, probably not in such wretched circumstances as the moralists have represented, but at any rate worn out by his life of excesses, poor and almost forgotten. As to what were the reflections of Lady Shrewsbury on her former lover's death we have no indication. We learn of no attempt on the part of either to evade the ban which had been laid in their intercourse in 1674. But it is hardly likely that they never even caught sight of one another, at least before Buckingham's retirement into the country on the accession of James II.

Buckingham had not lived to witness the betrayal of the man whom, as Duke of York, he had hated; but Lady Shrewsbury did. To her credit, from one point of view (though we suppose, to her additional discredit in Whiggish eyes), she refused to renounce her loyalty to the Stuarts. She did not, indeed, accompany the exiles to Saint-Germain; and she outwardly accepted the new order of things established by the Prince of Orange and the "English gentlemen" who brought him over to rule them. But she did not cease to wish for King James's restoration and, as we shall see, she became a prominent agent in the never ceasing conspiracies to bring that about.

The attitude of her second husband in the matter is obscure. That of her elder son was inconsistent. At the age of nineteen the young Earl of Shrewsbury had ceased to be a Roman Catholic, having been converted, it is said, by the arguments of Dr. John Tillotson, then Dean of Canterbury. Nevertheless

he was treated with honour by James II. at his coronation. His new religious views no doubt induced him in June 1688 to join those who sent the secret invitation to William of Orange to invade England. He then left England for Holland and was one of those who accompanied the Dutch army when it landed at Torbay in November, to be welcomed by the choice collection of traitors awaiting its arrival. Like the rest, Shrewsbury obtained his reward. In February 1689 he was made a Privy Councillor, and in the following month Secretary of State for the northern province. But he does not appear to have been satisfied with his position, and, whether through a twinge of conscience or through apprehension of a possible restoration, is supposed even thus early to have made overtures to Saint-Germain. At any rate, in June 1690 he resigned his Secretaryship of State, pleading ill-health, from which, as a matter of fact, he constantly suffered.

In October 1693 when the Earl was still out of office under the usurper, King James sent through Lady Shrewsbury, who may have been on a visit to France, his instructions to her son and to Churchill, Danby, Godolphin, and Admiral Russell, all of whom he fondly imagined would rally to him again. Then in the following April he despatched Captain David Floyd (Lloyd), Groom of the Bedchamber, on a secret mission to London, to meet Major-General Sackville and through him to get in touch with Lady Shrewsbury, Churchill, Godolphin, and Russell. Floyd succeeded in his mission and sent a report to his master, dated May 1st, which survived, to be included with other documents in Macpherson's *Original Papers*.

> "I went," writes Floyd, "to wait on the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was sick. I made her the compliments I was ordered by Your Majesty and the Queen. In return to which she answered me with all the sentiments of duty and affection for your interests. She afterwards told me how her son, the Earl of Shrewsbury, had been obliged to accept of an employment; the Prince of Orange having sent for him to offer him the post of Secretary, which he refused, on account of his bad health."

The Earl was persuaded at length to accept the office, continues Floyd; but, expecting a descent on England (by King James) in a few days, he asked leave to go to the country on account of his health, and other pressing business, before receiving the seals. "The Prince of Orange having granted this he went to the country, accompanied by his friends, well mounted, with an intention of joining Your Majesty, in case you had come, as was expected and wished. But that having failed, to his great regret, he was obliged on his return to accept of the seals; which, she told me from him, he did only in order to serve Your Majesty more effectually hereafter."

The Countess of Shrewsbury informed him, Floyd says at the close of his report, that when the Prince of Orange went to Holland after the prorogation of Parliament he would leave the government in the hands of the Princess [Mary], who would "entirely follow the advices of Danby and Shrewsbury."

Lord Shrewsbury not only returned to the Secretaryship, but in the same year he was created by William first (and only) Duke of Shrewsbury. Some of his biographers have doubted whether Shrewsbury ever really meant to play William false, as he had played James, and suggest that William encouraged him, like Churchill and Godolphin, to correspond with Saint-Germain, in order to get an insight into what was going on there. Be this as it may, Lady Shrewsbury at any rate was sincere and perhaps hoped to influence her son, though there is no reason to suppose that her authority over him was ever great, not even now, so many years after her crime against his father. Certainly, however, Shrewsbury corresponded with his mother on dangerous topics; for there must be an allusion to this in a letter to him, then at his place at Eyford, Gloucestershire, from his stepfather in December 1696. Bridges warns the Duke that "what letters you write there to my Lady Shrewsbury, that happen to be left there [? in London], are all opened before they are sent to her, as she sends me word, and has desired me to take care no more are left there for her."

Perhaps we may infer that Lady Shrewsbury had paid another visit to France. At last some notice was taken of her

political intrigues, for in 1697 we hear of a petition by her husband, Bridges, against the stopping of the pension of £1,600, granted to her by Charles II. and presumably continued until this year. It is extremely probable that this stop of her pension was a punishment inflicted after a discovery of her intrigues against the *de facto* government. It does not appear whether the petition of Bridges was successful or not. No more is heard of the pension, however.

In 1689 Lady Shrewsbury lost her brother Francis, Lord Brudenell, with whom it is not probable that she had been on very friendly terms since his siding with her son at the time of the petition in the House of Lords in January 1674. He left behind him a son George, who two years later married Lady Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the loyalist Earl of Elgin and Ailesbury, and in 1703 succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Cardigan. This was after Lady Shrewsbury's death, the old Lord Cardigan thus outliving both his son Francis and his daughter Anna Maria.

Lady Shrewsbury's own death occurred on April 19th, 1702. A note of the event is to be found in a journal kept by her son Charles, while on a sojourn on the Continent between November 1700 and January 1706. The Duke in 1699 had been reluctantly allowed by the Prince of Orange to resign his Secretaryship of State, and after a brief tenure of the office of Lord Chamberlain he had retired from political life, in order to travel for his health's sake. Thus it came about that he did not see his mother for some time previous to her death. The note in his journal is :

> " Received letters from England that on the 19th April, o.s., my mother died. I said nothing of it in my family until I enquired how I ought to mourn."

Beyond the fact that she died on this date and was buried five days later at the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where she had married her unhappy first husband, there is little to be gleaned about Lady Shrewsbury's end. Luttrell records that " her jointure, 1,200*l.* per ann., falls to her son the Duke."

We do not even know whether Bridges, who in the previous year had been elected M.P. for Winchester, was with her at the last. He lived for eleven years after her, and was ultimately buried in the same grave. Her eldest son survived her by sixteen years and, though he married an Italian lady (of little apparent worth) in 1705, died without issue, his dukedom becoming extinct, and the earldom of Shrewsbury passing to the next of kin, Gilbert, son of his uncle Gilbert. The end of her other surviving son, George Bridges, has already been noted. He, like the Duke, left no issue.

The Countess of Shrewsbury, if the approximate date we have assigned to her birth be correct, was about sixty-two when she died. In twelve years of her life she had built up her infamous reputation which, even when we allow for the exaggerations of contemporary writers about her, must be admitted to have been deserved by her deeds. Then from the year 1674, when she was approaching the middle of her fourth decade, to all appearances she abandoned the scandalous path, and lived without incurring any fresh reproach on the score of sexual morals. We cannot definitely say that her second marriage, in 1677, was a happy one; but at least we have no grounds for supposing that it was not happy. It endured to her death, and Bridges, as we have said, was laid in the same grave with her.

Was there, then, a real reformation of character in Lady Shrewsbury in 1674? If so, it was a very startling change—of heart, shall we say? We do not hear that the lady exhibited any marked signs of piety later, in spite of the "working upon her" of the virtuous and austere Louisa, Abbess of Maubisson, which her son records. But she ceased to attract attention for her sins, and with that ceased to attract attention for anything. Even her beauty, which can hardly have vanished suddenly, no longer aroused comment. There have been few more notable disappearances from the limelight into the background in the history of once over-prominent ladies. But for her political activities we should scarcely know that the Countess continued to exist. If the Latin proverb is true of ladies' characters as of the ladies themselves,

that to smell of nothing is to smell well, then it is the better for this one that no perceptible aroma clings to her declining years. That which enveloped her earlier life moved a tolerant society to disgust.

THE SECOND LORD CHESTERFIELD

THE SECOND LORD CHESTERFIELD

I. 1613–1660

THE subject of this study had a character (in the words of a writer whose name I have forgotten), "like that of most men, spotted, both black and white." The second Lord Chesterfield himself did his best to hand down to posterity the black side of his character, plainly glorying in the reputation of a libertine, to which, apart from his own record of his intrigues, we should barely have known him to have been entitled.

When in 1809–10 the library of Bath House, Piccadilly, was being put in order, a letter-book was discovered, in the handwriting of this Chesterfield, containing not only copies of letters to and from him, but also, at the other end, what he entitled, "Some short notes for my remembrance of things and actidents as they yearly occurred to mee." In 1829 an anonymous memoir and a selection from the letters were published; and in 1852 the actual letter-book was acquired for the nation, being placed in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum.

Such is the primary material for a life of this Earl of Chesterfield, supplemented by a few more letters relating to him which exist in other collections, like that of the Marquis of Ormonde, and in the State Papers of England and Ireland. His incidental appearances in history and in the biography of others of his period are numerous.

. . . . . .

Philip Stanhope was born at St. Mary Cray, Kent, in the year 1633, being the son of Henry, Lord Stanhope, and Catherine Wotton. The Stanhope family, whose origin is attributed to the county of Durham, migrated to the Midlands, and in the fourteenth century were in possession of considerable property

in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. At the opening of the seventeenth century we find a knight, Sir John Stanhope, of Shelford, Notts, with an eldest son Philip, who was himself knighted by James I. in December 1605. Eleven years later Sir Philip, for a consideration to the King of £10,000, became by letters patent of November 1616 Baron Stanhope of Shelford. In 1628 he gained a peerage, being created by Charles I. Earl of Chesterfield on August 4th of that year. He married first, Catherine, daughter of Francis, Lord Hastings, by her having eleven sons, of whom six survived infancy, but all predeceased him, and two daughters; and, after her death, Anne, daughter of Sir John Pakington, by whom he had a son, Alexander, father of the first Earl Stanhope.

Henry Stanhope was the second son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield. He went up to Christ Church, Oxford, and with his elder brother, John, matriculated there in 1622. Four years later he was knighted, and about 1628 he married Catherine Wotton, by whom he had one son, named after his grandfather and one of his uncles, Philip, and two daughters, Mary and Catherine. All the Stanhopes were staunch loyalists, with the exception of Arthur, the youngest son, of whom we shall hear later. Henry, like his father, sat in Charles's Parliaments, supporting the royal cause; and the tradition of fidelity to the Stuarts was maintained throughout life by the second Earl of Chesterfield.

Catherine Wotton was the eldest daughter of Thomas, second Baron Wotton, of Marley, Kent. Her great-grandfather, Sir Edward Wotton had held several offices under Henry VIII., including the treasurership of Calais; and her grandfather, another Edward, had been created a baron by James I., at his Coronation. The Wottons resembled the Stanhopes both in their loyalty and in their attainment of rewards for it. Catherine herself was a remarkable woman, in no way more remarkable than in her attachment to the Stuarts. During the Civil War she supplied both money and arms to the royal cause; and to Charles II. and his family in exile she was a true friend. Thus from his mother, too, Philip Stanhope imbibed the same tradition as from his father.

PHILIP STANHOPE, SECOND EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

From the miniature by Cooper

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In his *Short Notes*, Lord Chesterfield records, for the second year of his life : " My father dyed, and I had the small pox." Henry Stanhope died on November 29th, 1634, thus escaping the grave political troubles which were impending. For the next four years the record is simply : " I lived with my mother in Kent." We know from other sources that this was at Broughton Malherbe, the manor of which Sir Edward Wotton had acquired by marriage and which came to Catherine through inheritance from her father.

Lord Chesterfield assigns to his seventh year of life his mother's remarriage with " Monsieur de Henflit, Ambassadour from the Prince of Orange." It is usually stated, however, that the widowed Catherine Stanhope made her second marriage in 1641, taking as husband John Poliander van Kirckhoven, Lord of Heenvliet, chief forester of Holland, ambassador from William II. of Orange in connection with his union with the Princess Royal of England. After the betrothal of William and Mary in May 1641 Catherine went with her new husband to Holland, he being steward of the household and she governess to the Princess. With them they took her son, who records : " Lived that year at the Prince of Orange's Court at Buren."

For the next two years, according to his reckoning, the boy boarded with " a learned and reverend Divine, M. Poliander." This was his stepfather's father, Professor of Divinity at Leyden University, a man of great erudition, whose character appears to have inspired his pupil with great respect, though the verses which he quotes in his testimonial to it :

Men that understood not books
Were catechised by his looks ;
While life and learning make one dam
To wash the eliphant and lamb.

Sinn he reproved with so much Art
That hee both smote and strok'd the harte ;
And men seem'd fond of their back slyding
For the pleasure of a chiding[1]

[1] I have already quoted four of these lines, by " Dr. Broun, a fine Poet," in *My Lady Castlemaine*, p. 10 ; but I cannot resist quoting them again. There are forty lines given by Lord Chesterfield in his *Notes*.

hardly suggest that Professor Poliander's methods of reproof were adequate in forming all sides of the future Lord Chesterfield's own character.

In his tenth year the *Notes* chronicle a sight of the Prince of Orange's army of 24,000 men, marching out of Breda, with the old Prince at the head of the Foot and the young Prince (brought up under the care of Catherine Kirckhoven) at the head of the Horse. Also, " this year I the small pox again, in extremitie."

He recovered from this great scourge of the period, which carried off so many of the leading families all over Europe, only to come very near to death in another form. In his own words, in his eleventh year :

> " I miraculously escaped drowning, for, being late at night in a little boat on a broad and deep water, with only a girl of twelve years old with mee, I fell into the water, and after the having sunk twise, the third time that I came up shee caught hold of my shooestring, and so saved my life."

How too such young children came to be out alone at night in a little boat is not explained.

The next year Philip Stanhope spent at the Prince of Orange's college at Breda. In his thirteenth year he went to France, staying three months with Queen Henrietta at St. Germain, and the rest of the time at Blois. Returning to Holland, he stayed all of his fourteenth year at the court of the Princess Royal, " and had never afterwards any Governour or Tutor." He evidently refers only to private tutors ; for, after spending his fifteenth year in waiting upon the Princess Royal, first at Spa and then at Aix-la-Chapelle, he proceeded to " Monsieur de Veau's Academy " in Paris. Whether or not this was with a view to fitting him for a military career, he brought his term there to an abrupt conclusion, having a quarrel with a M. Morvay, afterwards captain in the French Royal Guards, whom he hurt and disarmed in a duel—the first of three that we hear of, but probably of numerous encounters, for he was obviously a skilled duellist. For this exploit he was compelled to leave the academy.

While he was thus completing his education in the extraordinary way which was the lot of English Royalist exiles on the Continent (but in better circumstances than most of them, since his mother had ample means), much had been happening at home. When the Civil War broke out, his grandfather had raised a regiment of dragoons for the King, and after one of his houses, Bretby, in Derbyshire, had been captured by the Parliamentarians, he had thrown himself into Lichfield. Here he was forced to surrender, being sent as prisoner to London Two of his sons, Ferdinando and Philip, were killed in the Royalist cause; and the family estates were sequestrated. The old Earl was allowed parole in London, but, though he put his losses down at £50,000, he could get no more than a grant of £5 a week upon which to live. In such a state were the family when, at the beginning of 1649, came the crowning blow of the King's martyrdom and the abolition of so many institutions which they held sacred.

What happened to young Philip Stanhope during the latter part of 1649 and in early 1650 does not appear; but we find what must be a reference to him in Evelyn's *Diary* for May of the latter year. On the 7th of that month Evelyn, then in Paris, records paying a visit to "Vamber, a place near the city famous for butter," in the company of his wife, Sir Richard Browne (King Charles's Resident in Paris) and his wife, Lord Ossory and his brother, Richard Butler (afterwards Earl of Arran), and the Earl of Chesterfield. Now the last named cannot have been the old Earl, who was a prisoner in London; so that we can only presume Evelyn to have meant Philip Stanhope, the future Earl—whose age, by the way, was far more suitable than his grandfather's for such an adventure as Evelyn describes.

On the way back from Vambre Lord Ossory strayed into a garden and was thrust from it by a fellow with uncivil language, "on which our young gallants struck the fellow on the pate." The man apologised at first, but proceeded to collect a crowd, which attacked the English party, some of whom were much hurt. Only the timely intervention of the bailiff of St. Germain, with his guard, saved them from a worse

fate; and "that gallant gentleman," Ossory, used afterwards solemnly to affirm that in all his conflicts at sea or on land he had never been in such peril as in what he called the *bataille de Vambre.*

Here, therefore, we have Philip Stanhope in Paris, in the company of his future brothers-in-law, James and Richard Butler, the former afterwards generally reputed to be the finest character of the Restoration era, and the latter, in spite of the account of him put by Thomas Sheridan into the mouth of Richard Talbot,[1] a friend of most of the best men of the period. Whether the mutual regard of Stanhope and the Butlers had existed before or begun now, it lasted through life.

On May 24th, while still in Paris, the Evelyns were entertained to a collation by "Lord Stanhope," by whom we may be permitted to suppose the diarist means the same person whom he has previously called the Earl of Chesterfield. Then we lose sight of Stanhope until, towards the end of 1650, he paid a visit to Italy in the company of the Rev. John Bargrave, afterwards Canon of Canterbury, a distant connection by marriage of his mother. Bargrave, in his book *Pope Alexander the Seventh and the College of Cardinals*, left some details to add to Lord Chesterfield's scanty record of his Italian visit. Meeting Lady Stanhope in Leyden, he apparently arranged to accompany her son to Rome. He told her that he could not go without two letters of protection, one to a Cardinal of the French, and one to a Cardinal of the Spanish faction. Lady Stanhope procured these from Queen Henrietta Maria and her sister, Christine, Duchess of Savoy; and, fortified with them, Bargrave set out with Philip Stanhope and another fellow-traveller, young Swan, afterwards Sir William Swan, baronet.

The *Short Notes* tell of a visit to Turin, where the Duchess of Savoy had her court. Philip Stanhope was lodged at the Palace and witnessed the wedding of the Duchess's daughter

[1] Sheridan, in his manuscript "history," now at Windsor, says that in 1638 Talbot, then Earl of Tyrconnel, told him that my Lord Arran (Richard Butler) was "the blackest and most corrupt of villains." But it is difficult, except for a Lord Macaulay, to believe much that Sheridan says!

Adelaide Henrietta to the young Duke Ferdinand of Bavaria.[1] "From thence I went to Room," he says, "where I had other letters of recommendation from Queen Mother, to Cardinall Barbarini, Cardinall Capone, and Cardinall Spada, from whom I received many favours during my stay there, which was 9 months." Bargrave says eleven months, and narrates one incident of interest, which shows that letters of protection were not unnecessary in this "year of Jubilee" at Rome. Swan had a pair of pocket-pistols "in a portmantle under a bed" in their lodgings. These were discovered, and immediately Bargrave, on the advice of Cardinal Capponi's auditor that the carrying of firearms was prohibited in Rome, "dismounted the locks, burned the stocks, and threw the barrels into the River Tiber, as our house stood then convenient; and all this before Italian witnesses, which proved to be our only safety against our Jesuitical enemies." He proceeds to describe the painful execution which he saw on the Piazza del Ponte S. Angelo of two men discovered with arms in their possession.

From the catalogue of Bargrave's museum, appended to his book, it seems that Stanhope presented him in Rome with "a cutt of an ancient Græcian head on a garnet stone," telling him it was sold him "not only for a Græcian head, but for Aristotle's." Stanhope does not mention this himself, but merely relates that from Rome he went to Naples, Venice and Milan. Then, making for Holland through Germany, he was robbed and very nearly killed, as he was riding post with one servant only. He got through safely, however, and from Holland went to England, where he had not been since he was seven. He had certainly had a varied education since his departure from his native land, and we may suppose, though we have no evidence, that he had begun to acquire a taste for the gallantry to which he devoted so much of his time for many years in the near future. Otherwise we must imagine that he

[1] There is a difficulty about this, that the marriage of Ferdinand and Adelaide Henrietta is supposed to have taken place on June 5th, 1652. The bridegroom was even then only sixteen, and had succeeded his father the previous year. It is impossible to reconcile Chesterfield's statement with the commonly accepted date of the marriage.

suddenly plunged into libertinism after the shock of his first widowerhood, which seems much less likely, seeing what a past-master he was in 1656.

The time is now due to give some account of Stanhope's physical appearance, though the only detailed allusion to them by a contemporary belongs to a later period. Gramont in his *Memoirs* gives the following as "a true description" of Lord Chesterfield about two years after the Restoration: "He had a very agreeable face, a fine head of hair, an indifferent shape, and a worse air; he was not, however, deficient in wit. A long residence in Italy had made him ceremonious in his commerce with men and jealous in his connection with women."[1]

The Earl's portraits bear out what Gramont says about his looks, and especially about his fine head of hair. With regard to the "indifferent shape and worse air" we have no evidence. But that he had the power of fascinating women and making enduring friendships with men is abundantly clear from his history. On his arrival in England at the early age of seventeen he very quickly made a good match, being obviously regarded as an eligible young man, in spite of his grandfather's precarious position. He took to wife the Lady Anne Percy, eldest daughter of Algernon tenth Earl of Northumberland, who was about his own age; and according to the *Short Notes*, the following year was spent entirely "with my wife at the Lord of Northumberland's house in Sussex, called Petworth." It would appear that he had nothing whatever to do with the attempt of Charles II. to regain the throne in 1651, which ended so disastrously at the battle of Worcester. His youth and his marriage no doubt accounted for this. Nor was his grandfather, still a prisoner in his lodgings in Covent Garden, involved. But his mother was at least suspected by the Commonweath authorities. In

[1] Chesterfield gives a description of himself in the letter which he sent anonymously, to "B.L." (supposed to be Lady Betty Livingstone, daughter of Viscount Newburgh, and Maid of the Privy Chamber to Queen Catherine): "When you are saluted at the Playhouse—or in the Parke—by a proper person—fashionably drest—with a good mine—and a brisk look—who hath a very little nose and a wide mouth—you may conclude him to be the man who admires and adores you more than all the rest of mortals."

January 1651 the Council of State ordered her to give security to appear before the Committee of Examinations. She must have left England and returned, for in the following December, there was issued a warrant "to apprehend Lady Stanhope, wife of Heer Heinfleet, lately come from Holland, to carry on designs to the prejudice of the peace, and seize her papers." Next month she was released, so that evidently she succeeded in concealing any designs that she had.

It is plain from what he says in his *Notes* that Stanhope had a very strong affection for his first wife; and when she died—the accepted date is November 29th, 1654—he writes: "The great affliction that I was in for my wife's death made me leave England, taking only a little footboy." It appears that the Countess was near child-birth when she contracted small-pox, and lived only eight days after being delivered of a son, who survived his mother by but three weeks. Stanhope sent to his sister-in-law, Lady Capel (of whom we shall hear again) a pearl necklace worth £1,600, which had been a family heirloom of his wife's, and announced to her his intention of going to "some of the remotest parts of the earth." He proceeded as if to put this into practice as soon as he could get leave to quit England.

On June 27th, 1655, a pass was issued for Philip, Lord Stanhope, and servants, to go to France; and on the following August 13th, we find one of the "intelligencers" in Paris of Sir Edward Nicholas, Charles's Secretary of State, writing to him that "the Lord Stanhope, late sonn-in-law to the Earle of Northumberland, is come to Towne; his business, as I heare, is only to take the waters of Torges or ells to travell." The account of his travels as given in his diary shows that he proceeded to Marseilles and waited there six weeks for a ship, intending to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Finding no suitable ship, he changed his mind and went by galley to Civita Vecchia, the galley having an adventure with "two Majorkins," who boarded her twice and killed forty of her men.

Stanhope settled down in Rome—Room, as he spells it—for nearly a year. He was nearly drowned once, being seized

with cramp as he was swimming in the Tiber with the Earl of Lindsay, but managed to crawl up the sloping bank under the water, to the amazement of all. Plague was bad this year in Rome, and five people died in the house in which he was lodging. But what troubled him much more was news which reached him by letter from England that, " a decree in chancerie being given against me, my unkle Arthur had seised all my estate, and, therefore, that I ought not any more to expect any return of mony ; and that, if I came into England, I should infallibly be imprisoned for a debt of ten thousand pound, which my unkle (who at that time was well with the Protector Crumwell) pretended that I owed him."

" My unkle Arthur " was, of course, Arthur, Lord Stanhope, the sixth and youngest of the sons of the first Earl of Chesterfield who survived infancy. Through descent from him was destined to come Philip, the fifth Earl, godson and successor to the celebrated fourth Earl. In character Arthur was evidently a time-server, for he managed to keep on terms with both the Commonwealth and with the Restoration.

The blow to young Stanhope was severe. He only had £25 left in his possession. He quitted Rome, and went with his servant by sea to Marseilles. After spending some time in quarantine for the plague, he made for Lyons, sending the servant, for want of money, on foot to Paris, and intending to travel thither himself. But " faling desperately sick by the way of a violent feavour, and having spent all the mony I had, I was left alone in a cottage and reduced to begg. But the merciful God did not long leave mee in that condition ; for a Jesuit comming along that road, who I had formerly been acquainted with in Italy, releived mee and paid for my journey with him to Paris."

In Paris, another sudden change of fortune befell Stanhope, in the unexpected news of his grandfather's death, which caused him to leave France and hurry home to England to secure the estate. The old Earl in June 1653, had succeeded in getting an order from the Council of State that the Commissioners for Haberdashers' Hall should continue to pay him £5 a week until further notice ; and he seems soon afterwards

to have been set at liberty. But in August 1654 he was in trouble again, the Council decreeing that, as his house had become "a receptacle for disaffected persons," his weekly allowance was to cease. We do not hear more of him until on September 12th, 1656, at the age of 72, he died; and he was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

Philip Stanhope, now second Earl of Chesterfield, arriving in England, succeeded in getting possession of his property, having "made an agreement with my unkle," the terms of which we do not hear. Not only this, but he was favourably received by Cromwell, who, according to Chesterfield's account, made him the offer of one of his daughters as wife and a high command in either Army or Navy. The young Earl, however, had other designs at the time, for he came so "neer marrying Mrs. Ferfax"—Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax—that they were "thrise asked in St. Martin's church." Chesterfield's refusal of Cromwell's offer, he alleges, turned his kindness into hatred; and we may believe this, because there was a somewhat similar incident later in connection with the Duke of Buckingham. The Duke either was offered or proposed for the hand of Frances Cromwell, and then married Mary Fairfax. In wrath the Protector confined him and his bride at York House and then, when Buckingham tried to escape, sent him to the Tower.

We can only guess at the reason why Chesterfield did not marry Mary Fairfax. He does not say that Cromwell interfered in the matter, as we should expect him to say if that had been the case. We may suspect that he began soon after his arrival in England to build up that reputation as a rake which his own industry in preserving letters has made immortal. Before coming to particulars, we may note a remonstrance which was addressed to him by "the Lady Essex," as he calls her. This was Elizabeth Percy, sister of Chesterfield's late wife, married to Arthur, Lord Capel, who became Earl of Essex in 1661. The date of the letter is 1658, so that it is later than the actual time of which we are writing here; but, as it relates to Chesterfield's conduct for some time past, we may introduce it now.

"Though I live here where I know very little of what is done in the world," says Lady Capel, "yet I hear so much of your exceeding wildness that I am confident I am more cencible of it than any friend you have; you treate all the mad drinking lords, you sweare, you game, and commit all the extravagances that are insident to untamed youths, to such a degree that you make yourself the talke of all places, and the wonder of those who thought otherwise of you, and of all sober people; and the worst of all is, I heare there is a hansom young lady (to both your shames) with child by you. My Lord, these courses must needs undoe your person, fortune and reputation; for out of those wild persons' company you will not be esteem'd, you will loose your most considerable freinds, and at last make your life miserable, and, which is the saddest of all, ruin your own soule. . . . You have a person which might make you and a vertuous wife happy; you have witt, fortune, and all desirable things in this world, and you abuse them all and turn them to wickedness, and doe, I am sure, very unsutable to what you owe to the memory of my most deserving sister. You have falsified your own words to mee; for how often have you told mee how honestly you lived both here and abroad, and I believed you all this while til now that it is impossible to credit more."

These grave words and more, signed by his "most affectionat sister," do not seem to have stirred any remorse in Chesterfield. He answered flippantly, that she knew that the world was strangely given to lying, and that as she had not credited his former professions he could not now expect to be more fortunate. He only desired her to "forbear sensuring upon my account one of the most vertuous persons living."

Lady Capel's next letter showed her pain at his "sharp letter, which was little expected and les[s] merited," and intimated plainly that such letters were unwelcome to her. Chesterfield's final reply, which apparently terminated the correspondence, was impenitent, and alluded to her ladyship's virtue as "a large field for the world's admiration."

We have now to go back and see what the Earl had done to draw upon himself the reproof of a lady who very obviously

had entertained for him a sincere regard until his behaviour made it impossible for that regard to continue. We shall not catalogue his misdeeds ; nor would it be possible to do so, in spite of the ample evidence which he himself has furnished about them. We must, however, allude to some of his intrigues, if we wish to get an adequate representation of his character.

With the affair between Chesterfield and the notorious Barbara Villiers the present writer has dealt at some length in *My Lady Castlemaine ;* and it is not proposed, therefore, to tell the whole story again. Probably about the beginning of 1657 Chesterfield made, or renewed, acquaintance with Charles, second Viscount Anglesea, his wife Mary, widow of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, and her daughter Barbara, then little over fifteen years of age. The Angleseas were living in a house near Ludgate Hill, and there Chesterfield may first have met the girl. Their friendship grew rapidly, as is proved by the letters which he, with supreme coxcombery, thought fit to copy out, with numerous other love-letters to and from himself, in his letter-book.

In his letters to ladies Chesterfield left, as the author of the memoir prefixed to the published, but incomplete, edition of them says, the most elegant specimens of " that peculiar courtesy, with which an object of the passions only is intreated with the semblance of respect." It may be remarked that in some of the unpublished specimens the semblance of respect is by no means preserved ; but on the whole Chesterfield wrote such letters as if he desired the praise which his biographer subsequently bestowed upon him. He wrote, in fact, like a foppish rake. Barbara's replies, which we have reason to suspect were touched up by Chesterfield when he transcribed them, were more passionate in tone, not to say abandoned. They show that she did not leave him to do all the courting ; as when she wrote that she hoped " the faits " might be so kind as to allow her to see him about five o'clock, if he would then be at his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It is a strange picture of pre-Restoration license which this correspondence presents ; but indeed the idea should by now have vanished that with the Restoration began an era of

peculiar dissoluteness. It was only that in 1660 dissoluteness began to walk less self-conscious, and unashamed. In 1657, with the Lord Protector on the throne, Barbara Villiers was by no means an unparalleled type of "flapper." With her was associated her seventeen-year-old friend, the Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of William, second Duke of Hamilton, who lost his life at the battle of Worcester. The future Lady Carnegy and Countess of Southesk, Lady Anne was already laying the foundation of her ill-fame. Staying on a visit at the Angleseas' house, she is found writing in bed, in collaboration with Barbara, a letter to Chesterfield, asking him to meet them that afternoon at Butler's shop in Ludgate Hill. Soon afterwards Anne is banished by her mother to Windsor, and Barbara writes to Chesterfield that "the world sayes you are the occation of it," while her friend sends a sad letter of adieu. In his answer to Anne Chesterfield professes such affliction that he has "quite left of the making love to five or six at a time"—meanwhile prosecuting his suit with Barbara with undiminished ardour, and in nowise refraining from the conduct of other intrigues.

Nemesis, however, was waiting for him. In the State paper there is a reference, under the date February 16th, 1658, to the arrest by the Serjeant-at-arms, on the Lord President's warrant, of the Earl of Chesterfield and Lord St. John, and their attendance before the Council, "on a charge of a challenge or some such thing between them, with intent to a duel." (Oliver, called Lord St. John, one of Cromwell's Councillors of State, was, it may be noted, a distant connection of Barbara Villiers, through her grandmother Barbara St. John, wife of Sir Edward Villiers.) The result of their attendance before the Council was that the two offenders were to be carried before the Lord Chief Justice, who was to examine the matter and proceed according to law. As far as Lord St. John is concerned we hear no more; and it might be thought that it was some political quarrel or ordinary personal disagreement that he had had with Chesterfield, but for a confession made by the latter in his *Short Notes*. This has no obvious connection with St. John. Chesterfield tells how, a young lady, whose name he

does not give, having drawn him for her " Valantin," he made to her a grossly insulting present, with two verses in French, certainly witty, but too improper for reproduction in these chaste days. The result was a challenge from a Captain John Whalley, and a duel in which Chesterfield wounded and disarmed his man.

The date of the duel is not given. The next step was an order from the Council, on June 3rd, for the Lieutenant of the Tower and another Justice of the Peace to examine the persons concerned in it and report. Chesterfield was committed to the Tower, as appears from two letters between him and Lady Capel, earlier than those quoted above. She wrote to him in concern over the news of his encounter. In his reply he said that Whalley's life, if he dies, " the Protector has ingaged shall be satisfied with mine " ; but he did not expect Whalley's death and hoped to be out of the Tower after the next quarter sessions. As a matter of fact, on June 15th there was an order for his release, on fit recognisances. In the following February Chesterfield paid £232 16s. to the Exchequer, which was perhaps a fine. Then in June, 1659, there was issued a warrant to apprehend a man named Sheldon for carrying a challenge to a duel from the Earl to Captain Whalley ; but there the story ends.

It is not likely that the young lady insulted was Barbara Villiers, in spite of St. John's family connection with her. Barbara's kindred never showed signs of being concerned about her morals, even at this early age. Besides, Chesterfield would have had no reason for concealing her name. He labelled all her letters clearly enough in his collection. The only reason for causing us to think that she might have been the lady in question is that the collection contains one letter " to Mrs. Pamer, afterwards Dutches of Cleaveland, upon her being obliged to goe and live in the country, 1658." As this is not in the published edition of the *Letters*, we may quote it here :

" My Dearest Life,

" After having dreamt, the short time of my sleep, of the horror of your absence, and after apprehending much

more a separation from you than from this insignificant being, pardon the importunity of these repeated messages, which come like the short breathings of a dying man, who faine would force his fate to obey his will, and lengthen out the destin'd period to his last into a line of perpetuity.

"Madam, I fear it is decreed, and that necessity will force obedience, therefore accept a hart for legacy you long had only right to, and receive the inviolable profession of my ever being,

"Dearest Life,
"Your &c."

To complete, for the time, the story of the relations between Chesterfield and Barbara Villiers. After she had been obliged to go and live in the country, whether in consequence of Chesterfield's indiscretion or her own, Barbara had a sudden change of status. She became a married woman, at the age of seventeen, the victim being the unfortunate Roger Palmer, "a student in the Temple and heir to a good fortune," who was so infatuated with her beauty that he insisted, against his father's wishes, in making her his wife. They married, and Palmer soon found what a bad bargain he had made. She did not break off correspondence nor even meetings with Chesterfield. In a letter of 1659, she wrote to him: "Since I saw you I have been at home, and I find the *mounser* in a very bad humer, for he sayes he is resolved never to bring mee to town againe, and that nobody shall see me when I am in the country." She expressed her willingness to "goe all over the world" with him—to which his reply does not appear. Then she had a bad attack of smallpox, and wrote him a passionate letter, vowing that she would live and die loving him above all things. His answer was somewhat cold; and a further letter, written from Bretby after Barbara's recovery, expresses little more than polite pleasure at the news.

Chesterfield figures no more for the present in the part of a lover of Barbara Villiers. In 1659 he was busy in various ways; and at the beginning of 1660 an incident of which we shall hear forced him to leave England hurriedly.

The business which occupied Chesterfield in 1659 was two-fold, being partly politics and partly love. He speaks in his *Short Notes* of being three times imprisoned again, after his trouble over Whalley, "about his Majestie's service." There are certain references to him in the State Papers for the latter part of the year. On September 2nd the Council orders the Captain of the troop for county Derby to send up the Earl of Chesterfield in safe custody. On September 25th, he is to be committed to the sergeant-at-arms in order to his examination. Then on October 5th the Council orders the Committee for Examinations to take his security for £10,000, and liberates him on parole. The death of Oliver Cromwell in the previous year, had, no doubt, lessened the risk for Chesterfield in engaging in political intrigues. We have no knowledge of the extent to which he was implicated in any of the Royalist plots of the time. It is significant, however, that his arrest in Derbyshire followed so soon after the betrayal of the plans of the "Sealed Knot" and the abortive insurrection in Cheshire in August, 1659.

With regard to his love affairs in the intervals between his political troubles, it is impossible to assign definite dates to many of them, as he so often inserts a letter in his collection without even the year; and the appearance of a letter in a certain portion of the book by no means implies that it belongs to the same period as its neighbours. Correspondence with "the Lady Cha.," "the Lady Mary Sa.," "the Lady ——," "My dear dear M," for instance, might belong to any one of the number of years which Chesterfield devoted to "the making love to five or six at a time." But, no doubt, he did not allow himself to get out of practice in 1659. In the following passage from a letter which he addresses to "a young widdow, 1659," he is perhaps only playing at love-making:

> "Nor indeed is it fitt that soe young, so beautifull, and so charming a creature should be any longer vayled with mortifying thoughts, espetially whilst the creation smiles upon her and invites her to those joyes which can admit no blame but for their want of being everlasting. Possibly

your Ladyship may think that this discourse sutes ill with my former doctrine of Platonicks, but what corresponds with so morose a temper as mine would be very unfit for a young lady who is the admiration of all that see her, and whose perfections doe transcend the envy of her sex."

Some of his less courtly and more ardent epistles cannot well be quoted; but we may give two more examples of his style, which do not appear in the published volume. In neither case is the recipient nor the date mentioned. The first runs:

"MADAM,

"I doe confess myself to be overcome with your fine compliments and kind letters, and if a man could thrive by such a dish I might, by this time, have been extreamly fat, and yet I finde noe change in my condition but that of growing older in your service, which makes me thinke that soft wordes may easily occation a pleasant Dreame, but hardly afford a more substantial happynesse to,

"Madam,

"Your &c."

The other is as follows:

"MADAM,

"I am a sham'd that you have prevented me in writing first, and the more because I never saw so pretty a kind letter. Seriously, I think that you can transforme yourself into what shape you please, and yet deserve to be admired in them all. Juno hath her severity, Diana her chastity, and Venus her beauty, and yet three Deities make up but half a Lady ——.[1] For God sake, write no more so kindly, for I can better indure your frouns and thunder than such Magick Charms, by which Circe gave men what shape shee pleasd; and doe but think if I have not reason to apprehend your kindness, since such a nother letter would infallibly transforme mee into a Post boy, and bring immediately to town,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient servant."

[1] The name is obliterated, but appears to end in —by, though in different nk from that in the body of the letter.

The affair which brought to an end Chesterfield's career under the Commonwealth, both as a rake and as a politician, was a curious one, in which he does not figure favourably, though it appears that there were some extenuating circumstances at the end of it. Readers of Pepys are familiar with the early entry in the *Diary*, where he describes how on a coach-ride to Twickenham in January 1660 he learnt at Kensington that " my Lord Chesterfield had killed another gentleman about half an hour before, and was fled." There is in the British Museum, in a volume of collected broad-sheets presented by George III., a sheet entitled *The occasion and manner of Mr. Francis Wolley's death, slaine by the Earle of Chesterfield at Kensington, January* 17, 1659.[1] The author calls himself " a Gentleman of the Middle Temple," and gives his name, in the course of his narrative, as "Windam."

It appears that young Francis Wolley (or Woolly) was the son of a Dr. Wolley, living in Hammersmith, and that he was " as civil and hopeful a Student as the choicest in the Temple," pious, charitable, etc., as befits the subject of an obituary notice. We will abridge Windham's account of the tragedy.

Francis Wolley, one day in 1659, was riding a sprightly mare in the Covent Garden, when Lord Chesterfield saw him and, liking the mare, sent his footman to ask if she were for sale. Wolley was willing to sell, and soon a price of eighteen pieces of gold was agreed. As Wolley was returning that day to his father's house, Chesterfield offered him his coach to convey him, but Wolley declined the civility. They did not meet again till three months later, when the Earl, being in his coach, saw Wolley and called to him that the mare had not proved what he said she was, and that he must take her back and refund the money. Wolley replied that this was neither reasonable nor just, and refused to refund the £18.

Two days later, Monday, January 16th, Chesterfield came down to Hammersmith and, alighting at " The Goat,"

[1] *i.e.*, 1659 O.S., which is also the style adopted by Pepys.

sent Master Philip Howard, son to the Earl of Berkshire, to ask for Wolley at his father's house and desire him to come to the inn. Wolley came, and had some conversation with Chesterfield, to what effect was not known. On his return to his father's house, he said that he had been pressed to take back the mare; but, though he had refused, the Earl and he parted friendly. After dinner he went out on a pretence to visit a friend living near Fulham, coming back at dark, "discovering no distemper either by his carriage or language." After supper he craved his parents' blessing and went to bed. On Tuesday morning he rose very early and went to the stable for his groom. His father was unsuspicious at first, but ultimately called for a servant to ask his son to come to him.

When Francis Wolley's disappearance was discovered, his parents rose at once and persuaded friends to go about and enquire for him; but no news could be got until a message came from Mr. Colebie (Colby), of Kensington, that the young man lay dead in a field behind his house. The message was unhappily true. Wolley had received two wounds, one tearing the sinews of the left hand, and the other piercing the body quite through, near the right breast. In his pocket, Windham adds, was a book of common prayer.

Such is the story told by Wolley's friend, in which Chesterfield's character comes out badly. It is only fair to note, however, that in Rugge's *Diurnal* the account is that Lord Chesterfield and Dr. Woolly's son had a quarrel about a mare of £18 price and fought a duel on the backside of Mr. Colby's house at Kensington; that the Earl wounded the other in two places and would fain have then ended, but the stubbornness and pride of heart of Mr. Woolly would not give over, and the next pass he was killed on the spot. The Earl fled to Chelsea, and there took water and escaped.

In his *Short Notes* Chesterfield himself mentions that "I had the great misfortune of killing Mr. Woully in a duel, which a servant of his [obviously the groom mentioned in Windham's

account] seeing clapt a pistoll to my head, but missing me I went to France."

Apparently Chesterfield would not have been in very grave danger of legal consequences, had he remained; for, as Rugge records, "the jury found it chance-medley." This, of course, he was not to know yet, and he took the precaution of proceeding from France into Holland and sueing to the only authority which he recognised, King Charles. He wrote a letter to Charles, then in Brussels, craving his pardon for the crime he had committed, and concluding:

> "Sir, I may safely affirme that I beg a forfeited life to no other end then to venter it on all occations in your Majestie's service and quarrel; and if in that just cause I should meet the reward of this offence, it will not greefe mee to see my blood look redder than my crime."

Charles replied graciously, in his own hand, expressing his sorrow for Chesterfield's misfortune and telling him he might be confident of all he desired of him.[1]

> "I hope the time is at hand that will put an end to our calamities, therefore pull up your spirits to wellcome that good time, and be assured I will be allwayes very kind to you as
>
> "Your most affectionat freind,
>
> "CHARLES R."

Subsequently Chesterfield waited on the King at Breda, and obtained the royal pardon. It would seem, however, that his killing of Wolley made a deep impression on Chesterfield's mind; for eighteen years afterwards, when he was distraught with his third wife's death, we hear how at night "he often starts from his bed and takes his sword or a pistol to defend himself against Woolly, whose ghost he fancies comes to him."

[1] Chesterfield assigns the date of April 2nd, 1659, to the King's letter. But though his own letter might be correctly dated February 22nd, 1659, according to the Old Style Calendar, by the time Charles wrote the year was 1660.

After his interview with the King Chesterfield returned through Flanders to France, making some stay in Paris, and calling on the Queen Mother Henrietta Maria and her daughter Henrietta, wife of the Duke of Orleans. In his *Short Notes* he says: "The Duchess of Orleans when I took my leave"—and then follow two lines in cipher, too short to afford a clue to decipherment, which leave us tantalisingly ignorant of what he wished to keep for himself alone in his "remembrance of things and actidents as they occurred to mee."

Ten years later, it may be noted, when he was again in Paris in 1670, he sent to "the Lady D——" — supposed to be Ossory's daughter, married in 1672 to the eighth Earl of Derby —a very glowing description of the charms of the Duchess of Orleans, veiled under the name of "Armida." But he tempers his praise of her physical grace with the remark that "shee is never long satisfied with herselfe or with those who endeavour to please her most."

While he was still in France in early 1660, Chesterfield had time to write at least one letter to Barbara Palmer, to show that he had not forgotten her. "Madam," he said in the course of this, "the newse I have from England concerning your ladyship makes me doubt of everything; and therefore let me entreate you to send mee your picture, for then I shall love something that is like you and yet unchangeable." This letter was written from Bourbonne, where Chesterfield was drinking the waters; but we do not know what "the newse" was that he had from England. The Palmers are supposed, though on uncertain authority, to have come out to Holland some time previous to the Restoration, to join the Court of Charles—with momentous consequences to Barbara in particular. There is no hint of Chesterfield's meeting with the lady when he saw the King at Breda; and as to the circumstances of his rejoining Charles, he says that he went from Bourbonne to Calais and, meeting him as he was coming from Holland by sea, "I went into His Majestie's ship and waited on him into England." Thus

> The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,
> But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS

From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery

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as Dryden calls her, carried among her throng of returning exiles the Earl of Chesterfield. Of his reward for his loyalty he records: "I had the honour to waite as server with the Earle of Dorset at the King's Coronation dinner in Westminster Hall, and was afterwards sent by His Majesty to compliment and bring in the Prince of Swoisons, Ambassadour extraordinary from France."

II. 1660—1713

Chesterfield was not the only one of his family to experience King Charles's gratitude. Among those who received honours in connection with the joyful event of the Restoration was Catherine, the former Lady Stanhope. On May 29th, 1660, she was created Countess of Chesterfield for the duration of her life, in recognition of her great services to the Royal Family, while her two daughters received precedency as Earl's daughters. Coming to reside in England, the Countess continued in the household of the widowed Princess Royal until Mary's death on December 24th of that year. In the following March she lost her second husband, and went into the household of the Duchess of York, where we may leave her for the present.

The chief occurrence which Chesterfield records for the year after the King's return, apart from the Princess Royal's death, is his own second marriage, which would appear to have taken place not long after the Restoration. His new wife was the Lady Elizabeth Butler, eldest daughter of the Duke of Ormonde. Aged about twenty and a celebrated beauty, Elizabeth does not seem to have gained from her husband the affection which he obviously gave to both her predecessor and her successor in his house. The origin of the coldness is not clear. But it must not be forgotten that many looked upon Chesterfield as the real father of Anne Palmer, and that in 1661 he was still writing to Barbara, "If you will neither answer my letters, nor speak to mee before I goe out of town, it is more than an even lay I shall never come into it againe." His former connection with the royal favourite was notorious,

and Elizabeth may well have resented the knowledge that it was broken off not by Chesterfield's desire but through the caprice, or prudence, of Mrs. Palmer.

In the year following their marriage Lady Chesterfield bore a son, who only lived three months, an event which the Earl chronicles in a very matter-of-fact way, while he mentions just after that " my beloved sister Mary died of the small pox." He preserved also a copy of a letter which he wrote to his wife " after the death of our Son and of my Mother's Husband, Mr. Onele," by the latter of whom he really means Kirckhoven, dead as we have seen in March 1661.

" My Dear," he says,

" Although I am hardly yet at Lester, I cannot forbear giving you an account of my thoughts, to let you know how sensible I am of the justice that attends your melancholy. I am now going to a house of mourning, and in your absence (to mee) the pleasing[e]st objects doe appear vailed. But I dare say noe more, since things that came nearest to perfection are taken for their contrarie; the devoutest man is often thought an hipocrit, and the most perfect freindship is judged dissimulation, therefore mine shall now only appear in begging that you will be good to your selfe, and have an equal return of kindness for him who is

" Your &c."

It cannot be claimed that there is much ardour in this communication to a beautiful wife, in the first year of the marriage. We shall see later the only other which Chesterfield records having written to his wife Elizabeth Butler.

Early in 1662 King Charles, having previously bestowed on Roger Palmer the unwelcome gift of the Irish peerage of Castlemaine, prepared to settle down in matrimony. Among those sent with the Duke of York to receive Catherine of Braganza in May was Lord Chesterfield, whom Charles made Chamberlain to the future Queen. After seeing her, and also witnessing her meeting with the King at Portsmouth, Chesterfield wrote to

his intimate friend, Mr. Bates of Richmond, to whom some of the best letters in his collection are addressed, that Catherine was " a very extraordinary woman, that is, extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding." Moreover, he praised her shape, hands, eyes, voice and hair, and found her, in a word, what an understanding man would wish a wife to be. Yet he feared that all this would hardly make things run in the right channel ! No doubt he would have agreed, in his heart, with Sir John Reresby's verdict that Catherine, " a very little person, with a pretty tolerable face, neither in person nor manners had any one article to stand in competition with the Countess of Castlemaine, the finest woman of her age."

Charles's appointment of Chesterfield to be Chamberlain to the Queen does not make it look as if he hated him much, as the *Memoirs of Gramont* allege. The Lady Chesterfield, however, who was afterwards appointed with others (including the Countess of Castlemaine !) to be a Lady of the Bedchamber to Catherine was the Dowager Countess. Catherine, Lady Chesterfield, while in the service of the Duchess of York, had taken to herself a third husband, Colonel Daniel O'Neil, nephew of the famous rebel, Owen O'Neil. Colonel Daniel, a steadfast adherent of Charles in exile, a gentleman of his bedchamber, and a person much " wanted " by the Commonwealth authorities for his share in plots against them, was a guest of Catherine and her second husband in Holland in 1656, when we find Sir Edward Nicholas writing from Cologne to a correspondent : " I do not believe that Mr. O'Neale will leave Holland till the Lady Stanhope goes to France, whatever he says to you, for he finds great ease in remaining here at a good table, and no cost to him. You will find he is like his name subtle."

O'Neil profited by his attachment to Lady Stanhope. In October 1662 when he was already married to her, there was an order to pay him £2,818, due from the King to his sister, the late Princess of Orange, in satisfaction of a like sum due from her to the Countess of Chesterfield. Later we find him both postmaster-general and possessor of a contract to make

gunpowder for the King, two lucrative posts, of which the former was farmed for some years by Lady Chesterfield after his death, while the latter was valuable enough, after Lady Chesterfield's own death, to bring to her heirs £9,000 for its surrender.

Chesterfield not only was sent to receive Catherine of Braganza in May 1662, but also met the Queen Mother Henrietta Maria on her arrival from France at the end of July. In between these two events he notes the birth of his daughter (named after her mother Elizabeth), the future Countess of Strathmore. Mention of his doings at this period is singularly absent from the English State Papers, and but for evidence of unofficial and gossiping character we should be almost without information as to his life. Yet it was at this very time, if we may believe the unofficial evidence, that the domestic side of his life was a matter of concern of numerous other people besides himself. We have come, in fact, to an episode which made one of the choice tales about manners and morals under the Restoration. In it Chesterfield strangely figures, not as the married rake, but as the jealous husband, more rigorous in his watch over his wife than foolish Roger Palmer managed to be over his.

The persistence of any scandal about the second Lady Chesterfield and the Duke of York is due almost entirely to the malicious pen of Philibert, Comte de Gramont, or his brother-in-law and scribe, Anthony Hamilton, a first cousin to the lady. The tale is given large space in the *Memoirs of Gramont*, and the details are too well known to need repetition, even if we believed them to be substantially correct. In view of the characters of Gramont and Anthony Hamilton, always willing to sacrifice a friend's reputation for the sake of a jest, and born before their time to be society journalists, we cannot accept their allegations without support. When, therefore, Gramont-Hamilton, after a tribute to Lady Chesterfield's beauty—her exquisite shape, her fair complexion united with the charms of a brunette, her large, alluring blue eyes—goes on to speak of her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, but neither scrupulous nor sincere, and makes her openly court the

advances of her cousin, the handsome James Hamilton (Anthony's brother), and favourably return those of the Duke of York, we must look for corroboration. Only two pieces of additional evidence have been adduced ; from Pepys's *Diary*, and from Lord Chesterfield's own conduct in 1663, concerning which we propose to put in some information which seems to have escaped attention so far.

Pepys does not say anything about James Hamilton in the matter. On November 3rd 1662, he learns from his friend Pierce, surgeon to the Duke of York, that " the Duke is smitten in love with my Lady Chesterfield (a virtuous lady, daughter to my Lord of Ormond), and so much that the Duchess of York hath complained to the King and her father about it, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it." On the following January 1st, " they say my Lord Chesterfield, groom of the stole to the Queen, is either gone or put away from the Court upon the score of his lady's having smitten the Duke of York, so as that he is watched by the Duchess of York, and his lady is retired to the country upon it." Then, on January 19th, Dr. Clerke tells Pepys that not only had Lord Chesterfield long been jealous of the Duke, " but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and the lady by all opinions a most good, virtuous woman." Chesterfield the following day, according to Clerke, went and told the Duke how much he considered himself wronged by his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonour. The Duke, having been warned by someone who had noticed Chesterfield's anger the previous night, answered calmly and did not appear to understand the reason of the complaint. But Chesterfield nevertheless packed his wife presently into Derbyshire, near the Peak—" which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Devil's . . . Peake when she vexes him."

Chesterfield's *Short Notes* merely chronicle his going with his wife into Ireland " where, after the having been greatly entertained three months by the Duke and Dutches of Ormond, I came back into England, and leaving my wife with her relations returned to London." What he does not say here

is much more interesting; and fortunately we can say part of it for him.

In the Irish State Papers of the reign of Charles II. there has been preserved an extraordinary letter from Ormonde in Dublin to Sir Henry Bennet, Secretary of State, in London. On January 17th, 1663, the Viceroy writes:

> "I am in difficulties about my daughter and Lord Chesterfield. His extravagant proceedings must deprive him of the esteem and opinion of all sober men. I do not know how to govern myself to redeem my daughter from the afflicting life that seems to be prepared for her and my Lord Chesterfield (for whose person and disease I have kindness and compassion) from that scandalous state he has brought himself to."

His daughter's condition (possibly ill-health following the birth of the little Elizabeth), Ormonde continues, will not admit of her coming over to Ireland, and if she did come, and without her husband, it would look like, and perhaps prove, a separation. He hopes to get Chesterfield relieved of Court attendance, and if he can arrange a scheme, he will ask for Bennet's support.

Next we have, in Chesterfield's own collection of letters, one which he wrote to his mother-in-law in 1663. After speaking of a "mist of misfortunes" and of having been so misunderstood that he had hardly hoped to refind the way to Her Grace's favour, he expresses pleasure at the receipt of a letter from her. "Madam," he continues, "I do not love the remembrance of old greefs, and yet the best way of curing wounds is to search their bottoms, and when that has been once done before your ladyship and my lord, I shall freely forgive the uneasiness they have put mee to. Madam, my Lord's invitation of us into Ireland, I hope, will put a period to this and other discourses that have had much too large a circumference, and intitle me by a justification to resume that kindness with which your grace was formerly pleas'd to honour YOUR &c."

Nor is this all. In the *Ormonde MSS.*, which have been examined and published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, there are further sidelights on the affair. In the first place there is a letter to George Lane, Ormonde's secretary in Dublin, from James Buck, whom the Duke employed to carry his messages to London. Writing from Stone, Cheshire, on January 18th 1663, Buck tells how, on the previous day, on the road from Denbigh to Chester he met an extraordinary gentleman riding post in his shoes and stockings, a close coat, with a high-crowned hat and a falling band, the post-boy blowing his horn very fiercely all the way before him. By enquiry at the next stage Buck discovered that the gentleman had given out that he came from the Countess of Chesterfield, daughter to the Duke of Ormonde, that he was going to the Duke in a great concernment and was to stay but five hours in Ireland—" all which, in my opinion, did look as madly in its kind as anything that was done before," says Buck ; adding that he " supposed his business to be very bad or very good." It must have been the letter carried by this messenger which prompted Ormonde's letter to Bennet.

On the 20th Buck wrote again from Bretby, saying he had arrived yesterday and found that Lord Chesterfield had gone to London the week before, " but Her Ladyship . . . is as well as 'tis possible her condition can make her, and my coming has been of no little advantage to her satisfaction."

The next letter of moment on the subject is one from the Earl of Anglesey (Arthur Annesley) in London to the Duke of Ormonde in Dublin, dated October 6th, 1663, and expressing gladness that " my Lady Chesterfield is safe landed [in Ireland], after our fears of her."

What can we deduce from these letters ? That in January, 1663, Lady Chesterfield sent a very urgent message to her father from Bretby ; that she was suffering, apparently both bodily and mentally ; and that later in 1663 she was with her parents in Ireland. This is all quite consistent with the rumours which Pepys hears, and with the fact that her husband sent her suddenly out of London to Derbyshire, followed her later (on May 12th, it appears), and then paid a visit with her

to Dublin. It does not contradict the Gramont story; but neither does it bear that scandalous story out. It certainly implies that there was serious trouble between Lord and Lady Chesterfield, arising out of his jealousy. Chesterfield was justified in resenting the advances of the Duke of York. Whether we believe (against Pepys's opinion) that the lady gave those advances encouragement depends on our interpretation of certain facts which we are soon to have before us.

The Chesterfields arrived in Dublin about July or August, 1663. The old Viceroy had been in a brief visit to London in June, having come over on a very necessary mission "to regulate more precisely the King's expenses"; and he may have conducted his daughter and son-in-law back with him. Chesterfield speaks of a three months' stay in Ireland, and of leaving his wife behind; and on November 2nd, 1663, he is found writing to Ormonde from Bretby, mentioning a previous letter from Holyhead and saying that he thinks of stopping three or four days at Bretby, "where my little daughter is my best company."

The next mention we have of Chesterfield is on December 28th, when Pepys sees him at the new tennis-court at Whitehall, he and Lord Suffolk winning two and losing three sets against King Charles and Sir Arthur Slingsby. "They all, and he [the King] particularly, playing well, methought."

The names of Chesterfield and his wife continue to be absent from the English State Papers. Two more communications from James Buck to Lane in Dublin introduce husband and wife again. On March 8th, 1664, he says that he has delivered his letters "except those to my Lord Chesterfield, who is yet out of town but daily expected, which I entreat you to let my Lady Chesterfield know." Then on May 14th he says that Lady Ormonde is soon expected at "Chelsey." As we know, Chesterfield met his wife and mother-in-law at Chester and conducted them to Bretby, where he stayed with his wife all the summer. The Duke of Ormonde was in London in June, making a further attempt to reform the King's expenses.

Now comes an instructive letter from Lady Chesterfield at Bretby, dated August 6th, to her father in London.

"I have strictly obeyed your commands," she says, "in ceasing the company of the person your Lordship forbid me conversing with. They have since their being in the country sent to see me, which compliment I returned with my thanks for the invitation they gave me of spending some of my time with them at their house. I beseech your Lordship, if there be any hopes of my being so happy as to return with your Lordship into Ireland, let me know it, for my desires are very great of expressing myself at a nearer distance, my Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful daughter and most humble servant,

"E. CHESTERFIELD."

Some six weeks later another letter from her to her father shows that the person with whom he forbade her conversing was a lady. This lady's husband, she said, had been to Bretby "since my Lord's return," and had told her that his wife intended to see—whereupon she changed the subject. If she were to visit her, Lady Chesterfield promised, "her reception shall be answerable to what she merited from me, which, I am convinced, is very ill."

In this same letter Lady Chesterfield expressed a hope of seeing her father again before he left England. We do not hear more till on November 6th she writes again from Bretby to Ormonde in Dublin, telling him that the undesirable lady had been on a visit for one day, on her way to her father's. She had tried to "justify herself of many calumnies her enemies had thrown upon her, and seemed to resent those most that she had heard made her appear injurious to me, whom she confidently affirmed never to have spoken reflectingly of." But Lady Chesterfield had been governed by her father's judgement, and "her protestation proved very ineffectual to the persuading me of her innocency."

The last surviving letter from daughter to father is dated February 6th, 1665, and contains a complaint of not having heard from him for three months.

We do not appear warranted to assume more from this evidence in the *Ormonde MSS.* than that some Court lady, who was probably, through either her husband or her father (or

both), a neighbour to the Chesterfields in the country, had been spreading reports about Lady Chesterfield, which both Chesterfield and his father-in-law had resented. We cannot guess with any assurance who the lady may have been. Very likely the reports were in connection with the Duke of York. But this fresh light on the case does not reveal any proof of the lightness of character of the unfortunate Elizabeth, Countess of Chesterfield. It tends to make us suppose that she had been indiscreet in guarding her reputation, or her father would surely have continued to espouse her cause as hotly as he began to do in the letter to Bennet and have remonstrated seriously with his son-in-law. As it was, both Ormonde and his sons, Ossory and Arran, remained on the friendliest of terms with Chesterfield.

As for James Hamilton, we find no confirmation whatever of Gramont's wicked insinuations in this affair. What is very significant is that Chesterfield and he were excellent friends in 1665. Among the unpublished letters in Chesterfield's collection is one, bearing the date of that year, to "Mr. Jeames Hambleton," which merits quotation in full:

"Sir,

"Though I have not heard from you these three weeks, yet I will not believe so ill of you as to think that you have already learnt the Court maxim which says that an unprofitable friend is only equivalent to an insignificant enemy, for if that were tru, I ought to expect very little advantage from our old acquaintance, but I know you to well to doubt that you will either change your moralitie or religion, and I believe that our friend the Lord C., who was lately wounded, is of the same opinion. Pray tell his lordship that one of the best wishes that I can make him is that he may only live til his Grace doth him the honour to kill him, and that I am extreamly sorry for the actident that befell him with Sr. E. F., as all soe that those who are not ashamed to lie should not be afraid to fight, but every man has his Tallent and possibly I may yet be obliged to pull off my doublet for not justifyig the story of the french Marquis, but I assure you that I have so great a sorrow for these things that rather

than I will have any dispute with him I will swear that I saw him kill halfe the men in Paris, and I hope that the brothers of the blade will judge that to be sufficient satisfaction from, Sr.,

" Your &c."

We can hardly be wrong in thinking that the " Lord C." is Robert Carnegy, afterwards Earl of Southesk, who had the misfortune to marry Chesterfield's early acquaintance, the Lady Anne Hamilton and to find her honoured by the attentions of " his Grace," the Duke of York. In view of the certain amount of truth which underlies that scandalous tale in the *Memoirs of Gramont*, it is impossible to believe that Chesterfield would have written in this jesting strain if the case of his own wife has been in any way similar to that of Lady Carnegy. Still less is it possible to credit that, if James Hamilton had played the part which Gramont imputes to him in connection with Lady Chesterfield, her husband could have penned such a letter to him in 1665. Whatever Chesterfield was, he was not blind to his marital honour. Rather was he, like so many an untrue husband, morbidly sensitive on the point. Elizabeth Butler had sad experience of this trait in his character.

In his thirty-second year Chesterfield notes that he spent much time in London with his again-widowed mother. She had lost her third husband, Daniel O'Neil on October 24th, 1664 ; and with his death her matrimonial experiences ended. She and her eldest son both had their duties at Court to attend to, which was no doubt the Earl's excuse for living in town, leaving his wife still at Bretby, out of the reach of the scandals of the Court. But in 1665 he suddenly quitted the Queen's service, " with intentions," he says, " to retire and live in the country." No doubt there was some connection between this step and his remark in the previous year that he had " many disputes with very considerable persons about Her Majestie's service." But Queen Catherine herself parted with him regretfully. " Shee was pleased to favour mee with expressions of great kindness, and commanded mee to continu stil of her Counsel."

Chesterfield continues: "The next day, after that I had taken my leave of the King and Queen, I went to Wellingborough, where my wife had been some time a-taking the waters, and two dayes after my being with her (it being the great Plague year) shee fell sick of the spotted feaver and died, whereupon I returned to my own house at Bretby, where I allso fell sick of the spotted feaver or Plague."

That is all. There is no expression of sorrow, as in the cases of his first, and still more of his third, wives. Very shortly before Elizabeth's death, which occurred in July, 1665, he had written to her a letter as follows:

"My Dear,

"If my messengers were as quick as my thoughts you would hear from mee every minute, for since fate and my inclinations made mee yours, I have constantly thank'd heaven for that blessing; therefore let us banish all those little storms that commonly attend a married life, for if your kindness can rise to a pitch like mine, our happiness is included in our selves.—I here must make a pause to recover breath, since just now the unexpected newse of my best friend's having lost his, has almost taken mine. The Lord F. is dead and with him as much worth as fraile man containes. Oh the sad condition of mortals, who worship what is past, desire what is to come, and seldom enjoy the present; therefore let misfortunes teach us to be wise, and in the small circles of our lives thank heaven for all our blessings, and consider how many are in a wors estate than wee. Let this make us imbrace our friends, forgive our enemies, and willingly submit ourselves to his protection, who I hope will crown you with glory and mee with happyness in being yours."

This letter must be dated, from its evident allusion to the death of Lord Falmouth[1], early in June 1665. Its tone, like

[1] King Charles's favourite, the former Sir Charles Berkeley, "a most vicious person," according to Pepys, who died at the battle of Southwold Bay on June 3rd, 1665. It may be noted that Chesterfield, like many others of his contemporaries besides the King, did not share Pepys's bad opinion of Falmouth.

ELIZABETH BUTLER, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD

From the painting by Lely at Chevening Park

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that of the earlier letter to Elizabeth, quoted above, is too courtly and sententious to suggest that Chesterfield was inspired by real love towards the person to whom he was writing.

It is true that after Elizabeth Butler's death Chesterfield lived for some time in retirement. His distaste for Court life, however, is sufficient to account for this. He received from the King something intended to enable him to support a quiet existence ; for in the month following Lady Chesterfield's death Charles granted him £6,000, to be charged on the revenue of Ireland. There was some difficulty in getting this money, in spite of Ormonde's assistance. Ultimately, however, if not until two years later, he seems to have had it secured upon the revenue for licensing the retail sale of wine, "iskebagh," strong waters, etc. There is a doubt whether he obtained the cash even then.

Chesterfield himself gives no hint as to his doings until his mother's death, which we know to have taken place on April 9th, 1667, while he was living with her at her home Belsize, in Hampstead. The Dowager Lady Chesterfield succumbed to dropsy, as her son notes, at the age of perhaps about sixty, and was buried in the church of Broughton Malherbe. She left behind her, besides Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, a son and three daughters by her second husband. The son, Charles Henry Kirckhoven, had been created by Charles II., as early as 1650, Baron Wotton of Wotton. To him his mother bequeathed her fine house Belsize, which John Evelyn later so much admired. In 1680 Charles made him Earl of Bellamont, in the peerage of Ireland ; and he figures in Chesterfield's correspondence as "my brother Bellamont." When he died in 1683, he left his possessions to Chesterfield's younger son, Charles Stanhope.

Apart from letters to or from male correspondents which can be definitely assigned to an almost blank period in Chesterfield's history, there is in his collection a letter from "Mrs. Prise, Maid of Honour to Her Majesty," which the editor of the published letters appears to ascribe to this period. There is nothing much in the letter, except that it was accompanied

by a pair of Italian gloves and an amusing copy of verses by Lord Rochester, supposed to be spoken by her, of which the following are six lines :

> When you this packet first doe see,
> " Dam mee," crie you, " she has writ to mee ;
> " I had better be at Bretby still
> " Than troubled with love against my will ;
> " Besides this is not all my sorrow,
> " She writ today, shee'l come tomorrow."

The lady seems to have been not the giddy Goditha Price (who was never maid of honour to the Queen), but Henrietta Maria, daughter of Sir Herbert Price, master of the household in turn to the Queen Mother and to Queen Catherine. Later Henrietta Price became the second wife of a kinsman of Chesterfield, Alexander, son of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston. Her acquaintance with Chesterfield appears to have been quite blameless.

The Earl, however, evidently did not lose his reputation for gallantry yet, for in June 1667, Pepys, calling on Sir William Coventry, hears from Lord Berkeley that he is going down to Harwich to look after the militia there—" and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors, the Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandeville and others ; but to little purpose, I fear, but to debauch the country women thereabouts."

It was the time of the Dutch naval raid, and Chesterfield had no doubt felt impelled to offer his services to the King. They were accepted, and on June 13th he was sent a commission to raise a regiment of foot. He records with pride that he raised and equipped this in ten days, and that it gave great satisfaction to both His Majesty and the Duke of York. But the sequel was unhappy. Being " long quartered in marshy and unwholesome places," the men fell sick, and half of them died. At last Chesterfield himself sickened, and had a great narrow escape from death, which he thus relates :

" I was given over by three of the best phisitians in London, who plainly told me that I could not live above two

howers; in which time my good friend, the Archbishop of Canterbury [Dr. Gilbert Sheldon], came and took mee in his arms and gave mee his blessing and the last farewell; after which I was abandoned by all my servants and left to dey. In this condition I lay two howers, without anybody comming neer mee, though I had my sences perfectly well. At last three old women came to lay mee out; but finding that I was not quite dead, I heard them say, 'Wee are come too soon, let us goe and come againe halfe an hour hence.' But, in that time my kinsman Mr. William Stanhope comming to mee, I desired him to get mee some burnt claret, which he immediately did; and I found great benefit by it, faling into a great sweat after it, and from that time I began to recover."

Some time after this (in his thirty-sixth year, the *Short Notes* say) Chesterfield went over to Bourbonne, to drink the waters. There are two records of visits paid to him at Bretby in 1668, by Lord Clanricarde in April and by Ormonde in May, the latter, now threatened with the loss of his post in Ireland, going on to stop with him at Coventry. The date of Chesterfield's journey to Bourbonne is uncertain. When he was back in England he relates how, "having sayd something in Parliament against the declaration for the liberty of conscience that the Court disliked, I left of the paying of my attendance there for some years." On April 6th, 1669, we find in the State Papers a license for the Earl "to travel with his servants for the recovery of his health and to return to England when he thinks fit, provided he be also ready for recall on summons from King or Council." Nevertheless, on the following July 15th Evelyn, going up to Oxford to receive his Doctor's degree, met Chesterfield in attendance upon the Duke of Ormonde, Vice-chancellor of the University. Chesterfield must have left England later than this, therefore. From his correspondence we may gather that he went to Paris, and that he was back in England again in 1670.

To these interrupted years of Chesterfield's life, between his second wife's death and his third marriage, belong no doubt a

number of the letters of gallantry in his collection, though he left few dates to enable us to place them. His editor puts here the correspondence with " one who walked 4 whole nights with mee in St. James Park, and yet I never knew who she was," also described as " the unknown lady," who refused to let him penetrate her incognito ; the letters to " Dear Pretty Miss," in the country, whose reputation he seems to have gravely compromised, and to B. L., identified, as we have said before, with Betty Livingstone, Maid of the Privy Chamber to the Queen (a witty, impertinent composition, which has probably been more often quoted than most of Chesterfield's letters); and the correspondence with " an unknown person, afterwards found to be the Lady M—— P——."

The letters between " the Lady M—— P——" and Chesterfield are certainly curious. She began the correspondence, writing, without signing her name, that she has been, ever since he came to town, very desirous to see him, and will be at the play tomorrow. If he will come into the King's box, he will meet a face that was not unknown to him formerly. He answered guardedly :

> " There are so many letters, Madam, sent from unknown persons, merely to divert those who sent them, that I have reason to suspect the favour I received from you to be one of that nature, and only intended to amuse a man who at this time of day expects little good fortune from adventure ; and, therefore, you must excuse me if I decline making of myself the farce to the play you intend to see ; but, if you please to let me know your true name, and that I find by it that you are neither ould nor ugly, I shall be willing to pay you my respects, and to attend you where you shall appoint your humble servant,
>
> " C."

The allusion to looks reminds us of the remarks of Chesterfield's grandson, the celebrated fourth Earl, upon " the ugly and, I am sorry to say it, so numerous a part of my countrywoman." His Lordship, however, had a remedy to propose which did not occur to his grandfather :

"Ugly women, who may more properly be called a third sex than part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavour to be honest good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field-sports, and a cheerful glass, and, if they could get into Parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it."

Lady M—— P—— wrote again, protesting that she was none of the intriguing ladies, nor was she either old or ugly. She had no further design upon him than to see him once more. Now, however, "I shall never write to you or endeavour to see you more."

This roused Chesterfield's concern. He apologised, asking why she desired to see the apparition of the man who by her severity was sent out of the world some years ago. "I confess you were then the cause of the happy and unhappy minutes of my life." But at last a generous rage, breaking all his chains, had made him turn hermit and resolve "never more to be concerned for womankind"—which resolution had been strictly kept.

On this extravagant note the correspondence, as copied out by Chesterfield, ends. Another letter, this time actually dated 1670, is addressed by him to his early flame Barbara Villiers, now become by royal grant Duchess of Cleveland and busily employed in building for herself Cleveland House, in Westminster. Very likely it was in connection with Cleveland House that Chesterfield protests how obedient he is to her least commands, having on his arrival in town bespoken for her fountain a figure of Cupid kneeling on a rock and shooting from his bow a stream of water towards heaven—the interpretation of which might be that "Your ladyship, not being content with the conquest of one world, doth now by your devotions attack the other." The note of gallantry is very marked; but of passion there is none. After all, Her Grace had a character calculated to make her outlive the passion which she inspired in her lovers. Besides, there was another reason. Chesterfield's letter must have been written after

Barbara's attainment of the title of Duchess in August 1670 ; and on June 1st of that year he had married his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon. There can be no doubt of his affection for her, which cured him of his desire to stray. He was the reformed rake at last !

Some years of quiet domesticity followed. He devoted himself to building at Bretby, and when on a visit to town in 1671 declined an offer of the reversion of the post of Lord Chamberlain. He had soon a new young family to which to devote attention ; for his wife presented him in four successive years with two sons, Philip, afterwards third Earl, and Charles, who changed his surname to Wotton on his inheritance from his half-uncle Bellamont ; and two daughters, Mary and Catherine. Moreover there was Betty, his daughter by his second wife, to be considered. Young as Betty was, even in 1673 the Ormondes had begun to evince some interest in the question of her marriage, and seem to have suggested the son of Lady O'Brien—Catherine, sister and heiress of Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and wife of Henry O'Brien, Lord Ibrackan, son of the Earl of Thomond. Chesterfield professed to be pleased at the idea and wrote a very polite letter to Lady O'Brien. It is rather puzzling, however, to understand why he should have written to Ormonde the same year : " Were I so unfortunate as to differ from your grace in my judgment, yet the remembrance of my last wife, your grace's daughter, would make mee beg your acceptance of the only child she left, and to dispose of her as your owne." The words may be a mere courtesy ; but Betty was destined to cause friction between her father and grandfather one day.

An end came to Chesterfield's peaceful days at Bretby with his third wife. After the birth of Catherine Lady Chesterfield " fell into a great melancholy, which was a mighty affliction to mee." Then, in the following year, " my wife, being perfectly recovered, miscarried of a sonn and died seaven dayes after, which was the greatest misfortune that I had ever suffered."

In spite of the fact that Chesterfield in one place speaks of

" the year my wife died, 1678," there can be no doubt that the death occurred in the autumn of 1677. The *Ormonde MSS.* prove this. On October 30th, 1677, Ormonde writes from Dublin to Chesterfield, condoling with him on his loss; and Lord Arran's letters to his father in the following spring allude to it as a past event.

Chesterfield's grief was very genuine. " After the death of my wife," say the *Short Notes*, " I lived that whole yeare alone in the country, and in 6 months never came out of my chamber." Arran wrote to Ormonde on May 25th, 1678: " My Lord Chesterfield about two or three months since had so given himself over to melancholy that I was afraid it would distemper him, but I am informed that now of late he admits company and has been prevailed upon to walk abroad." Three days afterwards he has less good news and relates the story, mentioned above, of Wolley's ghost. However on June 15th, during a visit to London by William Stanhope, Chesterfield's cousin and faithful companion in his later years, Arran learns that " the reports concerning my Lord of Chesterfield's great disquiet are entirely false, and although he is very much troubled yet for the loss of his lady, he goes abroad and intends to come to town at Michaelmas."

Chesterfield emerged from his retirement at last. He says that he was " commanded up to Parliament in connection with the impeachment of Lords Arundel and Danby," and that soon[1] he was sent for by the King, who in a private interview told him that he had long been in his thoughts and appointed him Chief Justice in Eyre south of Trent—though not a profitable, an honourable place, which he desired him to accept as an earnest of his favour. Chesterfield was reluctant to accept the post, not wishing to offend the Duke of Monmouth, from whom it had been taken; but he ultimately allowed himself to be persuaded.

The " Popish Plot " had its effect on Chesterfield. While he was up in town in 1679 his house at Bretby was partly burnt down, after an anonymous warning that it would be fired.

[1] As a matter of fact, the warrant for Chesterfield's appointment is dated December 1st, 1679.

It is not clear whom he considers to have been guilty of this outrage. Early in the year we find the Duke of York, in exile at The Hague, writing to thank him for some discourses " the Earl of B." had told him Chesterfield had had with him lately, and assuring him that he would always be his friend. Chesterfield could not be suspected of Roman Catholic sympathies. But, in spite of his former grievance against the Duke, he was loyal in his support of him as heir to the throne, and came up to town again in 1680 to take his place in the House of Lords for the discussion of the Exclusion Bill. He made a strong speech against this, which undoubtedly helped to defeat it, was sent for by the King next day and thanked, and was rewarded with the honour of Privy Councillorship. Then he returned to the country and busied himself with the rebuilding of his beloved Bretby.

It is obvious that by now Chesterfield's aversion from town life was very strong. His third wife's death had fostered an already quick-growing tendency. We may quote a letter which he wrote from Bretby to Dr. Jasper Needham, obviously therefore before the latter's death in 1679. " As to your other advise concerning hypochondriacall distempers," he says, " permit me to tell you that you doe prescribe me very ill physick in advising me to consult philosophers and divines ; for I never could find any certainty in the first, nor much satisfaction in the latter." He goes on to say, " I doe now live according to my desire, that is, far from the troubles or pleasures of the world, in a hermitage where I doe resolve to disquiet myselfe as little as I can for what I cannot help."

To his friend Bates on another occasion, for which we have no date beyond the month of November, he writes that " a mate at chesse, a bottle of Burgundy, and a friend by the fireside are the remaining pleasures that can now justly be pretended to by " himself. But he also tells Bates, again under no date except that of a month, January, that his way of living at Bretby is " just as it used to be—that is, humdrum ; and sometimes a little like one of the patriarchs, in making use of a handmaid—but that is so seldom that it is not worth the mentioning." His new chaplain, he complains, is always

preaching against a certain vice, but never against drinking. " I conclude that he takes the first to be my sin, and that the other is his own " is his comment.

We may gather that, even in the country, the old Adam died slowly in Chesterfield, and that he did not live quite such a hermit's life as he would make out to the more serious among his correspondents. However, on October 22nd, 1685, he is seen writing to Lord Arran, from whom he was not wont to conceal things, that " as to what your lordship mentions of the Lady R.'s being here, I do assure your lordship that, as to the matter of gallantry, all women are now alike to me." The Lady R., whoever she may have been, had been the recipient of a number of ardent epistles from him in the past. He may, by 1685, have grown insensible to her attractions ; and perhaps at the age of fifty-two he had really closed the long chapter of love in his life. His distempers were not " hypochondriacall."

In 1681 Chesterfield was given the command of the " Holland regiment of Guards," with greater privileges than had ever been granted before—or so it appeared to him at the time. Next year he came up to London on the rumour of the Rye House plot, involving the Lords Essex and (William) Russell, " one a brother-in-law and the other a friend," to assure the King of his own unswerving devotion. Charles received him kindly and, laying his arm on Chesterfield's shoulder, took him aside and discoursed a great deal with him concerning the plot. He had no doubt of his loyalty. When the Earl of Bedford made an appeal to Chesterfield to come forward to testify to the character of his son Russell, Chesterfield was reluctantly compelled to point out that, as a Privy Councillor, he could scarcely do that for a man whom His Majesty accused of high treason. Charles approved of his answer ; and it is difficult to see how Chesterfield could have done otherwise than refuse.

His next step unfortunately brought him into disfavour with the powers. When the Duke of Monmouth, for whom it is obvious he had some regard, returned to Court in 1683, Chesterfield felt it incumbent on him to offer to resign to him his Justiceship in Eyre. This infuriated the Duke of York, always jealous of any deference shown to Monmouth. James,

according to Chesterfield, persuaded his brother to withdraw the name of Guards from Holland's regiment, while urging Chesterfield to remain its colonel. The Earl, against his will, consented ; but, finding that the two regiments just returned from Tangier were given precedence over his, was wounded in his pride and insisted on resigning his commission. The King, " with great goodness," agreed ; and Chesterfield went home to Bretby.

We do not propose to go into detail concerning the political life of Chesterfield during the thirty years that he still had to spend in this world. His connection with public affairs grew less and less as time went on. After Charles's death (at which he was present, testifying to his resolute end), though James was anxious to honour him, Chesterfield begged leave to withdraw to Derbyshire, pleading ill-health. In the case of James, Chesterfield's loyalty was clearly not reinforced by personal liking. He did not approve of the Duke of Monmouth's fate. But when the Princess Anne in 1688 treacherously deserted her father he condemned her action, and had the courage to tell her and her followers what he thought. He attended the Convention in January 1669 but resisted all the blandishments of William of Orange, who told him in public that he was " the man in the world whom he remembered longest and therefore he would always look on him as one of his family," and was most anxious for him to accept some office under him.

Chesterfield voted, and spoke, in the Convention against all measures calling into doubt the kingship of James II., and afterwards retired, first from Court, and then into the country. He refused in turn offers of an appointment to the Bedchamber, the Privy Seal, and the post of plenipotentiary to The Hague. He declined to sign the articles of the " Association " in 1696, telling William at great length his reasons for declining. On William's death he would not take the oath of Abjuration against the Prince of Wales, and, leaving for Bretby before Anne's coronation, took no further part in public life.

During all these years Chesterfield had many domestic affairs to attend to. He was much occupied in improvements at

Bretby; and there were the marriages of his children to be arranged. Over his daughter Betty there was the difficulty that her grand-parents expected to have a say in the matter. In 1682 Ormonde mentioned to a correspondent the prospect of a marriage with Lord Campden's son, who had an estate of £10,000 a year. "The person is not very agreeable in shape," writes Ormonde, "though in all other respects valuable enough. I doubt upon this occasion my Lord Chesterfield may expect the payment of the money which I owe him." (Can this be the Royal grant, secured upon the sale of wine, "iskebagh," strong waters, etc. in Ireland?) Two years later Ormonde, leaving his house in St. James's Square, expresses to his son-in-law his regret at leaving Betty behind him a single woman, with no prospect that she is like to be well disposed of, but has confidence in Chesterfield's care of her. In 1685 a dispute arose between them as to the settlement Chesterfield must make upon Betty in the event of her marriage. At last, however, but not until 1691, she was safely married to "Lord Glammis," as Chesterfield spells this name; namely John Lyon, afterwards fourth Earl of Strathmore.

In the same year Chesterfield's son Philip married Lady Betty Saville, daughter of his old friend, the Marquis of Halifax. Unhappily Chesterfield and Halifax had a serious quarrel only three years later, owing to Chesterfield telling Halifax at dinner, before company, that he would rather be "a plaine, honest country gentleman than a cunning, false Court knave" —with an obvious allusion to Halifax's trimming policy. They never spoke to one another again before Halifax's death in 1695.

The marriages of two more of his children, Mary in 1698 and Charles in 1701; two fits of apoplexy and sixteen weeks in his bedroom with gout in 1697, and more gout in 1700—added variety to Chesterfield's existence. Then in 1702, after refusing the oath of Abjuration, he went home to Bretby to have a great struggle with his surgeon. His foot was mortified, declared the latter, and must be amputated. Chesterfield's answer has been often imitated by others since; that, as he had come into the world with two legs, he would go out of

it with two. "It pleased God," he notes, "there was no gangrene or mortification."

In 1704 many family bereavements befell him, but still he survived. In 1706 he was much gratified at being left by the Dowager Queen Catherine, of Braganza, her chief executor. In 1707 he was very seriously ill with a complication of maladies, the result of his long years of wildness. He had three great doctors and two great surgeons to attend him, he records; but none of them could give him relief from an intolerable itching. In 1711 he had further family losses, in the deaths of his son-in-law, the Earl of Strathmore, and his two sons. In 1712 the last entry is made in the *Short Notes*, in a very feeble handwriting: "In my 79 yeare I went up to London." On January 28th, 1713, at his house in Bloomsbury Square, Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, passed away.

. . . . . .

The intelligent male reader will doubtless say, "But this is not the life of a scoundrel!" If he does not happen to be of Whiggish sympathies, he may even add, "Why, the man was half a hero!" I am not prepared to dispute the point. I will only draw attention to the maxim facing the Preface. On one side of his character Chesterfield certainly was a very black sheep; and that side, with a strange vanity, he took care should not be buried in oblivion. By his own showing, he was a quarter-blackguard. It may be said of his life that the white side persisted all through; but the black side also showed for many years of his youth and earlier manhood. He paid the price for his wrong-doing. Lady Capel was not unjust in what she wrote to him in 1658: "You have witt, fortune, and all desirable things in this world, and you abuse them all and turn them to wickedness." He might have had a great career, but he threw it away in the pursuit of pleasure, so-called. Thanks to what must have been a wonderful constitution, he lived to draw out an old age full of physical suffering, after repeated earlier illnesses.

Yet we feel that, if he had been able to live his life again,

Chesterfield would have chosen to live it the same way ; without the physical suffering, of course, without the occasional rebuffs in love, and without the jealousy ; but the last was, for him, impossible. There is no record of his death-bed. It is scarcely likely that he made a pretence at sudden piety. He much admired, apart from the secret intervention of the priest, the last hours of his master, Charles II. We can imagine that such another was his end.

BLOOD: OR THE REVENGER'S COMEDY

BLOOD: OR THE REVENGER'S COMEDY

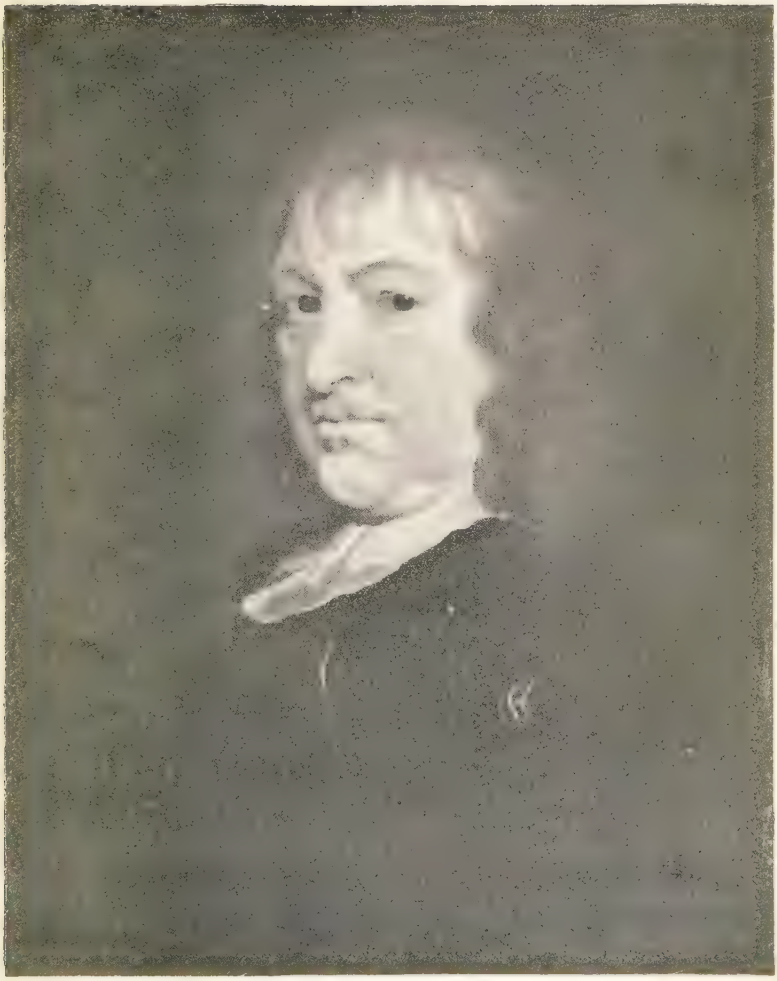
Among the villains of the Seventeenth Century, "Colonel" Blood stands in a class by himself. There was an originality about his way of evil-doing which sets him apart from the ordinary, gay, easy-going sinners of the day, intent on wine, women, gambling, and clothes. Though we frequently see Blood in taverns, we cannot well accuse him of addiction to drink until late in his career. Women appear to have entered his life scarcely at all, after his early marriage. His gambling was with life, not cards. As to his dress, we have no word of any vanities, unless "a brown periwig" be accounted such; and his portraits represent him in the attire which we associate with the Roundheads. The few remarks we find on his looks are not flattering.

Blood was, in fact, the very antithesis of the Cavalier scoundrel. He was, if you like, the Roundhead, the Presbyterian scoundrel. There is no doubt as to his scoundrelism. Should we, therefore, doubt the sincerity of his Presbyterianism? In other words, was he a hypocrite? Judging by his general conduct, the answer would be Yes. Experience shows, however that men manage very successfully to keep their religion and their general conduct in watertight compartments, and that it is rash to condemn a man's religious sincerity merely for the failure of communication between the two compartments.

What then are we to make of the fact that Blood ultimately turned spy upon those among whom he had been a ringleader? Apparently that did not disgust his former friends very much. Did they believe that in his double-dealing he remained at heart one of them, that he only pretended to feed the Government with information, while using his influence to conceal any news of real value? It was a common practice.

Anyhow, Blood is a great enigma. The only thing we can say with absolute certainty of him is that he was extremely slow to forgive an imagined injustice to himself. He might wait long; but he must have his revenge. His over-ingenious brain devised the most extraordinary ways of wreaking vengeance; and so it is that, in spite of the tragedies which often accompanied his righting of his "wrongs," there is always an element of comedy about the affair. To capture Dublin Castle in order to call attention to the fact that many ex-Cromwellians in Ireland resented the forfeiture of their estates; to hang the Duke of Ormonde at Tyburn (if that was his real intention) because he had been the Lord-Lieutenant under whose rule Blood's property had been lost; to steal the Crown Jewels for—well, there is no quite satisfactory theory to explain why Blood attempted that and what he hoped to accomplish by it; in all these matters there was a ludicrous disproportion between the injury and the reparation sought. Can it be that the rôle of comic villain touched King Charles's sense of humour, with the result that the amazing Colonel got a pension and died, not on the scaffold, but in bed—a sick-bed, it is true, but still a bed?

Thomas Blood is supposed to have been born at Sarney, near Dunboyne, County Meath, where his father had some ironworks and also, according to the usual accounts, was a blacksmith. If he worked as a blacksmith, however, Blood senior was not poor. We hear later of a small house and £100 a year—more than £100 a year to-day, it need hardly be said—as Thomas's "ancient inheritance"; though it does not seem to have been more ancient than of the time of his grandfather, Edmund Blood, who came from Derbyshire and settled in Ireland towards the end of the Sixteenth Century. Edmund is reported to have had property in County Clare, as well as in Meath, and to have been at one time M.P. for Ennis. He had at least one other son besides the blacksmith, the highly respectable Dr. Neptune Blood, for many years Dean of Kilfenora, County Clare, in which post he was succeeded by his son, of the same not very Christian name as himself. There is no hint of wildness in the family in general, and we must



COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD

From the painting by Gerald Soest in the National Portrait Gallery

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look for the origin of Thomas's extraordinary development elsewhere than in his descent in the male line. His mother's identity is unknown ; but whatever tendency towards the eccentric was innate in him may well, indeed must, have been fostered by the circumstances amid which his youth was passed.

It is not clear on what ground the year of Thomas Blood's birth has been fixed as 1618. A later date would lend greater probability to the statement of his biographer " R. H.,"[1] who was obviously well acquainted with him personally, that he was made a Justice of the Peace at the age of only twenty-one. " The great people of Ireland, who at that time sat at the helm of affairs," says this writer, " thought fit to put him into the commission of the peace before he was two and twenty ; a sign they had a good opinion of his early conduct of himself who made him the judge and punisher of the vices and miscarriages of others." R. H. goes on to state that Blood won the esteem and favour of the chief rulers of the Irish nation, especially Henry Cromwell, " by whom he was looked upon as a person fit for employment and promotion." Now Henry Cromwell did not come to Ireland until 1650, in a subordinate capacity, and was not Lord Deputy until September 1655. If then Blood was a Justice of the Peace at so early an age through Cromwellian influence, it is obvious that he was born at least ten years later than 1618. Otherwise we must treat R. H.'s account as inaccurate ; though it seems to fit in well with what we know of Blood's religious and political leanings. His family were Presbyterian settlers in Ireland, and not likely to be in sympathy with either the official party in Dublin or the " Confederates " under Owen O'Neil. With the representatives of the English Parliamentarians, on the other hand, they had strong bonds of sympathy. Therefore it is likely that the main use which Thomas Blood made of his authority

[1] R. H. (by some, though not very probably identified with Richard Halliwell, or Holloway, of whom we shall hear further on) is the author of " Remarks on some eminent passages in the life of the famed Mr. Blood, in a letter to a person of quality, written upon the occasion of the late tryall relating to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham." Two editions of this tract appeared in 1680 ; the second with a postscript after Blood's death.

would be, in R. H.'s words, "to assert and uphold the Protestant and English interest."

R. H., however, is not consistent. After speaking of Blood's connection with Henry Cromwell he makes him go over to England, where he married a young Lancashire gentlewoman of the name of Holcroft, and during his stay there "gave his prince all the assistance his personal valour was capable to afford him, wherein he performed several pieces of good service." This, of course, implies that Blood served in the Royalist army; and then comes an allusion to the strange affair at Doncaster in 1648, when Oliver Cromwell's friend General Rainsborough was surprised and killed by a handful of desperate Royalists.

The tale is a romantic one, as narrated by a brother of one of the chief actors in it. Five hundred Royalists were besieged in Pontefract Castle by a considerable Parliamentarian force under Sir Edward Rhodes and Sir Henry Cholmondeley. News reached the garrison of the defeat by Cromwell at Preston of their former commander, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who had been captured and taken to Nottingham. There was a rumour that Langdale was to be brought to Pontefract and executed in sight of the Castle, unless it surrendered. This infuriated the garrison, and one of the bolder spirits, Captain William Paulden, who with two brothers was among the besieged, conceived a plan to secure a hostage for Langdale's life. General Rainsborough had been sent to finish off the siege of Pontefract and had his headquarters at Doncaster, twelve miles away. Paulden picked out twenty-two men, and set forth on an enterprise which reminds us of a tale in the Old Testament.

Starting from the Castle at midnight, the small party made their way to the outskirts of Doncaster by the time it was dark next day, having sent a spy in advance. They penetrated into the town, and four of them actually reached Rainsborough's lodging, where they represented that they had a message to him from Cromwell. Rainsborough received them, and was promptly told that he was their prisoner. He had only a lieutenant with him, and had to submit to arrest. His

captors brought him and the lieutenant out of the lodging without mishap. As they were about to mount him on a horse, however, to carry him away, Rainsborough looked round and, seeing only four of them, suddenly shouted "Arms, arms!" The camp was aroused; but a panic ensued, and many started to run out unarmed into the fields, instead of coming to the rescue. The adventurers were unwilling to kill Rainsborough, which would defeat their object; and so one of them dropped his sword and pistol and grappled with the prisoner, both going to the ground. Rainsborough's lieutenant picked up the fallen pistol and tried to cock it, whereon he was immediately run through the body. Another Royalist stabbed Rainsborough in the neck, as he lay struggling on the ground; and then, when the General seized the fallen sword and rose to his feet, Paulden's lieutenant ran him through and killed him.

The Royalists, taking advantage of the panic, made their escape over the bridge out of the town and marched back to Pontefract, picking up on the way forty to fifty unarmed prisoners. They had failed in their object, but had carried through a very startling exploit, if we can trust Thomas Paulden's account of it. Paulden makes no mention of Blood in connection with it. R. H. says: "This being a bold and desperate adventure, Mr. Blood was, by most people, adjudged the contriver and associate in the enterprise; but, he having so frequently disowned the fact himself, it would be a crime to impute the honours of other men to a valour that has no need of those shifts."

It is interesting to hear that there was—in later days, of course, when his name became a byword for outrageous deeds—an attempt to associate Blood with the Doncaster adventure; and, if he really had nothing to do with it, there is certainly a similarity of idea between it and some of his achievements. The grievance felt, the vengeance taken, the hostage sought for; these are typical features in Blood's affairs.

Still Blood did not claim any share in the raid on Doncaster; and he was never backward in taking full credit for his exploits. The question remains, Was he in England during the war

between King and Parliament, and if so did he take part in it on either side? As we shall hear, Prince Rupert is alleged to have said in 1671 that he remembered him as " a very stout, bold fellow in the royal service " twenty years before.

Nevertheless it was common talk, when Blood made England ring with his name, that he had fought against Charles I. He may well have fought on both sides, if we judge from his subsequent career, finishing up on that of the winners. He does not seem to have been entitled to any higher rank than lieutenant, though captain, major, and especially colonel, were his common style.

As we cannot make all R. H.'s statements about his strange hero square with one another, we can only suggest a possible outline of Blood's early years. This is that, in whatever year he was born, he was brought up in Ireland, and came over to England as a young man; that he there married his bride, Mary, daughter of John Holcroft, of Holcroft, Lancashire (the date usually assigned to the marriage, on what ground is not obvious, being 1648); that he served in the Royalist army, but later deserted that cause and associated himself with the Parliamentary side; and that he returned to Ireland at the time of, or after, Oliver Cromwell's invasion, ingratiated himself with Henry Cromwell, was made a Justice of the Peace —though not at such an early age as R. H. says—and distinguished himself by his zeal in " the Protestant and English interest."

We shall see that Blood was afterwards alleged to have been, at one time, a footman to one of the regicides, under the name of Allen. The identification is slight, though Allen was an *alias* commonly used by Blood during parts of his life. If he did act in such a capacity, it was probably before his return to Ireland. We lose sight of him, however, for many years previous to the Restoration and, in fact, do not get in touch with him again until 1663, when he suddenly appears in the full glare of publicity.

During the obscure period preceding the Restoration, Blood evidently reaped some reward for his zeal in the Cromwellian cause and added to his property. He also became the father

of several children ; Thomas, the eldest son, a " chip of the old block " as will appear ; possibly Edmund ; and Holcroft, who was destined to be one day a celebrated military engineer, with no eccentricities of which we are aware. The return of the Royalists brought ruin upon him, and his possessions were taken away from him ; not only the spoils of others, which he may have acquired, but his inheritance also.[1] Here he was furnished with a first-class grievance, and, failing fair measures to right this, he prepared to descend to foul. " Being disgusted," says R. H., " by some hard usage which he thought done him by the Court of Claims [set up to superintend the re-distribution of land in Ireland], who made no haste to restore him his land that had been taken from him, whereby he saw himself stripped of all, his wife and children sent a-begging, and himself outlawed, he went to the Irish, Scots, and discontented English, who, being just ready to break loose and wanting a head, were not a little glad of his appearance." Among these malcontents he became " a petty prince," and began to make demands for redress, " which not being answered according to their explanations, they pushed forward, believing there was no better way than to render themselves formidable and by that means to draw their enemy to a good composition."

R. H. does not seem to exaggerate Blood's prominence among those whom dissatisfaction with the new " settlement " of Irish land questions drove to violent courses. Though it is not until May 1663 that Blood's name comes into the official despatches, it is evident that by then he was a ringleader, if not the prime mover, in the plot against the Government. On the testimony of the informer James Tanner, turned King's evidence, he himself boasted on May 17th that the design for taking Dublin Castle had been planned by him three-quarters of a year before.

At the beginning of 1663 the Commissioners of Claims were

[1] What he lost of his own is specified as the towns and lands of Sarney, Braystown and Foylestown, in the barony of Dunboyne, Co. Meath, and " 500 acres of unprofitable mountain " in Glenmalure, Co. Wicklow. See King Charles's letter to Ormonde, quoted on p. 121, which says that these lands were granted to Blood by letters patent of June 12th, 1643. This statement is difficult to reconcile with that about the " ancient inheritance " of only a small house and £100 a year in Dunboyne.

still struggling with the tremendous task of weighing the conflicting pretensions of the "innocent Papists," who had never drawn sword against Charles I., and the settlers, most of them soldiers of Cromwell, to the estates which had once belonged to the former. The Irish House of Commons, overwhelmingly representative of the new settlers, and without any Roman Catholic members at all, protested to the Lord-Lieutenant—Ormonde, now a Duke and once more back at his hard post in Dublin—against any consideration for their opponents. Ormonde retorted severely to their address. But he knew that he had to deal with more than mere verbal protests. As early as March 7th he wrote to Bennet, the new Secretary of State, of a conspiracy to take Dublin Castle, "and me in it," though he found no one more considerable in the scheme than William Hulet (Hewlett), "who has been accused of bragging that it was he that murdered the last King," that is to say, was executioner on the fatal January 30th.

The Irish Commons apologised to the Lord-Lieutenant for their address, declaring that they had intended no disloyalty to the King, and hoping that those in the plot would receive condign punishment. Then in the middle of April they peacefully adjourned, with the intention of meeting again on May 25th; but a startling event happened to prevent this. Whether or not Blood had anything to do with the scheme attributed by Ormonde to Hewlett, the May conspiracy was certainly Blood's work.

By whatever means Blood had managed to maintain himself since his dispossession from his property, in May 1663 he was living at the house of a sister's husband, William Lackey, or Leckie, a Presbyterian preacher and schoolmaster in Dublin, who was an advocate of violent measures to secure for the Protestants their full claims. We cannot tell what reliance can be placed on the depositions of the informer Tanner; but there is nothing improbable in his statements. This man had been a clerk to Henry Cromwell's secretary, and probably knew Blood well. He asserted that Blood met him in the street one day in April and showed him a letter from Stephen Charnock, Henry Cromwell's former chaplain in Ireland,

which intimated that, if things were ripe, a person not named would soon come over to "seal the writings." Tanner took this person to be Cromwell; but it may well have been the regicide Ludlow, the expectation of whose arrival in Ireland was a constant bogey to the Government.

Charnock next arrived in Dublin, and there was a conclave at his lodging, at which Blood told Tanner that he and his brother-in-law Lackey had been north before Christmas to "sift the Scots," who were ready to rise in arms and assist in the capture of Dublin Castle. Tanner was also shown a document in Blood's handwriting, which "contained the matter of a declaration"—of which we shall soon hear again.

By Sunday, May 17th, the scheme was sufficiently developed to be divulged to those who were considered trustworthy, including Tanner. We can now supplement Tanner's account with what is known from other sources, including R. H. A store of arms had been collected in Dublin, and a band of desperadoes was in the town waiting to carry out the attack on the Castle. Six men were told off to make their way thither as early as 6 a.m., under pretence of being petitioners come to seek audience of the Lord-Lieutenant. When they had got within the Castle, they were to make their way to the back gate in Ship Street. Then another conspirator was to come to the back gate disguised as the baker's man, and on his entry was to drop the basket of bread from his head to the ground. This would distract the attention of the guards, who might even scramble for the loaves. The six "petitioners" would then play their part and aid the entry, amid the tumult, of Blood and a hundred followers, who would proceed to seize the Castle and make all the inmates prisoners. Meanwhile, outside a body of mounted men would appear, to clear the streets.

The day for which this daring scheme was first fixed is not certain. Tanner says that on May 17th Blood told him it had been *put off* to the 21st, and that on the 21st Blood, he, Lackey and Richard Thompson (then actually Deputy Provost-Marshal of Leinster) dined together at the White Hart in Phœnix Street, where they were joined after dinner by five

others, including a certain Philip Alden, an expert attorney, as we find him described in an official document. It was then announced that the attempt would be made next day.

R. H. gives May 21st as the appointed day, referring no doubt to the arrangement made on the 17th. But it mattered little what date the conspirators fixed. Their schemes were all known to the Government! The first intimation which we have of this is a letter from Colonel Edward Vernon, at the Castle, to Bennet, on May 21st. He wrote to announce the prorogation of the Irish Parliament on account of the discovery of "a general design for the surprisal of the Castle and town of Dublin, to be put in execution this very day." He enclosed a list of persons implicated, who were to be assisted by a large number of old Army officers outside. Some of the conspirators, he said, were members of Parliament, and doubtless the generality of all the old rebel English and Scots officers were in the affair. He feared for the loyalty of the troops to oppose the attempt, though they were picked men. The fact was that the soldiers were suffering from arrears of pay, as Ormonde often complained, and were seething with discontent—apart from the fact that many of them had been received into the Army since the Restoration without any very close scrutiny as to their antecedents during the Rebellion.

Ormonde and his advisers, however, had laid their plans well. The traitor among the conspirators must have given his information in good time, and it was decided to let the plot go on as if it had not been discovered, in the hope of making a bigger haul. So, up to 9 o'clock on the night of the 21st, Blood and his associates were resolved on action the following morning. A serious obstacle intervened. The woman of the house in which they met, conveniently near the Castle, made a great clamour about the use of her house and threatened to denounce them. They saw nothing for it but either to rally in the open street or to drop the plan. According to Vernon, they chose the former alternative; but, as he had intelligence of their decision by 11 p.m., he was able to set troops in such a way that the six pretended petitioners could

not carry out their scheme, though apparently they succeeded in entering the Castle.

The next step was an order for the arrest of the conspirators ; but strangely, in spite of the way in which the Government had been posted as to what was going on, only two dozen were secured that day. These included Lackey, Thompson, Tanner, Alden, Alexander Jephson, a " fanatic " J.P. and portreeve of Trim, and Edward Warren, an ex-Cromwellian colonel of horse. Blood had escaped, and so had " Col. Gibby Carr " (Gilbert Ker), Andrew MacCormick, " a pretended minister " from County Down, and several others whom it had been particularly desired to arrest. Though Blood had himself got away, copies of a Declaration attributed to him were seized. Indeed, according to a Scottish account, copies of this had been posted up " on several pairtes " in Dublin.

The Declaration is an interesting document, and as there seems good ground for attributing the authorship to Blood it is worth some attention here. It is written in the name of the general body of conspirators. After stating that they had long expected the securing to them of their lives, liberties, and estates as but a reasonable recompense for the industry and diligence exercised by the Protestants of Ireland in restoring His Majesty, they complain that, instead, " we find ourselves, our wives and children without mercy delivered into these barbarous and bloody murderers, whose inhuman cruelty is registered in the blood of 150,000[1] poor Protestants at the beginning of the war in this kingdom."

More specific complaints follow, and then the Declaration continues :—

> " By all which circumstances we may undoubtedly, as David did, conclude that evil is determined against us ; and before it be execute, which would be too late, stand upon our just and necessar defence, and use all our endeavours for our self-preservation, and like the people with

[1] Milton, *Eikonoklastes*, put the figure as high as 616,000 ; but Warner, " the English-minded Protestant," as a modern Romanist historian (Thomas Davis, *The Patriot Parliament of* 1689) has called him, in his *History of the Rebellion* put it as low as 12,000, including those who died from hardship as well as by the sword.

Saul, when he intended to requite the incomparable deserts of Jonathan with death, to stand up without the sanctuary and say, As the Lord liveth, Jonathan shall not die ! "

Finally the conspirators demanded liberty of conscience, for establishing the Protestant religion in purity ; the restoration to all of their lands as in 1659 ; the payment of the Army's arrears ; and the repairing of the breaches made in the liberties of the corporations in the Three Kingdoms— " in all which we doubt not but the Lord of Hosts, the mighty God of Jacob, will strengthen our weak hands."

The force of this appeal is somewhat spoilt by the facts that the Presbyterians, who formed the bulk of the conspirators, had, during their period of power, allowed no liberty of conscience to others ; that the ownership of lands, " as in 1659," represented a state of gross injustice ; and that the liberties of the corporations, which they championed, meant no votes for Roman Catholics. Only in the matter of payment of arrears to the Army had they a sound case.

The wording of parts of the Declaration shows Blood in a light in which we have not seen much of him yet, " the godly Mr. Blood "—the aspect of his character which made Richard Baxter, as we are told, entertain, upon the whole, a favourable opinion of him. It is a great pity that we cannot ascertain how pious Baxter explained certain little lapses from grace on Blood's part.

The engagers in this conspiracy, we have said, were mainly Presbyterians. Indeed, Vernon told Bennet that the arrested men confessed that " the design was in effect wholly Presbyterian." It was, also, wholly engineered by Englishmen and Scots, though perhaps the majority of them were residents in Ireland. The mystery as to how it was revealed to the Government is not cleared up until many years later. We have come across the name of Philip Alden, the expert attorney, at the meeting at the White Hart on May 21st and on the list of those first arrested. Four years later a pardon is granted to him for all offences. In April 1669 Charles II. wrote to Ormonde on Alden's behalf, saying that he had been very serviceable at the

time of the plot to seize Dublin Castle in 1663; and two months later a warrant was issued to confer on him 1,200 acres of "profitable land."[1] It was he who had been the traitor! His antecedents were not good, if we may believe the allegation of the Earl of Orrery when, on his defence against impeachment at the end of 1669, he protested against Alden as a witness against him and alleged that the man was a murderer before the Restoration.

Blood and the other confederates, however, appear to have had no suspicions about Alden, who perhaps was able to wrap himself in a sufficient cloak of "godliness" to conceal his treachery. The Government, too, helped in the deceit by throwing Alden into prison—a common ruse to protect spies and informers.

Ormonde certainly acted with vigour in a difficult situation. A proclamation was issued against Blood, Gilbert Carr, and the other ringleaders who had escaped, ordering them to surrender within forty-eight hours or they would be pronounced rebels and traitors. Blood's Declaration was burned by the hangman. Further arrests were made before the end of May, and steps were taken to secure evidence against the prisoners. This was no easy matter, and Ormonde was by no means sure that "the nicety of our laws" would countenance all his measures. On May 30th he wrote to Bennet that he could not obtain evidence against any without pardoning others, and must therefore select for pardon the most deserving and those able to tell most. Alden obviously could not be brought forward without destroying his future usefulness. Tanner was therefore chosen for pardon; and on May 31st he swore to certain depositions, of which we have heard the more important parts.

By this time it was supposed that Blood and Carr had fled to Scotland. Expectations of catching Ludlow had been disappointed, for the searching of a ship in which it was thought he might be had revealed nothing. There does not, indeed, appear to be any reason for connecting Ludlow with this plot. Charnock's arrest was much desired by Ormonde; but he had

[1] In May 1671 we hear of Alden's pension being eighteen months in arrears, and see the King ordering that he shall be paid up to date.

gone to England before the outbreak, and was supposed to have halted on his way back to Dublin when he heard of the failure. Ormonde thought he was likely to be in London, and sent an address in Little Britain, supplied by Tanner to facilitate his capture.

It only remained to try those who were in custody and against whom definite evidence could be produced. Lackey, Jephson, Thompson, and Warren were brought up, tried and found guilty. The last three were penitent; but Lackey, writes Vernon to Bennet's secretary on June 6th, "has gone mad since his trial, blaspheming God and affecting to be Christ."

More arrests followed, until there were seventy in all in prison, not above ten fanatics and the rest rigid Presbyterians, as Vernon states. Further Ormonde caused a house-to-house search for arms, by simple order of the Lord-Lieutenant, an act which he later admitted to be illegal. In the meantime Alden had escaped from gaol; and, though he was still described as "a main conspirator," there can be no doubt that the Government connived at his escape.

About June 24th the final trial of Lackey, Jephson, Thompson, and Warren began at the King's Bench Bar. At the outset there was a strange incident. A musket of one of the guards went off in court and killed a soldier, whereat the judges "were disturbed and ever ready to rise, as apprehending that there was a design to rescue the prisoners." Lackey, according to Sir George Lane's description of the affair to Bennet, smiled very pleasantly when he saw the disorder, "but, when he saw there was no redemption, he quickly changed his leering countenance." A week later all four were condemned to death. Before he was brought into court, Lackey's appearance of madness had returned and he cried out that "the Divell was with him"; but "at the bar his Presbyterian spirit was very calm."

Nevertheless Lackey succeeded in impressing his captors with the idea that he was mad, with the consequence that he was not executed with the others on July 16th. On the execution-ground a panic arose, which R. H. wrongly assigns

to Lackey's death-scene later. R. H. says that "a rumour was spread that Mr. Blood was coming to the rescue of his brother[-in-law]" and that the alarm affected even the executioner, so that the condemned man was left standing with the rope about his neck and could easily have been rescued. It is evident, however, from the account of an actual eye-witness, that a scene somewhat of this kind occurred at the execution of Jephson, Thompson and Warren. It is not likely to have happened twice.

Lackey was kept in gaol until November 14th, when he escaped by night in woman's attire, with the aid of two women, who were suspected of being men in disguise. He was re-captured almost immediately and brought up before the Lord Chief Justice, who told him that he had feigned madness to escape the sentence of the law, but had now discovered himself. On December 12th he was hanged; but as a concession to the plea of his wife Isabel, Blood's sister, for mercy his body was unmutilated and was handed over to her for burial.

We have gone into the story of the Dublin plot at some length, as showing the nature of Blood's associations at this period and the reputation which he had gained of being a man who would shrink at no bold deed. We do not here find him acting as a double-dealer. In fact, he was clearly deceived by Alden. Later he learnt to play Alden's part with success. At present he was a fugitive outlaw and a landless man. His property was at the Crown's disposal, and as early as June 13th an application was made to Sir Joseph Williamson for "the estate of one Blood, who was very notorious in the late wicked plot," the estate being "a small house and £100 a year in the barony of Dunboyne, which was of his own ancient inheritance, but now forfeit to the King." The applicant was Sir Gilbert Talbot, possibly the same with whom Blood was eight years later to come in contact as Master of the Jewels. It was common for Englishmen to seek for cheap estates in Ireland at this period. But Talbot does not seem to have got Blood's property, for on April 11th, 1666, the King wrote to Ormonde directing him, in remembrance of Captain Toby Barnes's service to King Charles I., to grant him a lease, on

such terms as he thought fit, of Blood's lands in the barony of Dunboyne and the " 500 acres of unprofitable mountain " in Glenmalure, County Wicklow.

What Blood did immediately after the failure of the Dublin plot is unknown. We have seen that he and Gilbert Carr, said to have been formerly a " remonstrator " in Scotland, were reported to have fled to that country. The next rumour mentioned in the Irish State Papers is in a letter from Colonel Rawdon at Lisburne to Viscount Conway on December 20th, 1664. He has just been to see Lord Dungannon, to find what he has learnt of the landing in Ireland of Blood, Carr and another ; but he does not himself think they have come. Wherever he was, Blood succeeded in evading the clutches of the authorities. He was not likely to be in England, where the unsuccessful rising of malcontents in the autumn of 1663 had led to severe action against Dissenters and the passing of the Conventicle Act. R. H. says that Blood went to Holland, which is quite probable, as very many former supporters of the Commonwealth sought refuge there and when the war with England broke out in 1664 took service with the Dutch. Blood does not appear to have gone so far as that ; but R. H. represents him as having been on intimate terms with Admiral de Ruyter.

At some time during his absence abroad Blood went to Switzerland to interview Lieutenant-General Edmund Ludlow, who was being urged to come from his retirement and lead the English exiles in the Dutch service. A curious tract published in 1698, in vindication of Cromwell against Ludlow's allegations in his memoirs, states that when Blood was " in his prime of action " he was sent over, by a party meditating disturbance of the government, to Ludlow in Geneva, as believing him the most proper man to head them. But " that man of quick and penetrating judgment brought over but a very slender account of that great lieutenant-general of horse ; for Blood's report . . . was that he found him very unable for such an employment, only that he was writing a history, as he called it." Either Blood or the author of the tract had a poor idea of that way of spending one's time !

There is among the English State Papers of the period a note of intelligence about various Nonconformist suspects, stating: "Blood cannot be heard of at present, but they say 'Our King will overcome with Blood,' meaning King Jesus with Col. Blood. They have assurance of help from Holland, but if not they will hazard it on their own." This note has been doubtfully assigned to 1663. It might well belong to the time when Blood was with the Dutch.

Several years later, there was a suggestion that "in the plague time in London," that is in 1665, Blood was in a plot for a rising in town. We have, however, no evidence to go upon beyond a letter, which will be mentioned in its due place, from one of the Justices of the King's Bench, whose head was full of tales of plots.

Towards the end of 1665 we seem at last to get fairly trustworthy news of the elusive Colonel. On November 8th Lord Orrery in Ireland wrote to Arlington, communicating what he had heard from "a phanatick intelligencer." Such gentry seemed to abound. This one told Orrery that all the sects of that wild people (the "fanatics") had a meeting of their agents in Liverpool some three weeks ago, where the Irish representatives were Lieutenant-Colonel William Moore, a disbanded Army officer, Blood, and Alden. Moore had been sent over to Ireland, disguised by having his head shaved and wearing "a great busshy perawig"—in spite of which Orrery hoped to catch him by means of some trusty spies. Other emissaries had been told off to Scotland, "to revive their party there and settle a strict correspondence with their rogy brethren of that country."

R. H. is therefore correct, it seems, when he makes Blood, on leaving Holland, return to England and fall in with the Fifth Monarchy men, an energetic and turbulent sect among the "fanatics," with whom in the past he had had little to do. Anti-Nonconformist legislation in England, however, had had the effect of closing up the previously very scattered ranks of the sectarians; and the Presbyterians no longer stood so much aloof from the others. R. H. says that a secret committee was formed in London, of which Blood was the chief, and that their

meetings were always guarded by some thirty men outside. He also asserts that on one occasion Blood, having discovered two traitors in their ranks, captured them at a City tavern, and carried them off to be tried in " a certain place of darkness." They were condemned and led out to be shot ; but at the last moment Blood repricved them and ordered them to go tell their master what they had done and request him to be as favourable to *his* soldiers when they fell under his mercy !

Blood now went to live at Romford, according to R. H., turning physician and assuming the name of Ayliffe, while he settled his wife and elder son in an apothecary's shop, under the name of Weston. We cannot doubt that Blood himself communicated these details to his biographer.

It will have been noted above that Alden was still accepted by the plotters as one of themselves, and that not even Blood appears to have suspected him. There is no reason to imagine that Blood had yet begun to play the double game himself ; and the grant of his former estate to Captain Toby Barnes is evidence against it.[1]

It is not long before Blood's name occurs again in official correspondence. On February 7th, 1666, Lord Orrery, writing to the King, sends him some intelligence which he has had from a spy, that Blood and another have been sent to Ireland, under false names and disguised, and will stop at the house of one Cooke, a brewer. Ten days later Ormonde tells Arlington that, it if is true that Blood is in Ireland, no doubt something desperate is intended. About the same time Orrery hears,

[1] Blood's conversion to the double game is by some (including Professor Abbott, author of *Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown Stealer*) attributed to the years 1665–6, on the strength of two documents among the English State Papers. One is a petition on behalf of his wife, asking for the return of some of her (late) father's property, wrongfully seized by some of the Holcroft family in league with one Clively, who seems to have been a shady character. As the petition-book containing this is undated, it is of course only provisionally assigned to 1665 in the *Calendar of State Papers*. The other document is a mysterious one, endorsed " Blood's memorial " and dated 1666. This is a request to Arlington for a permit that " the hidden persons, especially the spies, be not seized until they are disposed of "—whatever that may mean. We want to be sure that the date is correct, and that the memorialist is Thomas Blood, before we can accept the evidence as conclusive that the Colonel really approached the Government in 1666 ; and then we should remain extremely puzzled at his subsequent behaviour.

variously, that he is with Colonel Carr in the North of Ireland and that he is with his wife in Dublin. But it is by no means certain that Blood had crossed the Channel yet. It is not until August that Williamson is definitely informed by one of his agents, Captain John Gryce, that Blood, "Mene Tekel" (Jones, the author of a book so entitled), and two others are gone for Ireland to do mischief. The landlord of the Black Boy, Oxmontown, Dublin, is among those who will be able to assist in their capture. A memorandum was made by Williamson to stop all letters going to the address of Dan Edgerton, Cook Street, Dublin, which was evidently a cover for the conspirators. Then on September 22nd Orrery wrote from Charleville to Arlington that the arrival of Blood and others at the present juncture had made him put all the province on their guard, in case of disturbance.

The answer to the question whether Blood went over to Scotland to help in the rising of the Covenanters which came to grief at the battle in the Pentland Hills, in November 1666, is doubtful. R. H. makes no mention of Blood's presence there ; but Ormonde's biographer, Carte, thinks he was a participant, and so did the English authorities apparently. Blood's former associate in the Dublin plot, Andrew MacCormick, the "pretended minister," was killed in the final battle. If Blood himself went to Scotland, he was soon across the border. His wife's family being natives of Lancashire, he may have made for shelter with some of them ; but also there was a strong colony of Nonconformists in the county, with whom he would be safer than if he came further south or ventured across to Ireland, where a strict watch was being kept for him. He appears, indeed, to have paid a fleeting visit to Ireland, but to have fled again precipitately from his trackers.

Blood's presence in England was suspected in January 1667, and on the 19th a warrant was issued for the apprehension of him and eleven others. On the 21st Gryce wrote to Arlington that he heard Blood was in the neighbourhood of Warrington or Manchester, under the name of either Allen or Groves ; he was expected to remain in Lancashire until the end of February, when things would be more ready. Then on February 28th

a man named William Leving, *alias* Leonard Williamson, one of the double-dealers—if he was not an *agent provocateur*—asked for warrants for the arrest, either in London or in the country, of Blood, " Mene Tekel," Lockyer[1], the two Butlers, Danvers, and others, fifteen in all, and for a search for arms in the houses in which they may be taken. Leving obtained his warrant as far as Blood and three of the others were concerned, and with it proceeded North, to his ultimate doom.

The story which follows is a curious example of Blood's character. We have the strictly contemporary accounts of Leving and Corporal Darcy, and R. H.'s narrative, very obviously inspired by Blood himself, since it glorifies Blood's share in the proceedings.

There was in the hands of the Government a Captain John Mason, a rebel who had been captured some time back, had escaped, and had been recaptured. He was in gaol in London, but in July 1667 it was proposed to transfer him to York to be tried. Leving was also to travel with Mason, in the guise of a prisoner, probably in order to get what information he could out of the other. An escort of seven mounted soldiers, under the command of Corporal Darcy, was told off to convey them North. Now Mason was a particular friend of Blood, who determined to make an attempt to rescue him. The last heard of Blood by the Government was at the beginning of April, when he was reported in Westmorland, at the house of " a rigid Anabaptist." That he would venture into Yorkshire and waylay Mason's escort cannot have been expected ; for the party made its way in leisurely fashion towards York, with no special precautions against surprise.

Blood, however, had collected some friends—R. H. says only three, but Darcy put his assailants at " half a score well armed men," and Leving speaks of Lockyer, Timothy Butler and others—and reached the neighbourhood of Doncaster, where on July 25th they lay in ambush, with a sentinel posted some distance away. The escort advanced so slowly that Blood,

[1] This man, who was married to one of Blood's sisters, was, according to William Veitch (concerning whom see p. 129 below), " an honest old Oliverian captain." But Veitch was a Covenanter, to whom apparently all " Oliverians " were officers and gentlemen !

getting no warning from his sentinel, thought that the prey had escaped by another road; and it was decided to dine at a way-side inn and push on to London the next morning. As dinner was preparing the escort suddenly appeared, Mason, who knew the inn, having offered his guardians "the refreshment of a dozen of drink." Darcy and his men did not refuse, and came in. They did not recognise their fellow-guests, and Blood's party of course gave no sign of recognition. The Colonel instructed two of his men to countermand the dinner, telling the landlady that, since they had met such good company, they had resolved to go forward.

Darcy now started again on his journey, with his prisoners (R. H., it may be noted, makes no mention at all of Leving) and a barber from York, who was travelling with them for security. He left three of his men behind to finish the drink. One of these quickly departed to rejoin the escort, and finally the remaining two went also. They did not know that they were to have the pleasure of company; but soon Blood and one of his gang overtook the last two and rode beside them. At a favourable moment the desperadoes each caught hold of the reins of the soldier nearest to him, jerked him off his horse, and then removing the bridle turned the horse loose. This done, they rode on and overtook the main body of the escort, whom they called on to halt. Darcy's party thought them either mad or drunk, and one of them struck at Blood contemptuously with a switch, only to find that it was serious business that was meant.

Neither Darcy nor Leving, in his report to the authorities, mentions the picturesque incident of the meeting at the inn. Perhaps taking a drink with the prisoner was against orders! They make the attackers fall upon the escort at 7 p.m. in a narrow lane at Darrington and fire upon them, demanding their surrender "or they were dead men." A fight at once ensued, which, according to R. H., lasted two hours, although Blood's party was at first only two, and then, when the other two came up, four against seven; the valiant but imprudent barber taking the side of the soldiers. Probably the forces were not really so uneven, or the balance of strength may have

been with the assailants. Anyhow, the barber was soon shot dead, and Leving, not at all anxious to be recognised, galloped off to summon assistance. Mason, who was on a "sorry mount," did not know what to make of the happenings until he recognised Blood's voice calling to him "Horse, horse, quickly!" whereon he secured for himself a better steed and prepared to escape.

The villagers of Darrington were afraid to join in the fray and kept in their houses. At last Darcy and four of his men were too badly wounded to continue. Apparently only one of Blood's party was hit, and this was Blood himself, by R. H.'s account, unhorsed and shot through the shoulder of his pistol arm. The assailants got away, carrying Mason with them, and when Justice Stringer arrived, fetched by Leving, all he could do was to "encourage" Darcy and his men and provide a surgeon to dress their wounds.

Leving came back and surrendered himself to the Corporal. Blood, Mason, and the rest quickly put themselves beyond reach though a hue-and-cry was sent after them. Scattering they made their way separately towards London, it was supposed. Blood is said to have gone astray, but in time reached a friend's house; and R. H. makes him return to Romford and resume his life as a physician. Once more he became Dr. Ayliffe, not Mr. Blood! That, as Blood, his death was reported is not surprising. No doubt he was anxious that the report should obtain currency.

The rescue of Mason caused no little stir. A reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of Blood, Butler, Lockyer, Mason, and others unnamed, while Leving was sent away for security to York Castle. What befel him there is revealed by a letter on August 31st from William Freer to Sir Joseph Williamson. Freer was an informer, who had been unable to obtain his release, through some irregularity in the King's pardon, and therefore wanted two or three lines from Lord Arlington to help him. Otherwise he was to be sent to York, which would be a great charge, he wrote, besides his being in danger of being poisoned by the same as did it to Mr. Leving. He might have mentioned also the death,

somewhat earlier, of Gryce, where again there had been a suspicion of poison.

The boldness of such an act as the removal of Leving is almost incredible, and shows that the Government service must have contained traitors as dangerous as those in the enemy ranks. Of course there is nothing to connect Blood personally with this murder; but its outrageous character very much suggests his brain as the conceiver of the scheme.

From the time of his rescue of Mason until nearly the end of 1670 we cannot with certainty say what Blood was doing in the world of politics. His biographer R. H. makes him "lie close" in his disguise at Romford, with a reward of £300 on his head—perhaps the original sum had been increased. An incident in his career, which is narrated by an acquaintance of his, William Veitch, is apparently to be assigned to this quiet period; though it must be confessed that it is curious to find Blood appearing boldly in London and risking the dangers of publicity before the memory of his Darrington exploit can have faded away. Had it been anyone else than Blood, we should certainly suppose that Veitch's story must belong to some other year than 1670.

William Veitch was a Lanarkshire man, and came of a family which supplied several members to the Presbyterian ministry. Like so many of his countrymen and co-religionists, he found himself comparatively safer from persecution in England than in Scotland. Apparently at some time in 1670 he was in London. Here he occasionally preached in meeting-houses, and one Sabbath day he was preaching for a Scottish friend, Nichol Blackie, who had been ejected from his ministry in Lanarkshire and had come South. On this particular day, say the *Memoirs*, "there happened to be some hearers who were esteemed to be spies (which was a Court trick at that time), who cried out after the blessing had been pronounced, 'Treason, treason!'; which surprised and frightened Mr. Blackie and the people; but the famous Colonel Blood, who went then under the name of Allan, with some of his accomplices, sitting near the only door of the meeting-house, while the others who cried were on the far side of the pulpit, Colonel

Blood stands up, saying 'Good people, where are those that cry Treason, treason? We have heard nothing but reason, reason. You that are in the passage there, stand still, and you who are betwixt [?me] and the pulpit, make way for the minister to come to me, and I'll carry him safe to his chamber.' And so he did, and we heard no more of that business."

After this outbreak of the godly Mr. Blood it is odd, but characteristic, that his next known deed was a particularly villanous attempt, which only just failed to end in a ghastly crime. The sixty-year-old Duke of Ormonde had been engineered out of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland by his enemies in 1669; but he was still Lord High Steward of England and a person of eminence at Court. His personal character was such as to compel the respect of even those that hated him. He was, indeed, a Cavalier of the highest type, both in soul and in body. This was the man that Blood singled out to be, according to the worst version of the story, the victim of an ignominious death-scene. Carte believed that Blood was put up to the attempt by the Duke of Buckingham and his cousin, the Duchess of Cleveland, Ormonde's mortal foes. There is, however, no evidence to support the charge. It seems more probable that Blood was nursing his old grudge against Ormonde when Lord-Lieutenant, and, as R. H. suggests, thinking of his lost acres in Ireland. He had been unable to touch the Duke on the other side of St. George's Channel; but here in London he might more safely try to take him unawares, as in fact he did.

The day chosen was Tuesday, December 6th, 1670. Festivities had been in progress in connection with the first visit to England of the Prince of Orange, come to make the better acquaintance of his uncles Charles and James and perhaps to note the progress of his future bride, the young Princess Mary.

The account given of the affair in Thomas Rugge's manuscript *Diurnal* in the British Museum is as follows:

"About 9 or 10 o'clock this night, as his Grace the Duke of Ormond was going home to his house, he was set upon by

JAMES BUTLER, FIRST DUKE OF ORMONDE

From the painting by Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

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6 men on horseback (who knockt down the coachmen and footmen) and taken out of his coach and set upon a horse behind one of them, and, had not his porter (hearing an outcry) come to his speedy assistance and knocked the man down, he had been without question carried away. He proffered them his George and Garter, but they sought not that, but it was supposed his life."

We can add details to the story from R. H., representing Blood, and Carte, representing Ormonde. The Prince of Orange, it appears, was entertained at a banquet in the City on December 6th, and the Duke was in attendance on him. When the feast was over the Duke set off home in his coach, with the driver on the box, a footman behind[1], and six other footmen, not riding with him but escorting the coach on either side, while in front went another to clear the way. So the party proceeded to Clarendon House, opposite St. James's Palace, where Ormonde lived. As they were going up St. James's Street, Blood and five other well mounted and well armed men made their attack. The walking footmen, with their flambeaux, were quickly secured, the coach was stopped, and the Duke was forced to step out, when he was mounted behind one of the band and buckled to him. This man had been given instructions to ride through thick and thin with his captive until he came to the place appointed, where the others would join him and make provision for Ormonde's further conveyance.

R. H. says nothing as to where the appointed place was. It is Carte who says that it was Tyburn, and that Blood designed to hang the Duke there! "Nothing could have saved His Grace's life," he adds, "but that extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who . . . rode on before, and (as is said) actually tied a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what had become of his accomplices." Meanwhile Ormonde had been carried as far in the direction of Knightsbridge as Devonshire (then called Berkeley) House. In spite

[1] Carte says there was no footman at the back of the coach; but there is the man's evidence as given for production before the House of Lords Committee.

of his sixty years and his bonds, however, he had not given up hope of escape, and, suddenly getting a foot under one of his captor's, he unhorsed him, both falling into the mud. Then two rescuers appeared. Either the coachman or the footman who had been behind the coach had succeeded in reaching Clarendon House and giving the alarm to Brooks the porter, who at once set out with another man in pursuit. The fallen ruffian had now mounted again, and he and a companion discharged their pistols at the Duke, calling out, according to the porter's tale, "Kill the rogue!" In the dark they missed their aim, and Brooks was able to find his master, recognising him by the Star of his Garter; for he was too exhausted to speak. Wounded and bruised he was carried back to Clarendon House, and after a few days indoors recovered, thanks to his fine physique and regular life.

The disappointed ruffians got away under cover of night and, riding to Fulham, crossed the river by the ferry. There is no mention of their having been masked; but the identity of none of them had been detected so far. The only clues left behind were a sword, a belt and a pistol, marked with the initials "T.H.," found on the scene of the scuffle in St. James's Street or Pall Mall; and three riderless horses.

The sensation was tremendous, and the Government felt bound to take vigorous action, even Ormonde's enemies being silent amid the outburst of sympathy for him on every side. Orders were at once issued that all the ports should be watched against any attempts to escape from the country. On December 7th a proclamation was drafted, and next day it was published in the *Gazette*. We take the quaint description of this in Rugge's *Diurnal*:

> "This day deligent enquirie was made for the finding out those persons that assassinated his Grace the Duke of Ormond, and a proclamation was issued out proffering the sum of 1,000 pounds to any person as should discover any of the aforesaid assassinates, and furthermore his Ma^{tie} out of his mercie and clemmency did by his proclamation declare that, if any of the aforesaid assassinates after consideration

of the heynousness of the crime came in and should submit himself and discover to his Ma^tie^ the rest, his Ma^tie^ would not only pardon him his life but would also give him 1000 pound for the discovery therof, and his Ma^tie^ did likewise proffer the sum of 100 pounds to any that could but tell who owned a horse and pistol which they had left behind them."

On the 9th Lord Arlington held an examination at his office in Whitehall of a number of people who had any information which seemed likely to throw light upon the affair. On the 11th warrants were issued for the apprehension of " Thos. Hunt, Ayliffe, — Hollyway, and — Holmes ; " and next day Samuel Holmes, a Scottish apothecary from Southwark, was arrested and committed to the Gatehouse.

The way in which these names had been discovered was as follows. It has been mentioned that certain articles had been picked up in St. James's Street or Pall Mall, bearing the initials " T. H." A man called Drayton, who had formerly been a constable at the Marshalsea prison, came forward and identified these as the property of Thomas Hunt, a highwayman who in the previous May had been sent to the Marshalsea, being released in August on finding sureties for good behaviour. Drayton had had charge of him and also of his weapons, which he had returned to him in October. Hunt had lodgings at an apothecary's in the neighbourhood of the Plough Tavern in Bishopsgate, which was searched on December 9th, immediately after Drayton's statement to Arlington. Here clues were found as to possible associates, in the shape of letters from someone of the name of Allen. It was also discovered that he knew a man called Richard Halliwell or Holloway, a tobacco-cutter, of Frying Pan Alley, Petticoat Lane, formerly a cornet in the Cromwellian army ; and at 2 a.m. on December 10th a descent was made on this man's lodgings. Halliwell escaped out of a garret-window just in time, but his wife and family were put under arrest and his papers were seized, among them letters from Allen and a " Letter to the Church," written by himself. The latter document showed that he was a violent Fifth Monarchy man ; for in it he gravely rebuked his brethren and

announced that he had left them until they had repented of their sins, one of which was praying for "the beast, the persecutor of the saints"—apparently King Charles. He also spoke of the ideal of "the government of this nation without single person or House of Lords"; and altogether it cannot be said that the report sent up to the Lords Committee, that the Letter was "full of treasonable matter," was an overstatement.

One of Allen's letters to Halliwell was found to be a request for the loan of his pistols; and another discovery in his house was a wet cloak. Both these pieces of evidence were considered very suspicious. Halliwell, however, to whom it does not seem right to assign any direct connection with the attempt on Ormonde, wrote a letter from his hiding-place to the Lord Mayor of London, who was taking an active share in the search for the miscreants. Alluding to the discoveries in his house, he said that Allen's letter was an old one; that the pistols had been wanted for an adventure at sea; and that the wet cloak belonged to a boy, who had accidentally left it behind. He said it could be proved that he was at home on the night of the 6th, that he had only fled because of the ill-usage to which apprehended men were subjected, and offered to surrender if he were granted a trial.

Arlington had not made much progress so far. He ascertained, however, that Hunt was somehow connected in the past with the apothecary Holmes, whose name, as we have seen, he coupled with those of Hunt and the two other suspects in the warrant of December 11th, and whom next day he had in his power. As an undoubtedly innocent man, Holmes probably took no trouble to evade arrest. He told what he knew about Hunt, whom he had not seen for the past six months. He had met a "Dr. Aylett," but had not seen him for a like period; and finally—this is the first mention of the name in the affair—he denied that he had ever heard of Blood. Thus it would appear that as early as December 12th, when he had Holmes before him, Arlington had some idea that the "Colonel" might be mixed up in the outrage of the 6th. It does not seem that as yet he was actually on the track of the identity of Ayliffe or Allen with Blood.

We need not go through the gradual unfolding of the evidence which was collected in the first place by Arlington and subsequently came up before a Committee of Enquiry appointed by the House of Lords to investigate the affair and report what measures would be taken. We may instead piece together the story that came out, first taking what appeared as to the doings of the conspirators on December 6th.

The Rev. Michael Beresford, of Hopton, Suffolk, stated that on that day he met in the Piazza, Covent Garden, a man whom, under the name of Allen, he had known as footman to Sir Michael Livesey the regicide. He described him as " a very fine man, with a brown periwig," and said that at their encounter on the 6th Allen seemed disturbed, hinted at some " great designs," and was finally summoned by a page with the message that the horses were ready.

Then a man called Matthew Pretty, drawer at the Bull Head Tavern, Charing Cross, and his boy assistant, Wilson, deposed that between 6 and 7 on the evening of December 6th a party of five men, all wearing cloaks, had ridden up to the Bull Head and asked for " good wine," as they were graziers. They called in succession for canary, sherry and white wine, two pints of each, and sat drinking the liquor and talking to the drawer. About seven o'clock a man on foot came along the street, saying " Make way here for the Duke of Ormonde." The Duke's coach followed, and not many minutes later the five horsemen paid for the last round of wine, leaving some of it behind, called for three pipes of tobacco, which they took away with them, and rode off in the direction of the Haymarket or Pall Mall. Pretty and Wilson had noticed particularly one of their mounts, a reddish horse with a bald forehead ; and this corresponded with one of the three horses which had been left on the night of the outrage and were now in the possession of the authorities. There could be little doubt, therefore, that the five visitors to the Bull Head were among the six men who had attacked the Duke. But nothing much in the way of description was forthcoming, except that two were young and three older men.

Ormonde's coachman, Henley, deposed that on his way back

with his master to Clarendon House he had been suddenly halted by a mounted man, who told him that there was a dead man in the road before him. On the coach stopping, the horses were immediately taken out of it. Exby, the footman behind, deposed that two men had appeared and set pistols to his breast, bidding him stay where he was. Then followed the kidnapping of the Duke, of which we have already heard, the rescue, and the discovery of the dropped weapons and the lost horses.

With regard to the tracing of the owner of the weapons, what came out was that Thomas Hunt, described by witnesses as "a young, tall, ruddy man," and "a lusty, proper young man, about twenty-one years of age," who had lived some time in Ireland, though not born there, had about three years back been apprenticed by his master to Holmes, the Southwark apothecary. He only served about six months of his apprenticeship, and then went away to Romford, where Holmes knew him as a druggist; though others described him variously as a grocer or a mercer. Holmes said that Hunt appeared to live a debauched life after leaving him, and according to others he was sometimes in poverty, sometimes quite affluent. The explanation of this seems to have been that he had taken to the highway; and it was proved that after his arrest in May, he was on July 4th, 1670, convicted, of an assault, with intent to rob, on John Constable, fined a hundred marks, and sent to the Marshalsea. In August, however, he found the two sureties demanded of him for his good behaviour for the next seven years, and was set free.

All that at first could be ascertained about Hunt's father was that he was believed to be "a desperate man," while his mother, who had once kept an apothecary's shop in Shoreditch, had recently been lodging at Mortlake. Her landlord stated that on the morning after the assault on the Duke she had disappeared. A daughter has also vanished.

One letter which was produced was addressed to Mrs. Mary Hunt at "Mr. Davyes' house at Moreclack [Mortlake]," and ran as follows:

"I would have Thomas to come unto mee to my lodging on Fryday morning; let him bring his cloake with him. Wee think about the begining of the weeke if God give an oportunity to signe the agreement, which is all at present from

"Your friend
"T. A."

The date on this letter was November 17th, so that its bearing on what happened on December 6th could not be established. But the initials "T. A." were interpreted as meaning Thomas Allen; and with the aid of various witnesses this Allen was identified with Dr. Allen, Ayliffe, or Ayloffe (by others known as Eylett, Elyott, or Aleck), the father, also described as uncle, of Thomas Hunt.

Among the State Papers is preserved a postscript to a torn letter, unsigned but dated December 25th, of which the writer says that "Allin or Ayliffe" was at sea in the *Portland* frigate—apparently at some time in the past—and gives the name of the former surgeon, who was a great crony of his and might be able to furnish an account of him. Nothing seems to have come of this line of investigation; but the statement is interesting as indicative of Blood's many shifts.

Having collected all the information he could, Arlington remitted it to the committee appointed by the House of Lords on January 14th, which now began its sittings, and on February 17th reported against "Thomas Hunt, Richard Halliwell *alias* Holloway, and Dr. Allen *alias* Aylett *alias* Ayloffe *alias* Aleck"—Holmes having been dismissed from the case and released. A Bill was passed, stating that if these men did not come in they would stand convicted of the crime. The matter was now in the hands of the Lord Chief Baron, who found himself unable to take it any further. Mrs. Halliwell remained in custody for some time, as we learn from her petitions for release; but she obviously was not guilty of complicity in the affair, and her detention did not have the effect of making her husband show himself. Whether the perpetrators of the crime would ever have been revealed, but for what happened at the Tower on May 9th, is very doubtful. Blood

had covered his tracks well. In spite of Arlington's question about him to Holmes, no one seems to have imagined that he was the doctor of the many *aliases*. For once at least the elaborate spy-system of Charles's government broke down badly. On December 31st, 1670, we find Sir William Morton, Justice of the King's Bench, writing to Ormonde that he had heard the Irish outlaws Blood and Moore were in or about London, without a hint that Blood might be concerned in the notorious outrage against His Grace; and on January 22nd Morton expresses to Williamson his belief that "Blood lives in Lancashire," again without a suggestion that the man might be one of those whom the Government was so anxious to secure.

The question remains, What was Blood's real intention in his attack on the Duke of Ormonde? Arlington, on the authority of one of the informants who helped him in securing the names of Hunt, Halliwell, and Ayliffe or Allen, said that their design was "not to rob or kill the Lord Steward, but to convey him to some obscure place and oblige him to ransom himself at ten or twenty thousand pounds." Carte, we have seen, believed that the intention was to hang him; and Rugge's entry in his *Diurnal* shows that it was a common opinion at the time that murder was meant. Among those who held it was Ormonde's son, Lord Ossory, and he further thought that the instigator of the crime was the Duke of Buckingham. He told him, before the king, that if his father came to a violent end he should look upon him as the assassin. "Wherever I meet you," he added, "I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair, and I tell it you in His Majesty's presence that you may be sure I shall keep my word!" There is nothing, however, to lead us to suppose that Buckingham was implicated, beyond the mere fact of his hatred for Ormonde and his alleged intervention on behalf of Blood a few months later. Carte shares Ossory's belief; but that is no proof of its correctness. Both questions must be left open, whether Blood intended murder against Ormonde, and whether his attack was his own idea or inspired by another. If we knew all that Blood told Charles II. in May 1671, we might be able to answer these questions. We do not. Perhaps, as we have suggested,

the probability is that Blood conceived a fantastical plan of revenging himself on Ormonde, and did not care much what happened, if he could only get hold of him. It is clear, however, that only Fate, or accident, saved him from committing murder.

We now come to the exploit which has made the name of Thomas Blood historical, and without which we should very likely have heard little about him, and almost certainly not have seen him considered worthy of a place in *The Dictionary of National Biography* or a thesis by a Professor of the University of Yale. Fortunately there is a considerable mass of first-hand evidence on the attempt by Blood to carry off from the Tower of London the Regalia of England. Such an adventure, naturally, attracted the fullest attention at the time. The mystery about it was intriguing then ; and it remains intriguing now, in spite of all efforts to explain it.

The Provost-Marshal of the Tower and Keeper of the Crown Jewels in May 1671 was Sir Gilbert Talbot, commonly described as the uncle of the Earl of Shrewsbury who died in the duel with the Duke of Buckingham in January 1668. Knowing what we do of Blood, it is hardly possible for us to imagine that there was no thought in his mind, when he made his raid on the Tower, of that property at Sarney which Sir Gilbert had tried to acquire after his own forfeiture of it. He was not a man to forgive such an injury. But there was obviously much more in the affair than that.

The Keeper did not reside in the neighbourhood of the Jewels. That duty was left to the Assistant Keeper, who with his family had the upper rooms in the Martin Tower, the jewels being kept on the lower floor. Talbot Edwards, the official in question, was an old man of seventy-seven, and it seems an extraordinary thing that he had no guard whatever to assist him in his custody. There was the small garrison of the Tower itself, it is true ; but the Regalia had no special protection in their home in the Martin Tower.

Blood took advantage of this fact to work out an ingenious scheme to carry off the most valuable portion of the Regalia, in broad daylight, and very nearly succeeded in his attempt.

We will first quote the version of the story in Rugge's manuscript *Diurnal*, which seems never to have been reproduced in print, and will then supplement it from other, better known sources. Writing on May 9th, 1671, Rugge says :

" This morning about seven of the clock four men, coming to Mr. Edwards, Keeper of the Jewell House in the Tower of London, desired to see the Regall Crown remaining in his custody. He carries them into the room where they were kept and shows them, but, according to the villanous design they, it seems, came upon, they immediately clapt a gag of a strang[e] form into the old man's mouth, who making what noyse and resistance he could they stabbed him with a deep wound in the belly with a stilletto, adding several other dangerous wounds on the head with a small beetle they had with them, as was believed, to beat togeather and flatten the Crown to make it the more easily portable, which having together with the Ball put into bags they had to that purpose brought with them, they fairly walked out, leaving the old man groaveling on the ground, gagged and pinnioned ; thus they passed all the sentinells till in the mean time the son-in-law of Mr. Edwards, casually passing by and hearing the dors shutt and some bustle, went in to look what it might be, where he found his own father in the miserable condition they had left him, whereupon runing out in hast and crying to stop the authers of this horrid villany, the persons began to hasten more then ordinary, which the last sentinell perceiving, and hearing the noise, bids them stand ; but, instead of standing to give account of themselves, one of them fires a pistoll at the sentinell and he his muskett at them, which gave the alarm, so as with the persuite of Mr. Edwards' son-in-law two of the malefactors were seised immediately ; two more with another that held their horses without the Tower Gate escaped. With the two that were taken were found the Crown and Ball, only some few stones missing, which had been loos'ned in the beating the Crown together with the mallet or beetle spoaken of.

"These two being brought down to Whitehall by his Ma^tie's command, one of them proved to be one Blood, a notorious traytor and incendiary, who was outlawed for a rebellion by him raised in Irland about eight years before, and the other was one Perrot, a dyer in Thames Street. Within two hours after a third was apprehended as he was escaping on horseback, who went by the name of Thomas Hunt, but was indeed son to the said Blood, who with great impudentcy confessed that they two with 7 others committed that horrid attempt upon his Grace the Duke of Ormond before spoaken of. They were all 3 sent close prisoners to the Tower."

R. H. gives a restrained account of the affair, revealing no names of the robbers other than Blood's. He narrates how Blood chose three or four trustworthy accomplices and then set to work himself to prepare the way for the attempt. Disguising himself as a doctor of divinity, in a little band, a long beard, a cap with ears, and a long cloak,[1] he made the acquaintance of the old man in charge of the Jewels (Edwards), and used to bring with him to see them no unprofitable visitors; for Edwards had as his perquisite what money they might give him for showing them. As their acquaintance improved, the pretended clergyman mentioned that he had a daughter who might be a match for Edwards's son. (This is the reverse of the better known story, as we shall see.) Finally, "the day before the fact was to be done," he came to Edwards, and said that he had some friends who were leaving London next morning. Might he bring them early to see the Jewels? Edwards assented, and accordingly next day Blood arrived with three others, one of whom was left at the "Iron Gate" to look after their horses. The doctor of divinity and the other two accompanied Edwards to the Jewel House. As the unsuspecting old man unlocked and prepared to enter the kind of cage in which he was wont to stand as he exhibited

[1] "Blood, that wears treason in his face,
Villain complete in parson's gown,"
as the satirical verses attributed to Lord Rochester describe him.

the treasures, they were too quick for him, and before he could lock himself in they had seized him. He began to struggle, whereon they gave him "several unkind knocks" with a wooden mallet they had with them. One of them was for killing him; but Blood would not have this. They proceeded to flatten the bows of the Crown with their mallet and to pack it, the Sceptre and the Dove in a wallet, when upon the scene appeared Edwards's son, who had been away from England ten years and was anxious to see his father. The raiders had got away, and young Edwards only found his father weltering in his blood and the royal treasury robbed. He gave the alarm, however, in time, and Blood and two others were caught, only the man in charge of the horses escaping. On the prisoners were found all the missing Regalia, except one stone from the Crown,[1] which was picked up afterwards by a poor cinder-woman and restored.

A much more elaborate tale was furnished afterwards by old Edwards to Sir Gilbert Talbot. According to this, the sham clergyman on his first visit to him introduced a pretended wife—the real Mrs. Blood being at the time ill in Lancashire—and through her managed to get on intimate terms with the Edwards family. On her suggestion a marriage was discussed between a nephew of the "Doctor" and Mistress Edwards, to further which the young man was to be brought on approval to the Tower on the morning of May 9th. Edwards does not explain why such an early appointment as 7 a.m. was made.

At the agreed time Blood and two others arrived at the Martin Tower, all secretly armed with sword-sticks, daggers and braces of pistols, while a fourth man waited outside. Blood said that they would not go up to the family-rooms until his wife should arrive, and suggested that while they waited his friends should be shown the Jewels. The affair proceeded as described in the other accounts; but Edwards adds that they put a gag in his mouth, "an iron hook" on his nose, and said that if he tried to make any noise he might expect

[1] Sir George Younghusband, in *The Jewel House*, points out that it was the King's State Crown, not the Crown of England, which Blood took, and that owing to its battered state James II. had a new crown, no doubt with some of the old jewels in it.

no mercy. As he would not take warning they knocked him down with a blow from their wooden mallet, and threatened him with their daggers. He still struggled until, after nine or ten more strokes on the head with the mallet and a stab in the belly, he lay " entranced," though conscious enough to hear one of them say, " He's dead, I'll warrant him ! "

Blood now put the Crown under his cloak, Parret (Perrott) pocketed the Globe, and the third man, unnamed, tried to file the Sceptre in two, to put it in a bag. By this time young Edwards had arrived, having been away in Flanders ; but he went upstairs first to see his mother, sister and wife. He had spoken to the man waiting outside, and somehow the alarm reached the other three, who left the Sceptre behind and set off with what they had succeeded in hiding. Old Edwards recovered himself, got the gag out of his mouth, and shouted " Treason, murder ! " which brought his daughter running downstairs. In a moment she was out on Tower Hill, crying, " Treason, the Crown is stolen ! " while her brother and a Captain Beckman set out in pursuit of the fugitives.

Blood and Perrott were still in company and aroused suspicion by their haste. The sentinel at the draw-bridge, however, did not stop them, Blood discharging one of his pistols at him and frightening him into letting them pass. At the Ward House gate the sentry was an old Cromwellian, who did not interfere with them. So they reached the wharf in safety, and ran for their horses at the St. Catherine's (or Iron) Gate, calling out as they went " Stop the rogues ! " to divert attention from themselves. Blood's " canonical habit," too, was helpful. But young Edwards and Beckman overtook them before they could reach the horses. Blood discharged his second pistol at Beckman, who ducked and seized him. A long struggle followed, in which Blood kept his hold on the Crown. At last, however, he was mastered. " It was a gallant attempt, though unsuccessful," he coolly remarked to his captor, " for it was for a crown ! "

Perrott's resistance had already been overcome. The third fugitive, who was Hunt, called by Edwards Blood's son-in-law though really his son, had outstripped the others and reached

the horses; and he and the remaining two of the party rode off at full speed. Hunt was unlucky. A cart in the street in front of him—it was Gravel Lane, according to a newsletter of the day—turned round short, and a pole projecting from it struck him on the head and knocked him off his horse. He rose and had his foot in the stirrup again, when a cobbler ran up, exclaiming "This is Tom Hunt, who was in the bloody business against the Duke of Ormonde! Let us secure him!" It is not explained how the cobbler knew him.

Thus all three of the principal raiders were prisoners. Hunt had already been identified. The two elder men were soon discovered to be Blood senior, *alias* Ayliffe, etc., and Robert Perrott, a Southwark silk-dyer and an Anabaptist preacher, who had formerly been a lieutenant with Harrison in the Rebellion.

The Government had evidently made a great haul. What use would they make of it? It was popularly supposed that speedy execution of the ruffians would follow. But nothing of the kind happened. When Blood was brought up before Sir Gilbert Talbot, as Provost-Marshal of the Tower, he refused to answer any questions put to him and demanded to see the King, to whom alone he would speak. According to some accounts, the Duke of Buckingham urged Charles to see him. Anyhow Charles agreed, and on May 12th had him brought to Whitehall, in the presence of himself, the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and others.

It is extraordinary that, in spite of the numbers present at the interview, we have not the material wherewith to reconstruct the scene that followed. We have, indeed, what R. H., inspired by Blood himself, chooses to tell; but that is not much. "Mr. Blood," he says, "upon his apprehension, was carried before His Majesty himself, by whom he was examined with a lenity and moderation not to be paralleled." He continues:

> "It was in vain to deny a fact so easy to be proved upon him; and therefore he thought it more convenient, and more suitable with his condition, to appear with a resolution which perhaps would much better have become a nobler act. . . .

It is to be presumed that a man of his daring and adventurous courage was not wanting to himself in the justification, as far as lay in his power, of the offence which he had committed. No question but that he made a full declaration of the wrongs, injuries and losses which he had sustained (and men in such cases will pretend to be the most proper judges of their own causes) and the disgraces and disappointments he had met with in Ireland. However it were, His Majesty was graciously pleased to make him a proposition that could not choose but be welcome to a person under his circumstances, by asking him this single question, What if he should grant him his life? To which Mr. Blood is said to have replied that he should endeavour to deserve it."

We hear from other sources that Prince Rupert testified to his recollection of Blood as "a very stout, bold fellow in the royal service" during the Rebellion; and also that upon Blood was found, at the time of his capture, a little book describing his "sixty signal deliverences from eminent dangers"—truly an interesting work, if only it had survived!

Having given his account of the interview, R. H. remarks that how Blood could deserve his life at the King's hands is "a secret which it cannot be expected should be discussed here," but that "the consequences of the whole proceeding were pardon not only for him but for his assistants and accomplices also, and his re-admission into His Majesty's favour." The mention of *re-admission* into favour is rather strange; for when had Blood been in favour before? Those who believe him to have had dealings with the Government before 1671 may hold the expression to support their view. But the evidence for that is of the slightest, and the presumptions against it are very strong.

Blood evidently made a clean breast of his nefarious deeds, or at least of all that he could not conceal, including the attempt on the Duke of Ormonde. It is not at all improbable that he even magnified his exploits, in order to show what a dangerous fellow he was and how influential among "the Sectaries and Enthusiasts," as Evelyn calls them, so that he could do His

Majesty services which "none alive could do as well as he." Evelyn believed this true; and Blood must have succeeded in convincing Charles that he had the power.

We are never likely to know for certain what explanation Blood gave the King of his object in stealing the Regalia. The theories that he wanted them in connection with a plot to set the Duke of Buckingham on the throne, or that he was really in league with Charles and intended to sell them on his behalf, are absurd. It is reasonable to accept the defence of his action set out in R. H.'s narrative. He had suffered "wrongs, injuries and losses, . . . disgraces and disappointments." He must have reparation for them, even from the King himself. Possession of the Regalia might give him a hold over Charles; anyhow it gave him revenge. This makes him out a preposterous megalomaniac, no doubt. That, however, is in no way inconsistent with his whole career.

Blood's pardon did not come immediately after his interview with the King, who was perhaps waiting for some definite proof that the man could do what he promised for him. An extraordinary letter, alleged to have been written by him to Charles a week later, does not appear to be genuine, though the motives for its forgery are obscure. We give it for what it is worth.

> "May it please your Majestie," it runs, "these may tell and informe you that it was Sir Thomas Orsborn and Sir Thomas Littleton, both your treasurers for your Navey, that sett me to steall your crowne, but he that feed me with money was James Littleton, Esquire. 'Tis he that pays under the treasures at your pay office. He is a very bold vilianous fellow, a very rogue, for I and my companions have had many a 100*l.* of hime of youer Majestie's money to incurag us upon this attempt. I pray noe words of this confession, but know your friends. Nott else, but am youre Majestie's prisoner, and if life spared youer dutifull subjectt whose name is Blood, which I hope is not that your Majestie seeks after."

Blood remained in the Tower, where on June 6th Justice Morton made an attempt to see him. As he brought no

warrant with him, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, refused him permission. He wrote to Williamson that Blood, seeing Morton out of window, was "startled a bit." It appears that Morton, who was indefatigable in his pursuit of evil-doers, was on the track of a certain Colonel Barrow, *alias* Johnson, who had married Major-General Harrison's widow and was suspected of seditious designs. He had visited Barrow's house, but had failed to gain admittance, and Barrow escaped. Morton thought that Blood or Perrott might know something about him; and we know from a subsequent letter of his to Williamson that he applied for a warrant from Arlington to enable him to question Perrott. In this letter he speaks of Barrow as having been in the design of surprising Dublin Castle "and also engaged with Blood in the intended rising in the plague time in London."

Blood began to weary of his internment, as three petitions, addressed to Lord Arlington, show. In one he complains that his health is injured by close confinement and begs that his wife may be allowed to have access to him. In the second, Thomas Blood the younger (no longer calling himself Hunt) makes a similar request about his mother; and in the third Mary Blood begs to be allowed to see her husband and eldest son, who have been now near eight weeks in the Tower. As they went there as prisoners on May 9th, the date of these petitions would be about the end of June or beginning of July.

Before forgiving Blood himself, Charles thought it necessary to ask Ormonde to do so. The old nobleman is reported by Carte to have replied: "If the King can forgive an attempt on his Crown, I myself may easily forgive an attempt on my life, and since it is His Majesty's pleasure that reason is sufficient for me. Your Lordship may well spare the rest of the explanations." This was to Arlington, whom Charles must have commissioned to convey to Ormonde some secret grounds for his request.

At last on July 15th came the order to free Blood senior and Perrott. On the 18th, Sir John Robinson wrote to Williamson: "Lord Arlington dined with me at the Tower on Saturday, and gave me the warrants for the release of old Blood and Perrott,

and for the confinement of young Blood, which is accordingly done." Further, on August 1st a formal pardon was granted to Thomas Blood the father for "all treasons, murders, felonies, etc., committed by him alone or together with others, from May 29, 1660"; and a newsletter of just a week later states that on that day Blood senior had a pardon passed the Privy Seal, and also a restitution of all his lands in England and Ireland. On August 30th there was a warrant for the discharge of young Blood; and next day pardons were granted to him and Perrott in the same form as that to Blood senior. The three robbers of the Regalia were at liberty and immune from punishment for that and any previous crimes!

What R. H. describes as "the consequence of the whole proceeding," therefore, was an actual fact, though not so quickly accomplished as his account might lead us to imagine. What then had Blood done, while in the Tower, to carry out his promise to Charles? On June 22nd a number of warrants were issued to search for Richard Cromwell at various addresses in the City and in Essex, and at Cromwell's own house near Winchester. Cromwell himself (being abroad) was not discovered, but in a week three of his father's officers were caught. It is supposed that this success was made possible by information supplied by Blood. Then on July 1st there was a rounding up of over thirty Fifth Monarchy men in the City, of whom the four most important were sent to the Tower and the mass to Newgate. Sir John Robinson, writing to Williamson of the affair, hints at the possibility of a plot to seize the Tower, but evidently did not attach much importance to it. "There was an alarm, and 'tis over," he says. He confessed that by sending twenty soldiers to effect the arrests, "after the watches were set," he had offended the City authorities, always very jealous of their liberties, and that his soldiers had not been prudent. But he had the prisoners safe.

It seems that a visit had been paid by two spies on June 24th to a meeting-house in Bell Lane, near Spitalfields, where they heard a certain John Bellchar, a Sabbatarian or Fifth Monarchy man, preach sedition; and this was how Robinson was able to arrange his round-up. There is no proof that it was Blood who

put the spies on the scent of the illegal meeting-house. But it is at least probable that here, as well as in the matter of the likely haunts of Richard Cromwell and of the Oliverian officers, he was able to furnish information useful to the Government.

Blood's life now was a very different one from that which he had been living ever since the Restoration. There was no more need of skulking about the country under various *aliases*, with an occasional desperate deed to maintain his influence over his fellow-conspirators and to induce them, as we must suppose they did, to support him—for we can hardly imagine that in his rôle of a physician he can have earnt very much. To-day, however, he had means. Apart from the promised restoration of his former property, we hear of a pension of £500, which appears to have been out of land assigned to him in Ireland. If he was fortunate enough to get this paid to him regularly (though that is by no means a certainty), he was secure against want. As we shall see, he made no haste to pay off his debts ; but not because he could not do so.

Above all, he was able to show himself abroad as an ordinary London citizen. He took a house in the Bowling Alley, later Bowling Street, Westminster, and established himself there with his family, the exact size of which we do not know. The faithful Mrs. Blood, who had clung to her husband through so many vicissitudes, was still alive when he was released ; but the next notice we get of her is in 1680, when Blood is buried in a grave near hers in Tothill Fields. Of the son Thomas we have heard a good deal. Possibly Edmund, of whom we shall have mention soon, was a second son ; and there is the son Holcroft, who, if the date usually assigned to his birth is correct, would have been about eleven when his father made his attempt on the Regalia. At the end of 1671 there was more than one child for whose tuition he paid.

An observer who saw him about just after his release from the Tower at the beginning of August says of him, " In the courtyard at Whitehall I saw walking, in a new suit and periwig, Mr. Blood, exceeding pleasant and jocose, a tall rough-boned man, with small legs, a pock-frecken face with little hollow blue eyes." This is one of the only two illuminating descriptions

which we have of him (unless we include as a third the Rev. Michael Beresford's remark on the " very fine man, with a brown periwig "), the other being Evelyn's, that " this man had not only a daring but a villanous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well-spoken and dangerously insinuating." Unhappily Pepys's eyes had caused him to cease his diary before Blood's height of fame was reached, so that we have no help from his pen in this matter.

There are many indications of Blood's activities in the months following his release, including a few of his letters, some very interesting, but often rather cryptic, notes made by Sir Joseph Williamson for his own remembrance, and the records of the " coming in " of various Nonconformist leaders who had been, like Blood, bitter enemies of the Government but now became reconciled. We may notice some of the more important happenings.

On September 18th Blood wrote to Williamson, mentioning a visit to him of an unknown person, whom he suspected to have been " sent by some ill-wisher to ensnare him." He would like to know His Majesty's pleasure for his future carriage in such cases. Williamson sent for him, and on September 21st began a series of interviews with him, of which we could wish that the memoranda were more detailed and more legible.

From the interview on September 21st we learn that the Earl of Anglesey (Arthur Annesley) " went to blast Blood in the City "—Anglesey being one of those Nonconformists who did not welcome Blood's intervention between his co-religionists and the Government. Then Williamson notes: " N.B.—To have a sight of the letters from Holland. Blood knows the key and the hands." Further he records: " Jones and Lockyer. A shrewd fellow, corresponds with the Dutch, as he and Bl[ood] did. Has shuffled away Richard while Bl[ood] was in hold." Richard, of course, is Cromwell. It is probably Lockyer to whom is attributed his " shuffling away."

" Mr. Jekel[l] put Bl[ood], after L. Ormonde's business, to have killed the K[ing] at the H. of Lords with 300 men. Forgot to tell this to the K., never came to his mind till the K's absence. He had men ready then to do it. . . . Fears a sudden blow on

the King's person." Here we evidently have an abstract of Blood's own words, though what credence we can put in them is doubtful. He had already told Charles another tale, it was reported, that he had once tracked him down to Battersea as he was going to bathe in the Thames, intending to shoot him from cover on the bank; but at the last moment he had been overcome, apparently, by the majesty of the King's person.

Williamson went out of town soon after this, and Blood wrote to him on October 16th: "Our two friends [Dr. Nicholas Butler and a Mr. Church, probably] present their service to you. We meet often and are very intent on what may be serviceable to His Majesty." He also tells of a meeting with a person who professed his readiness to be of use to him and pressed him to accept his endeavours to solicit some advantage for him. Blood had thanked him, "and told him I had found His Majesty's grace toward and care of me so large that I thought it inconvenient to move for more."

This unnamed person may have been Ennys, the chief Nonconformist agent at the time for better terms with the Government—though it is hard to say at this period which side in particular any of these agents represented. Williamson notes, after his return to town, that "only Ennys's intimate acquaintance are gone into their meeting-houses; Blood's not at all yet," but a week later he jots down: "N.B. Blood sees privately and cunningly Ennys and his friends, but of that not a word, not to the King."

What Williamson, on behalf of Arlington, was trying to do was to ascertain the temper of the very large Nonconformist community in the City, with a view to a composition. Some of the more dangerous and uncompromising of them had been laid by the heels, partly through information given by Blood. The object now was to reconcile the others, neither the King nor the Cabal ministry being at all favourable to the Anglican policy of repression of Dissenters. The Government in pursuance of the agreement with France was bent on a new war with Holland, but could not venture on it with so many discontented Englishmen residing there or in sympathy with the exiles.

Ennys was pressing Charles for the grant of the same liberty of worship to all Dissenters as to Quakers. Charles who dared not yet risk Anglican displeasure, told him that "he had all tenderness, but could not give them liberty for meeting-houses." It seems that, before personally making the request to the King, Ennys had endeavoured to get Blood to do it. But Blood refused to act on other people's initiative. There was a distinct rift developing between him and the other agents working for the same end, and Williamson was not slow to perceive it. On November 11th he records: "N.B. Fear that Bl[ood] makes matters better towards the King than they indeed are. . . . Blood disgusts his two friends [Butler and Church] by disappointing them. They think him too high and values himself too much, etc."

A further illuminating note is dated November 16th. Williamson writes that it is objected to Blood that he is of "the other party," *i.e.*, Lord Arlington's, and that this is said by the Duke of Buckingham. He mentions notes sent to the King lately, and queries whether they came not "from the artifices of this party." He evidently thinks that the conditions laid down by Blood for the reception of Nonconformists into the royal favour are considered by them too arduous. "Something is doing in Scotland," he adds, "though we weigh it not. They fear to have their hands tied up from the cause, as they call it."

The former friendship between Buckingham and Arlington had cooled; and Blood was, on his release from the Tower, bound by interest to Arlington, though a nominal Anglican and a secret Romanist, rather than to his fellow Presbyterian and former supposed patron, Buckingham. He saw the unwisdom, however, of attaching himself too closely to one man. He had offended Buckingham's party; but there was the powerful Lauderdale to be considered, and he set himself to court him. A most instructive passage in Williamson's notes shows this. It is rather long, but merits quotation as illustrating Blood's life at this time, according to Butler and Church, whom Williamson had with him on December 4th.

Blood, he says,

"has left himself notably to phantasies. It's known he has received money to pay debts, pays none, but huffs to them. Says, 'I dine once or twice a week with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he did not know what should be done. But it were easy to go over my head to Lord Arlington.' His head is turned with wine and treats, and the phanaticks that keep company with him make advantage of him. . . . Gives out that he has given money for intelligence, when no such thing. It was on condition to have it restored. Keep him strict and it may do. . . . One said yesterday Blood said, 'Now Lord Lauderdale and I understand one another.' . . . To break with Blood—for, if he be thus mutable as to Lord Arlington, then whether he be lost with the phanaticks or no, it is not safe. To what purpose to meet longer with him? Not to be trusted. . . . He is taxed to keep too great a train and equipage. Gives 30 *l.* to one to teach his children.[1] They know he had the 500 *l.*, and from whom. He says your lordship [Lord Arlington] warned him not to make too much haste to pay the debts. Ambitious, conceited, and restless—said of him by an old acquaintance. . . . N.B. Better Blood had not come to the King openly, but privately. The phanaticks will not believe one that comes to Court, though it were an angel. That we may break off meeting with Blood, for they will not absolutely trust him any longer."

After further meetings with Butler and Church, Williamson learnt that Blood had clapped his hand to his heart and exclaimed, "I have not only the King but Lord Lauderdale here! We understand one another!" When they advised him to stick to Lord Arlington, Blood told them that Arlington had said: "Mr. Blood, I have been told by some within a day or two that you are lost with the phanaticks. Come, best be of good cheer, you are so much the more acceptable to the King." Yet again, on the night of December 26th, Blood told them that some people were trying to ruin him with Lord Arlington, but

[1] *i.e.*, Holcroft Blood and one or more other younger children, of whom we hear nothing else.

they were coxcombs. They reminded him of their advice to stick to His Lordship, whereon he answered: "You talk! If I had followed Lord Arlington's advice in the matter of Scotchmen, he (?) had been in the condition Murray is in now." The allusion is to Robert Murray, just committed to the Gatehouse, preparatory to being sent to Scotland to be tried for sedition. It is difficult to see how Arlington could have been in Murray's condition; perhaps Blood really said, "*I* had been in the condition," etc.

On another occasion Blood boasted: "It's no matter, if one lets me fall, another takes me up. I'm the best tool they have!" But Butler and Church warned Williamson that what was said in the City was, "Have a care of Blood, he's a rogue!" Their own advice was: "By all means break off with Blood. He leaps over all heads, and his company may ruin us to the phanaticks."

Obviously there is a strong tinge of jealousy in Butler's and Church's representations to Williamson. But we can hardly believe that they invented all the speeches which they attributed to him, or that the account of his manner of life which Williamson transcribed from their reports was imaginary. Williamson had means of checking the truth of that.

All the same, Blood was doing work to prove that he merited his reprieve. When he called on his former gaoler at the Tower, Sir John Robinson, and assured him that he had been faithful in keeping his promises, he was not talking vainly. On September 20th a grant of pardon was made to Ralph Alexander, a dangerous conspirator whom Blood had induced to "come in." On November 12th similar pardons were granted to Thomas Jones, Nicholas Lockyer, and others; and in Williamson's opinion Lockyer was one of the most considerable of those brought in.

On December 28th a letter was written by Blood to Arlington, which seems to show that, for all his approaches to Lauderdale, he had not lost influence with Arlington. He ventured to remind him of "the gentlemen from Holland coming over"; pressed for completion of a pardon to Jennings (a Nonconformist cheesemonger), whom he guaranteed to be a hearty

friend to the King ; and he concluded, " I have some other things to intimate by word of mouth to Your Lordship, but reserve them till I have an opportunity."

The mention of " the gentlemen from Holland " brings us to one of the greatest services which Blood was able to do for the English Government. It was desired, before war should be declared against the Dutch, to induce as many as possible of the English refugees in Holland to return to their allegiance. Blood had claimed to have the power to do this ; and he certainly met with notable success, as we see from the return to England, in January and February 1672, of Colonels Desborough and Kelsey, in particular, severing a long connection with Holland. R. H. writes concerning the return of these and other prominent Nonconformist exiles that " it was publicly taken notice of that Mr. Blood was daily with the said persons at the same time, at Mr. White's Coffee-House, behind the Royal Exchange : so well and smoothly did Mr. Blood, both then and since, behave himself among those that are called the Dissenting Party."

R. H. complains that some of those who " in some measure may be said to have owed their lives to his painful endeavours " showed no gratitude to Blood. But R. H. was not, of course, unaware that Blood had not worked for love ; and the returned exiles doubtless learnt in time that with a large section of the Nonconformists he was regarded with something more than suspicion.

What had Blood been able to hold out as an inducement to those that came in, beyond the royal pardon in return for an acknowledgment of allegiance ? We have seen that he could not accede to Ennys's request that he should urge on Charles liberty of worship for Dissenters. But he must have known, and have been allowed to mention, that the King was contemplating that Declaration of Indulgence for which he obtained the sanction of the Privy Council on March 15th, 1672. The measure, for the passing of which advantage was taken of the prorogation of Parliament throughout the whole of 1672, gave freedom of worship to practically all except " Popish Recusants," who were still compelled to perform their devotions

in private—an exception, of course, which was not by the King's wish; but he had to be content with a step in the direction of religious toleration. For other Nonconformists to the Church of England the Declaration was a great gain, and its promulgation simultaneously with the opening of war against Holland was clever policy on the part of Charles and the Cabal ministry.

Blood reaped immediate profit out of the changed state of affairs. In spite of the disfavour with which Buckingham's party among the Nonconformists regarded him, he was in touch with all varieties of sectarians. For months he was busily engaged in recommending licenses for preachers and meeting-houses all over England. Presbyterians, Congregationals, Anabaptists; clients in London, Romford, Cranbrook, Banbury, Newcastle, etc.—the records still exist of his activities on their behalf. A curious letter is preserved which he wrote to William Mascall, a Presbyterian "chirurgeon" at Romford on May 14th, 1672, enclosing licenses for which Mascall had asked him. "If you need any other places to be licensed," he said, "you can have them. There is no charge for them, only it is agreed that 5*s.* for the personal licenses [*i.e.* to preachers] be gotten, and the doorkeepers and underclerks should afterwards be remembered by a token of love."

It would appear, nevertheless, that a token of love was expected by someone else than the underlings at the licensing-office. Two days after Blood's letter a certain Thomas Gilson wrote to Mascall, at the Three Conies, Romford, expressing a suspicion that Blood was detaining licenses for himself and another until Mascall should send him word of the money he mentioned. He desired Mascall to "write smartly that they would have taken it better that he had sent their personal licenses and left it to their courtesy with what they would gratify the clerks and doorkeepers." Gilson threatened to approach the business some other way.

It is evident that Blood had no intention of procuring licenses for nothing. Yet we find him, with that strange mixture of cupidity and genuine interest in his fellow-Dissenters which he so often showed, recommending in a letter to Arlington

on May 23rd a petition for release by special warrant eighteen Presbyterians, Independents and Anabaptists, in prison for excommunication, nonconformity or *praemunire*. He may, of course, have expected some expression of gratitude from these unfortunates on their release.

He did not neglect his own family when begging for favours. In April he requested Arlington's remembrance of " my uncle Dean [Neptune] Blood's advance in Ireland, that has been Dean for thirty years, and was with the King at Oxford and was an active person." At some uncertain date he recommends that his son Thomas could manage a company in the Army, and that Edmund Blood—possibly his second son, as we have said—was fit for an ensign or a sea-officer, having been twice to the East Indies.

He was also anxious about the restoration of his property in Ireland, which he had not yet recovered, in spite of the promise. The Irish law officers had objected that this was impossible while he was still under sentence of outlawry there. Accordingly on December 20th, 1672, Blood sent to Arlington the papers of his " case " and begged for the King's license for a writ of error, on which the outlawry might be reversed. He pointed out that, even if his pardon restored to him all the lands remaining in the King's hands, he still would not get back those which had been conveyed to others. The reference, of course, was to the grant to Captain Toby Barnes in 1666.

Charles wrote to the Lord Lieutenant that Blood was to be licensed to bring the writ of error for the reversal of his outlawry ; and in June 1673 we hear, through a letter from the Earl of Essex to Lord Arlington, that Blood had arrived in Ireland. We may suppose that this was in connection with his case.

The business of licensing under the Declaration of Indulgence may have been lucrative to Blood while it lasted. But it was known that it must come to an end. Parliament could not be prorogued indefinitely ; and when it met Charles knew that the Anglicans would bring him to book for the Declaration, which had wrested the control of Nonconformity out of their hands into his. On January 11th, 1673, Blood wrote to

Arlington that he was very busy meeting friends in order to the Session next month. "I am something weakened," he said, "by being unable to be at suitable expense in treats, in which, and with persons I maintain to look to the main chance, I am at considerable expense. I therefore humbly desire orders from Your Lordship for my immediate supply."

It is obvious that Williamson's note, above quoted, about Blood's extravagance, including "wine and treats," was not an exaggeration. But if he was thus spending money in January 1673 in the hope of reducing the feeling in the House of Commons against the Declaration of Indulgence, the task was beyond him. On March 7th, after just under a year's operation, the Declaration was cancelled. The old severity against the general body of Nonconformists, however, was not revived, being concentrated against the unfortunate Roman Catholics, for whom a terrible ordeal was in store. To Blood's credit it can be said that he seems to have taken no part in the hideous persecution of Romanists.

With the cutting-off of his business in licenses, Blood's activities decreased. He was able to be of some assistance to the Government in checking Dutch attempts to smuggle propagandist literature into England, it appears; and there is among the State Papers a note in his handwriting, advising the search of some barrels of butter coming to the Spanish Ambassador in London, which he expects will contain, within the butter, pamphlets enclosed in small casks. But his name ceases to occupy a prominent place in the official records. In 1676 we find Charles sending to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland a warrant for a grant for life to Holcroft Blood of the offices of Clerk of the Peace and Clerk of the Crown in County Clare, or, failing that, some similar grant.[1] The next entry of any significance concerning the name is a note by Williamson on October 2nd, 1667, of an interview with Blood senior, who was obviously doing his best to earn his money by the discovery of a new plot.

Blood said that he had met "the Fifth Monarchy men and

[1] From this it is likely that the date 1660, usually given as Holcroft Blood's birth-year, is too late.

the Atheists—[Sir Robert] Peyton and his gang—some great men whom he had named in part to the King." He spoke of an idea of setting up Richard Cromwell first "as a stirrup to what else afterwards they shall set up," and of "crying out against France, Popery, invasion of liberty." The plotters were near something, he was not sure how soon. There was talk of an attempt on the Tower, against which secret precautions must be taken; and so on. Whether Williamson was impressed, we cannot gather from his notes.

At the beginning of 1678 Blood's case for the full recovery of his property in Ireland was lingering on; for Williamson on January 12th wrote to the Lord Chancellor—Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Dublin—that Blood's cause before him must not be prejudiced by his stay in England. The King had ordered him to signify that Blood was detained on his particular service, and by his command.

Still, therefore, the great "Colonel" retained a hold over Charles. But, when we next meet him, there is a mysterious crumbling away of his position, to explain which is very hard. Neither the accounts of the affair inspired by himself nor any other furnish a solution of the puzzle. All that is certain is that towards the end of 1679, when Blood was something over sixty years of age, his quarrel with the Duke of Buckingham came to a violent head, and the Duke was resolved to ruin him.

Buckingham had been in disgrace since the beginning of 1674, when the scandal of his connection with Lady Shrewsbury, his general extravagance of conduct, and the unpopularity of the policy with which he had been associated had driven him out of public life; but he had rebuilt his reputation, in opposition to the Government, and was very influential among the self-styled "patriots."

The fullest story of the affair is contained in *The Narrative of Col. Tho. Blood*, a pamphlet to which there is a prefactory statement dated April 3rd, 1680, and signed by Blood: "I do appoint Robert Everingham to print this my Narrative." R. H. must have drawn upon this; for his account of what happened is substantially the same, except that the *Narrative*

is more detailed. It cannot be said, however, that even the latter enables us to arrive at the facts.

In January 1679 O.S., that is to say 1680, there was a widow named Jane Bradley, who kept the St. John's Head or "Heaven" Tavern in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, not far from Blood's house. Blood, we are told, had never frequented this tavern; but Mrs. Bradley evidently knew something of him, for about January 3rd, seeing a servant of his passing, she called to him and told him that she had heard something related by some visitors to her tavern, which was proper for his master's knowledge. She desired him to call on her. Blood did so within a few days, when she informed him that two shabby fellows had said that they had something to reveal of great consequence to the public weal; but they wanted a discreet person to manage the affair. Blood replied that, if the matter were anything fit to be taken notice of, he would bring the men to those of sufficient authority.

One evening soon after Blood called again, expecting to meet the two men, when Mrs. Bradley warned him they looked so like rogues that she thought they "came upon the Katch as Trapans"—the spelling would seem to be Blood's. He was willing to see them, nevertheless; but, on hearing his name, they said, "God damn him, we will have nothing to do with him, for he is a great friend of the Duke of Buckingham!" One of them was at last persuaded just to show himself to Blood and, explaining that they had another appointment that night, arranged a meeting for the following Monday.

Mrs. Bradley showed her interest in the affair by visiting Blood at his house, again warning him against the men as rogues and trapans, giving him their addresses, and advising him to take them before a magistrate. Blood agreed, went to Dr. Chamberlain, a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and got from him a warrant to apprehend the men. Chamberlain also offered to accompany him, and the same night the two, Philemon Codan and Samuel Ryther, were captured in their lodgings, in Longacre and Soho respectively. Chamberlain examined them at once in his own house; but, when he questioned them as to a plot and their desire for someone to

reveal it to, they expressed astonishment. Chamberlain reminded them of what they were reported to have told Mrs. Bradley. Codan then said that it was about the Duke of Buckingham, who owed them several hundreds of pounds in wages, and they wanted someone able to cope with him. A man present in the room, by name Thomas Curtis, asked them whether they had not at some time said that they could reveal a greater plot than Oates or Bedloe had done—to which they made no satisfactory answer.

The magistrate, dissatisfied with their attitude, told them that no discreet person would interpose with the Duke of Buckingham. This sent one of them into a violent passion. He would have revenge on the Duke, he said, and would swear anything that would do him a prejudice, even to the allegation against him of a disgraceful offence. Chamberlain then dismissed them, telling them to come to his house again in a few days. This they did, and Blood also; but, except for the presence at the meeting of two other men called Whitaker and Jenks, there was nothing noteworthy about this interview.

Now appears on the scene Sir William Waller the younger, son of the Parliamentary general of the same name. This man, a Middlesex Justice of the Peace, had distinguished himself as a tracker-down and persecutor of Roman Catholics during the Terror, and was later to become a dangerous conspirator against the Government. He had recently been out of town, but after his return, about January 20th, he sent a message to Blood, who was a near neighbour, that he would like to see him at "the Buffilo-Head Tavern," near the Gatehouse, Westminster. Blood went, thinking Sir William desired to drink wine with him. To his surprise he found Codan, Ryther, Whitaker and Jenks there also—the two former no longer looking shabby fellows, but "in a genteel equipage and alamode accoutrements." They all drank a glass or two of wine together; and then Sir William began to tell Blood that he was very troubled about his having brought himself into a *praemunire*. Codan and Ryther, he said, had taken their oath before him that Blood had attempted several times to corrupt them with money and other rewards to swear a certain

offence against the Duke of Buckingham. Blood protested at once ; but Codan swore it was true, and Whitaker and Jenks got up and called upon Blood to be honest and confess.

Indignantly Blood replied, " You that have been these two years last employed to asperse me "—he does not say what grounds he had for this statement—" could you find no better invention than this ? " He turned to Waller and asked the meaning of the whole story. The others, however, pressed for justice, and Sir William, " very civilly," asked Blood to put in bail. He would consider the question, Blood answered. But he called at Waller's house next day and, on being asked if he had brought two persons with him for his bail, retorted by demanding to see a copy of the *mittimus* for his conveyance to the Gatehouse. Having seen this, he took his departure.

Next day—Blood's dates are not clear, but the actual day seems to have been January 31st—Blood was met in the street by a constable, who told him he had a warrant for his arrest, but out of consideration for him took him to the Dog Tavern, next door to the Gatehouse. There they spent several hours, until Sir William Waller, discovering that the constable had gone out armed with the *mittimus* instead of a warrant, sent after him with the warrant to carry Blood, in default of bail, to the Gatehouse. Blood now gave way, found bail to the amount of £40 to appear in answer to the accusation against him, and was temporarily free again.

Well does the editor of R. H.'s account in the *Somers Tracts* call this " a blind and inexplicable story " ! The *Narrative*, though fuller, is just as inexplicable. The sequel shows that Mrs. Bradley was also arrested and made to give very substantial bail ; that Codan and Ryther definitely formulated their accusations against Blood and a number of alleged accomplices ; and that they then for a time disappeared, Blood advertising a reward for their discovery. The trial came on, the charge being that Blood, Maurice Hickey, Thomas Curtis, Edward Christian, and several others, including Mrs. Bradley, had endeavoured to suborn Codan and Ryther, servants of the Duke of Buckingham, to make accusations against him. They were alleged to have spent £150 in " junketting, drinking,

and carressing," besides giving ready money and promising more. Ryther, in particular stated that he had been offered £300 to sign a certain document.

Blood's *Narrative* protests that Hickey was really in league with Codan and Ryther and, during his imprisonment at the Gatehouse, was often taken out to " taverns and other public houses at unreasonable hours of the night," as well as being furnished with money. As for Christian, it was very well known that they " could never to this day lay up their horses together, as the old saying is," and that they had never drunk together, in public or in private.

Nevertheless, some of the accused were found guilty. A newsletter of February 12th says that the Grand Jury had found true bills against Christian and Blood for conspiring against the Duke of Buckingham. Another notice, in a private letter of June 19th, says that " to-morrow sennight " Christian and Blood are to take their trial at the King's Bench Bar. What happened next is not plain. Narcissus Luttrell says that not only Blood and Christian were found guilty by the King's Bench, but also Curtis and one O'Brien, while Jane Bradley was acquitted. Then on July 15th Blood writes to the Duke of York (with whom we have not previously seen him in correspondence, but who was no doubt well inclined to him now through his own hatred for Buckingham), thanking him for the great favour he had expressed for him to his son the day before. He asks that the King may speak to the Lords of the Treasury on his behalf and may also encourage someone to be bail for him in " this fob action." He concludes : " I humbly beg that I may not be left in this cause to fall, which is because I kept the Commonwealth party in awe and broke the neck of Sir William Waller."[1]

Three days later Sir Leoline Jenkins, one of the new Secretaries of State, heard from Blood, who complained of the

[1] An entry in Luttrell's *Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs* for April 1680 partly explains this : " Sir William Waller, having taken one Higgie [*sc.* Hickey] out of the Gatehouse, where he was committed by order of the councill, and left him drinking all night in a tavern, his majesty had turn'd him out of the commission of the peace and ordered the keeper of the prison to be proceeded against." Evidently Blood had managed somehow to get even with one at least of his enemies.

attacks of Buckingham and all the Commonwealth party, who, though they knew that he had never meddled in the matter with which they charged him, had yet spent £10,000 to get him out of their way, knowing that he had been a check on their disloyal actions for nine years past. His enemies, he continued, *when he had got the better of them as to the criminal part of the cause,* in spite and envy arrested him in an action for £10,000, supposing that sum was so great as to " fright any tradesmen from bailing me." He wished the Lords of the Treasury to be spoken to about the payment of the £600 which the King allowed him for his salary, " to enable me to do his business " ; and asked for an immediate supply of thirty or forty guineas to meet the charges of his disentanglement, he being quite destitute and having pawned his plate.

On the day that Sir Leoline Jenkins received this communication, a newsletter says that " Mr. Blood is now at the Gatehouse, being charged in an action at the suit of the Duke of Buckingham for *scandalum magnatum.*" Another newsletter, four days later, tells of his arrest, and says that " the officers would not give obedience to his privilege, but ran him into the Gatehouse, of which complaint has been made to His Majesty and some of the Council as a breach of right, and yesterday he brought his *habeas corpus* and removed himself to the King's Bench, whence he was this day bailed . . . and says he has been illegally proceeded against, and that the conspiracy was not on his side."

Apparently, therefore, though strangely we cannot gather it either from Blood's *Narrative* or from the pages of R. H., Blood had found some means of defending himself, on a technical point, against his enemies until, as R. H. records, the Duke laid his action against him for *scandalum magnatum,* " whereby he was forced for refuge to the King's Bench." His stay was not long there ; " for, having given security, he returned to his own house."

We have now come to within a few weeks of Blood's death ; but before proceeding we may stay to consider the Buckingham affair a little longer. It might have been expected that in his *Narrative,* which is really his defence for the public ear, he

would make some attempt to explain why this unjust attack, as he asserts it to be, was made upon him. Now Blood does, as a matter of fact, begin such an explanation. At the time of the discovery of the Presbyterian plot by Mr. Dangerfield,[1] he says, it was reported that he himself had conspired with others to entangle and ensnare the professors of the Protestant religion in a plot against the Government, and that he was to be, by his own consent, seized upon and tried for his life, and, turning King's Evidence, to betray several Presbyterians with whom he was supposed to be concerned in the plot. Consequently Blood, in the *Narrative*, "apprehends himself under some ill censures with some of his best friends in England," and says that the facts are—but all that follows is a rigmarole elucidating nothing at all, though we are given the interesting information that a bottle of sack could be bought for half-a-crown!

The probability is that we shall never know the real inwardness of this case of Blood and the Duke of Buckingham. We are not tempted by Blood's general character too readily to look upon him as a wronged man at any time in his career. We have also seen that he was wont to stick at nothing to get his revenge; and Buckingham and he had been in hostile camps from soon after the attempt on the Regalia and Blood's "coming in." Yet there is a certain plausibility in his version of his relations with Codan, Ryther, and the rest, which makes it difficult for us to reject it entirely. If he really acted as his accusers alleged, we can only suppose that he had completely gone off his head by the beginning of 1680. What is most in his favour in this matter is the bad character of his accusers. Buckingham, Waller, the blackmailing Codan and Ryther, Hickey, Curtis; their reputations are an asset in the defence of Blood.

Having freed himself again from the Gatehouse, Blood went home to the Bowling Alley, and what more we hear of him is contained in the postscript which R. H. wrote to his *Remarks*,

[1] The mysterious "plot" of 1679, which Thomas Dangerfield claimed to reveal to the Duke of York. We have no other evidence that Blood was supposed to be concerned in it.

after Blood's death. On his release, we are told, he " began with more than ordinary concern to reflect upon his condition both as to his personal reputation and the interest of his family ; the one he saw extremely blasted, not through any injustice of the court, but (as he still affirmed) the malice of enemies ; and the other in a probable way of ruin, partly by disappointment from debtors . . . and partly by that heavy and crushing action of ten thousand pounds."

So, being a man of high spirit, who saw no means of getting out of the mire by his former daring methods, Blood became a prey to melancholy, and at the sickly season of the year—it was August—fell sick of a fatal, though not violent, distemper. His illness lasted fourteen days, during which he was often visited by acquaintances of R. H., including a minister who went to administer spiritual assistance.

> " This person acquainted me that he found him apparently in a sedate temper of mind as to the concerns of his soul, nothing startled at the apprehensions of approaching death ; that he told him he had set his thoughts in order, and was ready and willing to obey when it pleased God to give him the last call ; but that he desired not to spend much time in discourse, as being neither suitable to his condition nor humour ; and indeed for the remaining time of his sickness (except in ordering his domestic affairs) he seemed unwilling to be engaged in any conference, but continued in bed, like one who suffered more under the discipline of a discontented heart than the violence of any bodily distemper, which many time appeared by those involuntary sighs that, in the intervals betwixt his frequent slumbers, he was observed to fetch. On Monday before his death he was taken speechless and continued so, in a kind of lethargy, without much motion or action unless a drowsy heaving and fetching, until Wednesday, the 24th of August, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time he expired."

R. H. thinks it necessary to repudiate two stories which were evidently current at the time of Blood's death ; one that

he took narcotics to hasten or facilitate his end, the other that he died a Papist. These were merely the inventions of enemies.

On Friday, August 26th, 1680, the remains of Thomas Blood were interred "in the new chapel by Tothill Fields, near the place where his wife lies buried, in hopes of a more joyful resurrection than his body soon afterwards met with." Even in the tomb Blood's notoriety continued. People averred that they had seen him alive, and suggested that the report of his sickness, death and burial was but "a farce and piece of pageantry to carry on some design." To quiet the rumours, on September 1st the body was disinterred, and a coroner's jury sat on it. Though most of the jury were men who had known Blood in Westminster, they found the face so altered and swollen that they could not agree. A captain who was present at the inquest, an intimate acquaintance of Blood's, pointed out a thumb, "which by some accident in life had grown to a prodigious bigness and was taken notice of by all that kept him company." Still the jury were doubtful and, says R. H., "for what I can hear, have not as yet given in their verdict."

R. H. concludes his *Remarks* to the "person of quality," to whom he professedly addresses them, with a brief character-sketch, of a moralising nature, from which it is perhaps worth while to reproduce a few sentences. They make at least an honest attempt at discrimination.

> "Judicious men, who were acquainted with the colonel better than myself," he says, "cannot deny but that there was a great obliquity in his morals, since his most noted actions can allow of no other appellation than that of splendid crimes; but whatever the injuries which he always pretended to have received disjointed the original rectitude of his nature and education, by bending him to revenge, or that powerful ambition, which seems to be the greatest excess that swayed him, set him upon unusual methods of conduct, it is still certain that he pursued none of those mean and sneaking actions that leaves an indelible

character of infamy upon those who would be thought gentlemen, when they tread in the steps of villains."

Before taking farewell of this astonishing man, we may draw attention to one of his traits which does not seem to have been remarked on before, though it comes out sufficiently plainly, we believe, in the foregoing pages, particularly in those that deal with his later life. This is a certain geniality of temperament, which one is not wont to associate with the Roundhead.[1] Somehow, in spite of his outbursts of godliness, at times he appears almost in the aspect of a Cavalier *manqué*. Nor was he, when not directly inspired by one of his crazy ideas of righting his wrong, an unmerciful man. We have seen him spare life in defiance of the maxim that dead men tell no tales. He interested himself in procuring the release from gaol of many apparently obscure Nonconformists, without any suggestion of which we hear that he made money thereby. He appears to have been a reasonably good family man, though to Mrs. Blood her husband's manner of life must have been a great trial.

So, on the whole, for all his monstrous actions, his insane egoism, his appearances of cant, his double-dealing, his venality, we cannot altogether dismiss Thomas Blood with hatred. He had a way with him ; and he makes us smile.

[1] We must not forget, however, some curious stories of Oliver Cromwell when he unbent—as when he sat on someone else's hat and found the joke excellent. (It is, of course, funnier than sitting on one's own hat.) There is also that very odd legend, preserved in Voltaire's recently discovered English notebook, of Cromwell keeping a deputation of clergy waiting while he was " drinking friendly in his closet " with Milton and Waller. The pretext was that he was " retired with God." Someone had dropped the corkscrew on the floor, and as they were trying to find it Cromwell exclaimed, " Those scoundrels fancy we are seeking for the Lord, and we look only for the corkscrew ! " No true Cromwellian, of course, would believe this tale.

RIVELLA THE RECKLESS

RIVELLA THE RECKLESS

Mary de la Rivière Manley was the first example in England of that type of "lady novelist" who is always the heroine of her own books and twists the scene so as to show herself at all times in a good light in the centre. But she differs from many of her successors in that she really did live, as well as write, her romances. She did not live them, doubtless, precisely as she wrote them, writing them rather as she would have liked to live them. She lived, however, very fully; and getting, largely through her own imprudence, some sharp wounds from life, she repaid them as well as she could with a pointed and effective pen.

Mrs. Manley's admiration for herself does not make her disguise from her readers the fact that she carried unconventionality of living to an extreme. We do not get very much personal detail about her from other sources; but her own revelations suffice to give a fairly vivid picture of her wild career. The fact that she was the author of so many romances, plays, both tragic and comic, poems, essays, letters, and political pamphlets might cause us to doubt that she could also have crowded so many incidents into her existence. She evidently shared with so many men of her period that exuberance of temperament which enabled them simultaneously to work hard and to play hard to the end of their days.

The Adventures of Rivella, published after Mrs. Manley had reached the age of forty, and eighteen years after she had made a name for herself in literature, furnish most of the details which supplement the otherwise known facts of her life. This autobiography in the guise of a romance was conveniently republished with a key explaining who the characters actually were; such as that *Rivella* is the author herself, *Hilaria* the Duchess of Cleveland, *Oswald* John Manley, M.P., and so on.

Some more of Mrs. Manley's views on her own case are to be found in her satirical work, *The New Atalantis*. We have, of course, to exercise discretion as to what we can accept as the truth in what she writes; but on the whole, owing to her candour, it does not seem necessary to reject much as false where her personal doings are concerned.

About 1672 there was born in Jersey the afterwards celebrated lady, her father being Major Roger Manley, deputy governor and military commander in the island. According to his daughter, Roger Manley had shown his loyalty to Charles I. at the early age of sixteen, leaving the University to join the Royal army. He was taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians in 1646, but, in consideration perhaps for his youth, was allowed to go abroad. After fourteen years in exile he came back with the Restoration, was given a military command, and in 1667 he was appointed to Jersey, though not, as his daughter claims, as Governor.

Major Manley had five children; two sons, Francis and Edward, and three daughters, Mary Elizabeth, Mary de la Rivière (which she spelt Delarivier), and Cornelia. Mary Elizabeth was six years senior to her next sister, who writes of herself that she "had the misfortune to be born with an indifferent beauty between two sisters perfectly handsom"—though, as we shall see, she did not really think at all ill of her own looks and was quite convinced of her charm. She records that it was said her sisters had less power over mankind than she had!

In 1673 or 1674 Major Manley left Jersey; and we find him petitioning Sir Joseph Williamson for the continuance of a certain privilege allowed him there, which will permit him to meet the charges which he has incurred in repairing and embellishing Mont Orgeuil Castle for seven years successively. We may suppose that Mary de la Rivière's infancy was spent at this castle, of the ruins of which, by the way, restoration is to-day in progress. In 1675 the Major was deputy to Colonel George Legge, Governor of Portsmouth. In this capacity it fell to him to receive King Charles on July 2nd of that year, a knighthood being bestowed on him the following day. At

Portsmouth he apparently remained until the beginning of 1680, when he was appointed Governor of Landguard Fort.

Of Lady Manley we hear no more than that she died young. She may not even have lived to enjoy the title. The girls, or at least the two younger ones, did not go to school, Sir Roger having brought back with him from the Continent "all the jealousy and distrust of the Spaniard and Italian," and preferring to entrust the care of his daughters to "a severe *Governante*, worse than any *Duenna*." Apart from that he was a retiring man, who devoted himself to study—he had a taste for historical writing—and the duties of his post, without trying to gain Court favour, the result being that "his Deserts seem'd bury'd and forgotten."

The Adventures of Rivella practically begin when their heroine is twelve. Her elder sister by this time seems to have been already married, having unhappily bestowed her hand, by her own choice, upon one Brathewate, who is described as a wretch every way unworthy of her. The younger girls remained under their Duenna. That lady seems not to have been very observant after all. Near the Manleys lived a family called Tidcomb; and young John Tidcomb (the *Sir Charles Lovemore* of *The Adventures*[1]) fell in love with the twelve-year-old girl Mary de la Rivière, who to him appeared "the wittiest girl in the world." He used to despatch secret notes to her, which she answered; but, as she explains, "in the very best language, with a bewitching air of simplicity and manners," letting her admirer know that "she was not really cruel, but insensible." The very best language, we are bound to allow.

If she was insensible to Tidcomb, however, she was not so to someone else. Owing to a scare of a Dutch invasion, a fresh battalion was sent to Sir Roger Manley, and in it was a handsome young subaltern *Lysander* (Mr. Carlyle, says the Key), with whom *Rivella* became infatuated. But he was insensible to her. Her disappointed love made her ill, and when her

[1] The whole of *The Adventures* is cast in the form of a narrative by *Lovemore* whom the Key informs us to have been "Lieutenant-General Tidcomb. See p. 186 below.

father had the battalion changed, in the hope of curing her, she " fell from one fainting into another."

On the day before the battalion left, *Rivella* confesses to have taken some guineas of her father's to give *Lysander* to play cards with, observing that he had none. The young subaltern accepted the money, but remained insensible ; and so the affair came to an end. The heart-broken *Rivella* begged her father to send her away for a change to her younger brother, who lodged with a Huguenot minister near London, to which the indulgent Sir Roger agreed. So for a space of three months she remained away from home, studying French with such application that at the end of the time she could read, speak and write it perfectly, gaining great praise from her tutor. *Rivella*, it may be noted, is never backward in recording any praise bestowed upon her.

Returning home, she again met Tidcomb, but, though his admiration for her was unchanged, she still remained cold. She esteemed, but could not love him. She was now expecting an appointment to be Maid of Honour to Queen Mary Beatrice. But suddenly the crash came which affected the fortunes of all loyalists. When James II. abdicated, Sir Roger Manley retired with his younger daughters to a small house at Kew. He could not recover from the shock, and indeed appears to have died the very same year.

Mary de la Rivière Manley was now about sixteen, according to the generally accepted date of her birth. She herself, in *The New Atalantis*, says only fourteen ; but her dates are not to be relied upon. By their father's will she and her younger sister, Cornelia, were each left £200 and a share in his plate, etc., the house at Kew being left to Mrs. Brathewate. As guardians of the girls Sir Roger had appointed his nephew John and two others distant relatives. This John was the son of John Manley senior, who, unlike his brothers Sir Francis and Sir Roger, had espoused the Parliamentary cause, became a major in Cromwell's army, and married a daughter of Isaac Dorislaus the regicide. At the Restoration Major John Manley lost what his niece calls his ill-gotten gains, and Sir Roger undertook the education of John junior. He even showed him more

regard than his own children, who were too young to join him in conversation.

We follow Mrs. Manley's account, which says that of the three guardians appointed by her father one died soon, another was old, so that in effect John became practically sole guardian. He sent his young cousins to an aunt in the country, of old-fashioned and romantic ideas, in whose house Mary de la Rivière imbibed fantastic ideas from books of chivalry. When the aunt died John came down to the country, to fetch the girls to London. He arrived dressed in mourning, and told them it was for his wife. As they knew her to have been an elderly unpleasant woman, whom in childhood they had hated, they congratulated him rather than condoled with him. For John, on the other hand, who liked feminine company, they had always felt affection. He proceeded to declare his passionate love for the elder of the two girls; and she, still full of the romantic notions she had acquired, believed him. Moreover, when she felt ill, he took great care of her, so that gratitude too inclined her towards him, and she agreed to marry him, being still only fourteen, as she asserts. More probably, however, it would seem that she was nearer eighteen than fourteen. But, in any case, she was practically without anyone to advise her, her nearest relatives being two young or too little interested, while John Tidcomb had been sent by his father on a three years' continental tour and was not on the spot to offer her marriage, even if she had now been willing to accept him.

The case was certainly a very atrocious one, the villain in it being her own first cousin. John Manley "married" her with all the appearances of legality, before witnesses, and then put her to live in a house in London, where he insisted on keeping her shut up, allowing her no visitors, not even her sister. In due time she became with child and begged him to allow her the company of friends and her sister. As she was imploring him, he suddenly threw himself on his knees and confessed that his wife was still living in the country. It had been a mock-marriage into which she had been entrapped, and now she was about to bear the fruit of it.

She was helpless and had nowhere to go. She stopped on in

the house, and a child was born, of whom we only hear once again[1]. The accounts given in the *New Atalantis* and in *The Adventures of Rivella* of what happened next are not quite harmonious. The first says that Mrs. Manley was obliged to stay three miserable years with her pretended husband until he, having obtained a considerable post, was obliged to go to the county where his wife was living—Cornwall, it appears—to carry out his duties. He showed much tenderness in leaving her. According to *The Adventures*, after the marriage "*Oswald* (poor Rivella's Kinsman and Husband, though she always hated his being called so)" deserted her and went into the country, and she for three years lived "a poor recluse" in "her solitary mansion," during which time she never conversed with any one except her nextdoor neighbour.

It is rather strange that we do not hear from any other source of this villany of John Manley's; but we can scarcely imagine that Mrs. Manley invented the tale of a connection which, as she said, ruined her reputation. What little we know of John Manley is that he became M.P. for two Cornish boroughs in turn between 1701–14, that he fought a duel with another Cornish M.P. at the beginning of 1706, that in 1710 he was made Surveyor-General, and that by 1717, when the edition of *The Adventures of Rivella* with the Key was published, he was dead.

We shall hear of him once again in his cousin's story. About his character she has a good deal to say in *The New Atalantis*. In the part relating to her own misfortunes (where he figures as *Don Marcus* and she as *Delia*) she describes him as twenty-three years older than herself, with nothing attractive about him, though with a sort of false brilliance in his conversation; as financially dishonest; and as an accomplished debauchee. In another part of the work he is identified with the lover, neither good-looking nor of good shape, neither young nor rich, neither agreeable nor kind, who drinks and, when drunk, tells by night all he has done by day; the man who always wants to be young in spite of his years; and the hero of a very disgraceful tale. Mrs. Manley repaid him to some extent for

[1] See p. 191 below.

the wrong he had done her, but not apparently until after he was dead.

We must return to the "poor recluse" after her desertion in London. She does not tell whether she occupied herself with writing, but it seems probable for two reasons. In the first place, her first tragedy, *The Royal Mischief*, is said by herself to have been the work of a woman of eighteen; and in the second, she claims to have conversed with only one person during her solitary years in London.

This one person, her nextdoor neighbour, was a Mrs. Ryder, a younger daughter of two clever parents, Sir Richard Fanshawe, the author and diplomatist, and his cousin and wife, Anne. Mrs. Manley is scandalously bitter against the women of the Fanshawe family. The mother she calls affected, an eternal tattler, insipidly gay, though her general reputation was quite different; and, of two daughters, the Key to *The Adventures of Rivella* describes one as "nominal Mrs. Rider" and the other as "Mrs. Blount, Housekeeper to the Lord S[ome]rs." We are aware of nothing to justify these imputations against Mrs. Ryder and Mrs. Blount; but it will soon appear why Mrs. Manley took a dislike to her only friend of the three years she spent in retirement.

It was through Mrs. Ryder that she came to abandon her lonely life. One day in 1693 she was calling at the house when she made the acquaintance of a lady who was destined to have a great influence over her life; no less than the famous, or infamous, Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, now about fifty-two years of age and greatly fallen from her high estate, but still thirsting for money and excitement, and "passionately fond of new faces, of which sex soever." The Duchess soon heard Mrs. Manley's story, and took a fancy to her. She urged on her the folly of wearing away her bloom in solitude and grief, read her a lecture on the world's ill-nature, which would never restore a woman's reputation, however innocent she might be, if appearances were against her, and advised her to "make herself as happy as she could, without valuing or regretting those by whom it was impossible to be valued." She ended by persuading her to come and live near her own house in

Arlington Street and to see something of the fashionable world.

Mrs. Ryder was disgusted as soon as she saw she had made a mistake in introducing her young friend to the Duchess ; for it meant that Her Grace, in the ardour of her new acquaintance, would discard her. But she could not undo what she had done. Mrs. Manley went off to live near Arlington Street, and a six months' intimate friendship began between *Hilaria*—the name is a good one for the Duchess—and *Rivella*. Aged only twenty-one, and in her own estimation very attractive, the latter set herself to be amused by and to observe a kind of life with which she had previously had no acquaintance.

At the Duchess's house *Rivella* met, among other distinguished people, the former Jack Churchill, now Earl of Marlborough ; and she claims to have been witness of the scene when " the gallant," who had laid the foundations of his financial fortune with a gift of £5000 from Her Grace, " lived to refuse the mistress half-a-crown." There was an assembly of the best quality at Arlington Street one night, and the favourite game of Basset was being played. The Duchess had lost all her money, and " in a very civil manner," asked Lord Marlborough, who was banker, to lend her twenty guineas. Though he had a thousand on the table before him, he coldly refused, saying that the bank never lent money. The company were disgusted ; and, as for the Duchess, her resentment, says Mrs. Manley, " burst out into a bleeding at her nose and breaking of her lace ; without which aid, it is believed, her vexation had killed her on the spot."

Afterwards Her Grace's wrath vented itself—though not before the assembly of the best quality, it would seem—in caustic remarks on her former lover's ingratitude, immorality, and avarice, which, with his profiting by his sister's dishonour and his betrayal of James II., she esteemed " a just and flaming subject for satire." There can be no doubt she treated the subject adequately ; for her tongue had a tang.

The Duchess retained her passion for gambling, though she appears to have been an unlucky player. Among other rooms than her own where she played were those of the Duchess of

Mazarin in St. James's Palace, whither she took her young *protégée*. Here *Rivella* met again her former admirer Tidcomb, who had enquired after her in vain after his return from abroad, and who now shook his head at seeing her in such company, but accepted an invitation to supper with her at Arlington Street while the hostess was out losing her money.

Tidcomb is made in *The Adventures* to give the following description of the change in Mrs. Manley's appearance since he had last seen her. " She was much impaired ; her sprightly air, in which was her greatest charm, was turn'd into a languishing melancholy ; the white of her skin degenerated into a yellowish hue, occasion'd by her misfortunes and three years' solitude ; though quickly after she recover'd both her air and her complexion."

By this time *Hilaria* had taken her dear *Rivella* to live with her. But, according to the younger lady, this was not a sign of greater affection, but of jealousy. The Duchess's ruling male favourite was a rascally actor, Cardonell Goodman, and it was in connection with him that she felt jealous of Mary Manley ; though, according to the latter, Her Grace had far more ground for jealousy of someone else.

Goodman, who was now about forty-three years of age, was the son of a clergyman and a B.A. of Cambridge, whence he was expelled for his share in a " rag," involving the defacement of the Duke of Monmouth's portrait.[1] With the aid of a legacy from his father he got himself a post as Page of the Back Stairs at Whitehall. Neglecting his duties, however, he was discharged, and, having spent all his money, he turned actor in the King's Company at Drury Lane. He had some looks and must have talent also, for he was soon playing leading parts. How he first came to meet the Duchess of Cleveland does not appear. It must have been before October, 1684, however, for at the end of that month he was accused of having

[1] This was the Lely portrait subsequently burnt by the University, when a wit wrote :

" The Heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd six score pounds to the flames. . . .
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss
As if being a traytor had alter'd his phiz."

endeavoured to hire someone to poison the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland. This cannot well have been the means of his introduction to their mother!

Goodman was convicted and sentenced to a fine of £1000. Unable to pay, he turned highwayman, but was caught and again convicted. For some unknown reason he received the King's pardon, returned to the stage, and also gained, or regained, the favour of the Duchess of Cleveland. In 1686 there was rumoured to be a concrete proof of this favour; for the Duchess was credited with having born a son, to which the town gossips gave the name of "Goodman Cleveland." There is, however, no real evidence that such a child ever existed.

About three years later Goodman left the stage and made his living by gambling. He seems to have come to dwell with the Duchess in Arlington Street; but, according to Mrs. Manley, kept a mistress in the next street "in as much grandeur as his lady." When the novelist appeared on the scene he took a dislike to her, finding her unwilling to consult his interests, and fearing that she might betray his intrigue round the corner. The Duchess, however, suspected that he attracted the girl. Mrs. Manley says that her former friend, Mrs. Ryder, first instilled suspicion, "sending letters by the penny-post to make *Hilaria* jealous of *Rivella*." This made the Duchess invite Mrs. Manley to her house, so that she could better keep an eye on her. Then Goodman himself completed the mischief by alleging to Her Grace that Mrs. Manley had been making advances to him.

The Duchess hid her feelings, and began to throw in *Rivella's* way one of her sons, probably Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton, who was at the time a widower, or perhaps his brother George, Duke of Northumberland. She hoped thus to entangle her in an intrigue. Nothing, however, came of this (it is only *Rivella's* own account that we have, we must remember), because the friendship between the two women came to abrupt end one day through an accident and the Duchess's temper.

Already someone else besides Goodman had been trying to

get Mrs. Manley away from Arlington Street; a certain ex-kitchenmaid, who had married her master and with him had lived among the Jacobite exiles in France. Left a widow, this "pretended Madam Beauclair," as the Key asserts her to have been, returned to England, claiming to be a Frenchwoman and speaking nothing but broken English. She met the Duchess at the basset-table, and wormed her way into her confidence, so that she got an influence over her and persuaded her that it would be better to dismiss Mrs. Manley and take her as companion instead.

Dinner was just beginning at Arlington Street one day when news was brought to Mrs. Manley that her sister's husband—the unworthy Brathewate—was fallen into "a great distress." She resolved to call upon a friend of her sister's, and when dinner was over, and cards were beginning, she begged the Duchess to excuse her. She was persuaded to play for two hours first, but then took a hackney coach and went, not returning till 8 o'clock. She had had good news and was very hungry, as she told the Duchess. Her Grace ordered supper to be brought, as "her dear *Rivella* had eat nothing all day." At supper, however, she rallied her upon her appetite and began to make mysterious suggestions as to the cause of it. *Rivella* resented this, and still more so when the Duchess introduced her son's name into the conversation, and accused her of having been kissed by him on the way through the dark drawing-room to dinner that day. "Your Ladyship must have seen me refuse the honour," said *Rivella*. Then why had she gone out by hackney coach, without a servant, asked the Duchess. Out of regard for the servants, *Rivella* answered, because she had a long way to go, and it was raining. She had been obliged to ask the Duchess's porter for change on her return, she added, to pay the hackney coachman, and she begged the company to consider whether any woman would be so indiscreet, knowing, as she did, that she had "one friend" in the house who would not fail to examine the coachman where he had taken her. She then rose briskly from the table and asked leave to retire to bed.

Next morning she wrote a note to the young Duke, asking

him to do her the favour of a call. When he came, she begged him to tell his mother where he had been between 6 and 8 the previous day. He informed the Duchess that he had been to the theatre with the Duke of ——. Now it happened that *Lovemore* (Tidcomb) had come in to drink tea with the ladies at Arlington Street that afternoon, and he had seen the young Duke sit the whole play out the previous night. *Rivella* does not say that he supported her, however; for apparently the Duchess of Cleveland was not in the room yet. When she was visible, *Rivella* "went to take her leave of her with such an air of resentment, innocence, yet good manners, as quite confounded the haughty *Hilaria.*"

The two ladies never met again. All the world, being fond of *Rivella,* she informs us, enquired of the Duchess what had become of her, when she told them that she had run away with her son and would probably not have the assurance to appear at Arlington Street any more.

Through all the indignation with which *Rivella* narrates the story we can detect a certain amount of pride in connecting her name with the Duke, whether it was Southampton or Northumberland to whom she refers. On his mother she took a full revenge in sketching her character and describing her fall into want and low amours. She does not trouble to record Goodman's bad end, how he got into trouble in a Jacobite celebration at the Dog Tavern, Drury Lane, was fined and imprisoned, was re-arrested, after release, for implication in the "Assassination Plot," turned traitor and gave evidence that helped to bring Sir John Fenwick to the scaffold, was allowed to escape to France, was rumoured to have been sent to the Bastille, and finally died of fever at the age of fifty. She does not tell of all this; and we may perhaps infer that she was not altogether indifferent to the handsome scoundrel after all.

After the rupture of her friendship with *Hilaria,* Mrs. Manley had an offer from the faithful Tidcomb to retire to his seat in the country. If he could not marry her, he could at least protect her; and he urged that "it could no longer do her an injury in the opinion of the world, which was sufficiently

prejudiced against her already." She represents herself as replying that she must first be in love with a man before she thought fit to reside with him! Her disgust with the world had improved her love of solitude, she added, and if she could not be public with reputation she would remain concealed. War prevented her from visiting France; and so she proposed to "waste most of her time in England in places where she was unknown." Tidcomb could not shake her resolution, and for two more years she retired again from view. When she reappeared, she was in a better position to disregard the censors of her conduct; for she had made herself known to the polite world as a writer of works which it could not disregard.

Her movements in the two years are known only through her own account, from which it appears that she travelled down by coach to the West of England, visiting both Salisbury and Exeter before the end of June 1694. How long she stayed in Exeter does not appear. In all the two years, she declares, she never made herself acquainted at any place where she lived. She found, nevertheless, that "the little spot of Earth I have chose to fix my face in has more solid entertainment, more real innate delights than the glories of Kensington." She obviously devoted herself assiduously to literary work, and at last in 1696 she put forth the first results of her labours. The earliest to see the light was *Letters from Mrs. Manley*, with the imprint "London, Printed for R. B." The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed to "the incomparably excellent Mrs. Delarivier Manley," signed by "your formost admirer, and most devoted, humble and obedient servant J. H.," and is vastly eulogistic. J. H., who describes himself as a friend of the late Sir Roger Manley, is supposed to be the recipient of the letters, which he publishes without her leave; but he is fairly obviously Mrs. Manley herself, acting as her own publicity agent.

The Epistle goes on to say that "the Town is big to see what a Genius so proportionate can produce," and that Sir Thomas Skipwith and Mr. Betterton are eagerly contending who shall first bring her upon the stage, and "which shall be most applauded, her Tragick or Comick Strain."

Apart from what this little volume of *Letters* contains of biographical matter, it cannot be described as interesting to modern tastes. The letters enclose some tales not remarkable for their delicacy, and what is called on the title-page "A Letter from a supposed Nun in Portugal to a Gentleman in France in imitation of the Nun's Five Letters in Print, by Colonel Pack." Colonel Pack has a very feminine pen, and one is inclined to doubt his separate existence as much as J. H.'s.

We have suggested that the object of the printing of these *Letters* was to secure publicity for their author; and she wanted this to advertise the two plays which she had induced London managers to produce. Her first tragedy, *The Royal Mischief*, was accepted by Betterton for Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and her first comedy, *The Lost Lover*, by Sir Thomas Skipwith for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Before the end of 1696 both had been issued in print also, with prefaces which indicate that as stage-plays they had failed.

There could be no doubt about the complete failure of the comedy, in spite of the efforts of Skipwith, to whom she had secured a personal introduction, to make it a success; in spite, too, of a cast including the Cibbers, the Verbrugens, and Horden. In her preface Mrs. Manley confesses that her expectations were not deceived. It had only taken her seven days to write; and she was so great a stranger to the Stage that she had only been in a theatre twice in the past six years. "I am now convinc'd Writing for the Stage is no way proper for a Woman, to whom all Advantages but meer Nature are refused. . . . Give me leave to thank the Well-natur'd Town for Damning me so suddenly; they would not suffer me to linger in suspense." But she concludes: "After all, I think my Treatment much severer than I deserved; I am satisfied the bare Name of being a Woman's Play damn'd it beyond its own want of Merit. I will conclude with *Dionys[i]us* that 'Plato and Philosophy have taught me to bear so great a Loss (even of Fame) with Patience.'"

Unfortunately it has to be admitted that *The Lost Lover* heartily deserved to fail. It has little of Mrs. Manley's usual wit, and it is tiresomely indecent. If, as she says, her design

in writing it was " to pass some tedious country hours," then she was not to be congratulated on the way in which she killed time in the spot she preferred to Kensington.

The Royal Mischief, though less licentious, is a rather lurid work. In *The Adventures of Rivella* the author says of it that it was " much more famous for the language, fire and tenderness than the conduct " of the characters. It had a good cast, among which were Betterton himself, Bowman, Kynaston, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle. Its reception may be gauged from the prefatory note to the published edition, in which Mrs. Manley says :

> " I should not have given myself and the Town the trouble of a Preface, if the aspersions of my enemies had not made it necessary. I am sorry those of my own Sex are influenced by them, and receive any Character of a Play upon trust, without distinguishing Ill nature, Envy and Detraction in the Representor. . . . The principal Objections made against this Tragedy is the warmth of it, as they are pleased to call it. In all writings of this kind some particular Passion is describ'd. As a Woman I thought it Policy to begin with the softest and which is easiest to our Sex. . . . I should think it but an indifferent Commendation to have it said, she writes like a Woman."

Though the construction of *The Royal Mischief* is better than that of *The Lost Lover*, and the blank verse is tolerably good, the " warmth " to which objection was taken is certainly very pronounced. In *The Adventures of Rivella* the narrator *Lovemore* is made to say that he had often since heard *Rivella* laugh and wonder that a man of Betterton's judgment should have thought well enough of the production of a woman of eighteen to bring it upon the stage in so handsome a manner as he did. This argues that *The Royal Mischief* was an early work, since Mrs. Manley was now about twenty-four. We, too, must wonder a little at Betterton's judgment ; but we must wonder also that a woman of eighteen could write as boldly as Mrs. Manley wrote, in days when woman's pen was

expected to be far more restrained than woman's conduct. Pioneers, however, are always astonishing.

In spite of the unfavourable reception of both her plays, Mrs. Manley could not complain that she did not achieve fame of a kind by them. In *The Adventures* she invites the reader to "behold another wrong step towards ruining *Rivella's* character with the world." Her apartment was daily crowded, she says, with men of vogue and wit, offering her incense, and there was no language approached her ear but flattery and persuasion to delight and love. The casuists told her that a woman of her wit had the privilege of men, "since all things were pardonable to a lady who could so well give laws to others, yet was not obliged to keep them herself."

Her vanity, she admits, was now at its height, as was her gaiety—especially at meat, she adds, since she understood good living and indulged herself in it. "She never drank but with her meals, but then it was in no way lost upon her, for her wit was never so sparkling as when she was pleased with her wine." She represents Tidcomb, still keenly interested in her, as trying to lead her into quieter paths; but she did not think fit to correct a conduct which she called innocent, and still went on her own way.

At this point in her career we may pause to see what was the appearance of this young lady who had so suddenly made an impression upon the literary world of her day. We have to rely chiefly on her own description in *The Adventures of Rivella*, though, like the rest of that book, it is put in the mouth of *Lovemore*, that is to say Tidcomb. It may be noted that when *The Adventures* first appeared, in 1714, Tidcomb had been dead about a year, and that therefore there was no danger of his contradicting any statements which Mrs. Manley might attribute to him, either as to his love for her or his opinions about her looks or her character. But it must be admitted that she was careful to give verisimilitude to her story by a considerable amount of qualification of her praise of self. *Lovemore*, who is represented as telling the story to his friend, the young *Chevalier D'Aumont*, "related to the Duke of that name," a former Ambassador to England, is invited by his

listener to give him some idea what *Rivella* is like. Thereupon *Lovemore* begins :

" Her person is neither tall nor short ; from her Youth she was inclined to Fat ; whence I have often heard her Flatterers liken her to the *Grecian Venus*. It is certain, considering that Disadvantage, she has the most easy Air that one can have ; her hair is of a pale Ash-colour, fine, and in a large Quantity ! I have heard her friends lament the Disaster of her having had the Small-pox in such an injurious manner, being a beautiful Child before that Distemper ; but as that Disease has now left the Face, she has scarce any pretence to it. Few, who have only beheld her in Publick, could be brought to like her ; whereas none that became acquainted with her could refrain from loving her. I have heard several Wives and Mistresses accuse her of Fascination : They would neither trust their Husbands, Lovers, Sons, nor Brothers with her Acquaintance upon Terms of the greatest Advantage."

" Do her eyes love as well as her pen ? " the Chevalier enquires.

" Nothing," replies *Lovemore*, " can be more tender, ingenious and brilliant with a Mixture so languishing and sweet, when Love is the Subject of the Discourse, that without being severe we may very well conclude the softer passions have their Predominancy in Her Soul."[1]

Coming to particulars, *Lovemore* continues :

" To do *Rivella* Justice, till she grew fat, there was not I believe any Defect to be found in her Body ; Her Lips admirably colour'd ; Her Teeth small and even, a Breath always sweet ; Her Complexion fair and fresh ; yet with all this you must be us'd to her before she can be thought thoroughly agreeable. Her Hands and Arms have been

[1] These " ingenious eyes " make us think of Swift's complaint to Addison that Mrs. Manley wrote as if she had about two thousand epithets in a bag, pulling them out in handfuls and strewing them on her paper, where about once in five hundred times they happened to be right (Letter of August 22nd, 1700). The criticism, however, is far too exaggerated to be just.

publickly celebrated; it is certain that I never saw any so well turned: Her Neck and Breasts have an establish'd Reputation for Beauty and Colour; Her Feet small and pretty."

After a modest disclaimer of any title to describe the lady's charms further, *Lovemore* follows with a warm tribute to her mental accomplishments and her character. One point in the latter is that she is "an utter Stranger to what is meant by Hatred and Revenge"—which we should hardly have guessed by reading her books!

But, if Mrs. Manley was under some illusion as to the sweet forgiveness of her character, we cannot deny that she very frankly admits her fat. As we have said, *The Adventures of Rivella* were not published until 1714; and already, two years before, Swift had written describing her to Stella: "I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention; she is about forty, very homely, and very fat."

However, we have taken *Rivella*, so far, to the year 1696; and at the age of twenty-four she was doubtless less troubled about her fat than at forty. We have seen her, after the production of her two plays in London, courted, flattered, "doing herself well," and, on her own admission, determined to go on her own way, calling it innocent. There follows a most curious episode in her career, in which her innocence is very hard to believe. The Sir Thomas Skipwith to whom she owed the production of her comedy at Drury Lane was a very influential person in the theatrical world. Mrs. Manley gives an account of him which reminds us very much of the efforts of Mrs. Candour, in *The School for Scandal*, to do justice to her friends. He had a very good face, but he was naturally short and somewhat bandy-legged, in addition to which his body had grown fat. He had wit and good nature, and his only fault was his great foible for being admired by "the Fair." He had married a young lady of worth, honour, and means; but for ten years he had been prosecuting an acquaintance with the wife of a City merchant, who was beautiful herself and had six beautiful

daughters. The friendship with *Mrs. Settee* was purely platonic ; but the details given scarcely bear out the adjective.

When he met *Rivella*, *Sir Peter Vainlove* (which is the name under which she disguises Skipwith in *The Adventures*) was only fifty, though his constitution was already impaired by the excesses of his youth. He was greatly struck by her, and found her a most congenial companion. Yet all the time he was with her he would din into her ears the praises of Mrs. *Settee*, at which she became piqued. The ordinary interpretation of the story of their acquaintance, as she tells it, would be that she set her cap at him and failed. But, if so, why did she tell it ? With Mrs. Manley it is generally difficult to say why she tells such stories about herself. Her comment on the affair is : " Behold what a person *Rivella* chose to fool away her reputation with ! " And then, a little later, she remarks that " this short-lived report did not do *Rivella* any great prejudice among the crowd of those who followed and flattered her with pretended admiration."

The Skipwith affair, whatever its real nature, was brief ; for there entered upon the scene " the Person who indeed fix'd her heart . . . a gentleman of undoubted merit, both from without and within : his face was beautiful, so was his shape until he grew a little burly . . . in short, every way qualified for being beloved, where ever he should happen to love."

At the time Mrs. Manley was living in " a pretty Retirement," some few miles out of Town, where she diverted herself chiefly with writing and reading. One day *Calista*—the Key explains that this was " Mrs. Trotter, a poetess "—called upon her to beg for her assistance for a friend of hers, who was in custody for some trifling misdemeanour. She thought *Rivella* could help her, because the chairman of the committee of the House of Commons which was to examine the matter was John Manley. A very complicated tale in *The Adventures of Rivella* shows that Mrs. Trotter's friend, who was a lawyer of the name of John Tilly, in a big lawsuit, had opposed the Earl of Bath, who was John Manley's patron. It was likely to go hard with Tilly if Manley was present when Tilly came up for examination. Would *Rivella* help *Calista* by influencing " her kinsman "

to stand neutral in the matter; or, if that were impossible, would she somehow manage to keep him away from the committee on the day of the examination?

Now *Calista* was Catherine Trotter, a young lady born in 1679, who had had her first tragedy, *Agnes de Castro*, produced at Drury Lane when she was only sixteen, and at the time when Mrs. Manley writes about her cannot have been more than eighteen. She was, as far as we know, of perfectly virtuous character. When she was twenty-nine she married a curate, the Rev. Patrick Cockburn, and she succeeded in making a name for herself as a writer on philosophical subjects, being in particular a champion of John Locke. She is said to have been beautiful though of course we must not suggest that this had anything to do with what Mrs. Manley says about her.

When *Calista* approached *Rivella*, the latter said she was willing to help her for a consideration; but she would like to see *Cleander*—the name under which Tilly passes in *The Adventures*. *Calista* blushed, whereon *Rivella* asked her if he were her lover. "*Calista*, who was the most of a Prude in her outward Professions and the least of it in her inward Practice, unless you'll think it no Prudery to allow Freedoms with the Air of Restraint, ask'd *Rivella*, with a scornful Smile, What it was she meant? *Cleander* was a married man, and as such out of any Capacity to engage her secret service."

But *Rivella*, "who hates dissimulation," refused to do anything unless she first saw the man whom she was asked to help. The next day a messenger came from him, promising her remuneration for her services, followed by a coach to fetch her to the house of the serjeant-at-arms in which he was detained. She went, taking with her a volume of the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld, in case she had to wait. Tilly received her and, taking her book to look at, was much struck, forming an idea from it of "the genius of the lady who chose it for her entertainment." He invited her to stay to supper, and a friendship began which lasted for years.

Mrs. Manley explains that Tilly had married young, but as yet knew not what it was to love. He was "civil to his Lady, meant very well to her Children"; but it required *Rivella* to

teach him what true love implied. This, in her own opinion, she was well qualified to do.

She agreed to undertake the task of getting rid of John Manley's opposition; and so, next day, she went early to Westminster Hall and took up her post at the bookseller's shop by the foot of the stairs going up to the Parliament House. Before long she saw "her kinsman," who was covered with confusion at the sight of her. They had not met for years, and he could not imagine why she had come there, except to expose him. Other Members were seen approaching on their way to the House. He hurried her by the back way out of the Hall, called a coach, put her into it, got in himself, and told the coachman to drive out of town.

The committee of the House met without Manley's presence, another chairman being elected in his place; and Tilly was acquitted of the charges against him. In the meanwhile Mrs. Manley had explained to her spouse—as she actually calls him on this occasion—why she had come to see him. Manley was not annoyed. On the contrary, he recommended her to cultivate Tilly's friendship, which might be useful, and also to take a house in town, to which he himself would come to give her advice in a great affair he had in mind.

It was unnecessary for Manley to advise her to cultivate Tilly's friendship, for they had fallen in love with each other already. As for the great affair, which was in connection with the disposal of the property of Christopher Monk, second Earl of Albemarle, whose mad widow had married the wicked Ralph, Duke of Montagu, *The Adventures of Rivella,* proceed to give a complicated account, certainly very amusingly told, but much too long for quotation, introducing Montagu, the Earl of Bath (Montagu's opponent), Christopher Monk the younger, and several lesser folk. From their part in this affair, which ultimately cost Montagu and Bath about £20,000, John Manley hoped that they would make £8,000, of which he stipulated that he was to have £4,000. He promised that he would settle £2,000 of this, after Mrs. Manley's death, upon the son of their mock-marriage—this allusion to whom is the only indication we have that he was still living.

The result was very different from what they were led to expect. Tilly spent quite a lot of money on the dissipated Christopher Monk. Mrs. Manley also spent much in entertaining him to dinner, and, when she represented to John Manley that this expense should be borne by Lord Bath, in whose interests they were working, she received £3—which, as she says, would not even pay for the dessert. She strongly suspected that John Manley got a considerable sum out of the affair. But when Monk went off to Flanders, and died of drink, the matter came to an end. She saw no more of the Earl or John Manley, and certainly did not miss the loss of the latter's society.

The principal result for her was that the *liaison* with Tilly was now firmly knit. She says that *Calista* called to see her one day and found him at her house. As they both exhibited confusion, Mrs. Manley, after the lady's departure, asked him the cause, whereon he confessed that *Calista* had been the first to make him unfaithful to his wife. *Rivella* laughed, " because *Calista* had given herself Airs of not visiting *Rivella* now she was made the Town Talk by her scandalous Intrigue with *Cleander*."

The Adventures of Rivella must have made pleasant reading for Catherine Trotter, if she was able to spare time from her philosophical studies !

For some years now Mrs. Manley " tasted the Pleasure of Retirement, in the Conversation of the Person beloved," whose natural parts, she assures us, were prodigious and were happily joined by a learned and liberal education. During this time she did not write, or at any rate did not publish anything. Then Tilly's circumstances were straitened by a long lawsuit. His wife died, and all the world thought he would marry Mrs. Manley. When he suggested this, however, she burst into tears and cried : " I am undone from this moment ! I have lost the only person who secured me the possession of your heart ! " In spite of the instruction in love which he had received from her, he was puzzled at this remark.

The lawsuit ended ill for Tilly, and he was condemned to pay a large sum. Mrs. Manley only learnt of his misfortunes from

others. " One must be a Woman of exalted Soul," she makes *Lovemore* exclaim, " to take the Part she did ! " She fell sick ; and, when Tilly declared that he would restore her at any price, she asked, Would he marry her ? Yes, replied Tilly, though he were ruined by it. She would not hear of this, and enquired whether there was any way of saving him. He had been advised to court a certain rich young widow, he admitted. Then he must do so, said the Woman of exalted Soul.

Tenderly and reluctantly they agreed to part. Tilly courted and won the widow ; but after marriage they got on badly, he teasing her about her card-playing, and she him about his acquaintance with *Rivella*. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Manley protests, he seldom saw her, for she was living in the country again (perhaps at Berkeley, Oxfordshire, which is her home address, as given in her will), and did not appear in public after his second marriage.

After four years' uneasiness Tilly lost his senses, and after three more his life. *Rivella* sadly speculates whether the lack of her conversation contributed to his end. As for herself, she " seemed to bury all Thoughts of Gallantry in *Cleander's* Tomb." But " *Cleander's* Lady always speaks of her with language most unfit for a Gentlewoman," which was surely ungrateful after the pains *Rivella* had taken to complete his education.

The Adventures go straight on to the publication and prosecution of *The New Atalantis* in 1709. This, however, was not the first reappearance of Mrs. Manley in public life. In her retirement after Tilly's marriage with the widow she took to writing again. There can be little doubt that *The Secret History of Queen Zarah and the Zarazians*, which was published anonymously in 1705, was the product of her pen. It is stated to be " faithfully translated from the Italian copy now lodg'd in the Vatican at Rome "—an attempt at disguise of authorship which is typical of Mrs. Manley's satirical writings. Moreover, the evidence of style is practically conclusive. The book is a ferocious attack on Sarah Duchess of Marlborough (the *Queen Zarah*), on her husband, and upon anything connected with them. Nothing is left unsaid to castigate their immorality

and avarice. It cannot be maintained that the book is a brilliant piece of work, though it exhibits some wit amid its coarse and bitter raillery.

On the subject of raillery, by the way, *The Secret History of Queen Zarah* contains one passage, in the midst of a very long digression, which Mrs. Manley would have done well to take to heart herself. "Nice raillery," she says, "is what's most agreeable in Conversation; but it must be used with the greatest Circumspection imaginable; just as a *Ragout* is spoil'd by overseasoning, so by railing too sharply we render ourselves offensive and odious to Company." Very often does Mrs. Manley render herself offensive and odious to the company of her readers.

It does not appear whether *The Secret History* was attributed to Mrs. Manley at the time when it was published. Being a new style of writing for her, it probably was not. Nor does it seem to have attracted much attention. An exploit of a very different kind in the same year 1705 should, one might think, have brought a considerable amount of notice upon her; but, strangely, this cannot be gathered from contemporary allusions. Her share in a disgraceful affair is established by John Nichols, the printer and antiquary, who, in his edition of Steele's *Correspondence*, calls the anecdote "well authenticated"; by which he perhaps means that he derived it from the official records in Doctors Commons.

The story is that, some time in 1705 Mrs. Manley was concerned with a Mrs. Mary Thompson, a young woman who had been kept by a gentleman of the name of Pheasant, of Upwood, Huntingdonshire, in prosecuting a suit in Doctors Commons, on the part of Mrs. Thompson as Pheasant's widow; the object of the suit being to establish her right of dower out of Pheasant's estate, which was about £1,500 a year. It appeared from the evidence that Mrs. Manley was to get £100 a year for life if Mrs. Thompson was successful. They procured Edward Smith, "a very infamous fellow and then a prisoner in the Fleet," to forge an entry in the marriage-register of a church in Aldersgate Street, Smith also swearing that he had procured the parson who had performed the ceremony, and that he was

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

From the painting by Michael Dahl in the National Portrait Gallery

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one of the two witnesses at it. The parson concerned was Dr. Cleaver, described as "a low and scandalous priest and the man, it is believed, who married at the Fleet." When Smith was examined, it was found that both Cleaver and the alleged other witness of the marriage were dead. The badness of Smith's character, and the proof that the signature said to be Pheasant's was not in his handwriting were fatal to Mrs. Thompson's case; but we do not hear what punishment was inflicted on the conspirators.

After this unwelcome piece of notoriety, Mrs. Manley relapsed into private life, and must have devoted herself to writing again. The first result of her labours was the production at the Haymarket Theatre on December 16th, 1706, of a tragedy *Almyna, or the Arabian Vow*. From the preface to the published edition, in 1707, we can gather that the author was fairly satisfied with the reception of *Almyna*. She did not witness the production herself, but thanks Betterton for its being "admirably acted and advantagiously dressed." As a play it is rather tedious; but it is free from the "warmth" which marked *The Royal Mischief*.

A considerable period without any publication which we can identify followed; and then towards the middle of 1709 came out the first part of Mrs. Manley's most celebrated work, *The New Atalantis*. More fully, this was entitled: *Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both Sexes. From the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean*. It was stated to have been written in Italian, and to have been translated through the French—this being part of the disguise. The volume, which was anonymous, was dedicated to Henry, Duke of Beaufort.

The sensation was tremendous, as well it might be, the attack on some of the leading characters of the day, of the Whig party, being exceedingly violent, and the Marlboroughs being once more ferociously assailed. In *The Adventures* Mrs. Manley defends herself for writing this book, saying that she was out of humour with all the world, "more particularly with a *Faction* who were busy to enslave their Sovereign and overturn the Constitution." As to the charge of exposing those

who had never injured her, she said she did no more by others than others had done by her when she " tattled of frailties " ; and, while the world had reported tenfold against her, she had been careful of glancing against persons who were truly virtuous.

The truth was that Mrs. Manley was uncompromisingly Tory (as became her ancestry, she considered) and hated all Whigs or waverers. She was loyal to Queen Anne, and was prevented by her Protestant convictions from wishing for the succession of the son of James II. if he remained a Roman Catholic. For the overthrow of Anne's Whig advisers, however, she heartily longed.

Naturally the Ministry was not disposed to overlook the challenge of *The New Atalantis*. Lord Sunderland, the Secretary of State, issued warrants for the arrest of the printer, the publishers, and the anonymous author of the book. The printer and publishers, being known, were apprehended, whereon she presented herself at the Court of Queen's Bench and confessed to being the author. She did not wish innocent men and their families to suffer, she explains in *The Adventures*, and surrendered in order that they might be the sooner released.

Sunderland himself examined her in the first instance, and pressed her as to how she had obtained certain particulars, which were supposed to be beyond her own intelligence. She replied, " with great humility," that her only design in writing had been to amuse herself in the country, with no intention of reflecting upon anyone ; and that nobody helped her in the composition of the book. Sunderland would not believe her. " Then it must be inspiration," she said ; " because, knowing my own innocence, I can account for it in no other way ! " Inspiration used to be upon a good account, objected Sunderland, whereas her writings were stark naught. " That may be true," she admitted, still meek, " but it is as true that there are evil angels as well as good, and so what I wrote might yet be by inspiration ! "

She was committed to the charge of the Messenger of the Court until her lawyers sued out her *Habeas Corpus*, when she was released on bail. The case dragged on for some months,

until finally the Attorney-General dropped the prosecution; though not until the defendants had been put to great expense. In February 1710 Mrs. Manley was discharged.

The affair furnished a fine advertisement for *The New Atalantis*, and enabled its author to arrange for the publication of another volume in the same scandalous strain. But also the book involved her in a quarrel with a famous literary man, no less than Richard Steele, who had not long started *The Tatler*. In No. 63 of that periodical, issued on September 3rd, 1709, there was an obvious allusion to Mrs. Manley. "Isaac Bickerstaff" there quotes a letter from "Tobiah Greenhat," in which he speaks of a scheme for a college of young damsels, who are to occupy their time not with scissors, needles and samplers, but with pens, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew.

"Only on holidays," the supposed writer continues, "the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances the direction is undertaken by Epicene, the writer of *Memoirs from the Mediterranean*, who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe."

Epicene, *i.e.* Mrs. Manley, perhaps not unnaturally took offence at this allusion to her, in spite of her own previous hits at Steele in *The New Atalantis*; and she wrote to remonstrate with him. His letter in reply, on September 6th, 1709, helps to explain matters, and shows also that the two writers were already acquainted. Steele wrote:

"Madam,

"I have received a letter from you, wherein you tax me, as if I were *Bickerstaff*, with falling upon you as author

of 'Atalantis' and the person who honoured me with a character in that celebrated piece. What has happened formerly between us can be of no use to repeat. I solemnly assure you, you wrong me in this as much as you know you do in all else you have been pleased to say of me. I had not money when you did me the favour to ask a loan of a trifling sum of me. I had the greatest sense imaginable of the kind notice you gave me when I was going on to my ruin; and am so far from an inclination to revenge the inhumanity with which you have treated me that I give myself a satisfaction in that you have canceled with injuries a friendship which I should never have been able to return . . ."

The fact of the matter is that it was not Steele, but Dean Swift, the inventor of the pseudonym, who was "Isaac Bickerstaff" on the occasion of the allusion to the author of *The New Atalantis*. Whether she accepted the explanation or not, she evidently had not been so much of a stranger to Steele before as to be afraid of asking him for a loan (the occasion being unknown to us) and considered he ought to treat her as a friend.

In May 1710, soon after her discharge from the case over *The New Atalantis*, Mrs. Manley published a new book, *Memoirs of Europe*, which was stated to have been written "towards the end of the Eighth Century by Eginardus, secretary and favourite to Charlemagne, and done into English by the translator of *The New Atalantis*"—subsequently being reprinted, with a second volume, as the third and fourth volumes of that work. The *Memoirs* are dedicated to "Isaac Bickerstaff," and Steele's letter of the previous September 6th is reproduced, with certain omissions, after which she continues, addressing "Bickerstaff":

"Since Mr. Steele's reconcil'd Friendship (promised after my Application to him when under State-Confinement) could never be guilty of so barbarous a Breach, since he could not commit the Treacherousest! the Basest! the most Abject thing upon Earth! so contrary to his

> Assurances! It must be you, Sir, to whom my Thanks are due. . . . A weak, unlearned Woman's Writings to employ so great a Pen! Heavens! How valuable am I? . . . Draw what Lengths you please; I shall be proud of furnishing Matter towards your inexhausible *Tatler*, and of being a permanent Monument of Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Gallantry and Morality."

"Bickerstaff," whoever it was that replied on this occasion, acknowledged the dedication to himself of *Memoirs of Europe* in the following words, in *The Tatler* of May 27th, 1710:

> "A female author had dedicated a piece to me, wherein she would make my name, as she has others, the introduction of whatever is to follow in her book; and has spoke some panegyrical things which I know not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and consequently being out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame; all, therefore, that is left for me . . . is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words if they do not concern her. Now you are to observe that the way in a *dedication* is to make all the rest of the world as little like the person we address to as possible."

Here, for the time, the matter rested, and Mrs. Manley continued on her career, publishing early in 1711 *Court Intrigues in a Collection of Original Letters from the Island of the New Atalantis*, which is perhaps the dullest of the *Atalantis* series, but is no less bitter than the others against people whom the author disliked.

The change of Government, when Queen Anne freed herself from Whig control, was to the advantage of Mrs. Manley, no longer compelled to work in opposition and in danger of legal proceedings. The first earnest of her improved circumstances was her appointment to the editorship of *The Examiner*, wherein for a short period she championed Tory opinions

vigorously. This appointment was made in June, 1911, and we seem to recognise her pen in the words of an article on the 14th of that month:

> "The false Beauty of Paint upon a Lady's Face is less desirable than no Beauty at all; and the Pertness of a shallow Fop more disagreeable than his Silence."

We hear elsewhere of Mrs. Manley's objection against aids to beauty, including the use of perfume. Only "natural Garden Sweets" appealed to *Rivella*.

There is, however, very little that is recognisably feminine about Mrs. Manley's political writings. Swift, when she had succeeded on *The Examiner*, probably aided her in this year 1711 to secure commissions for several pamphlets, of which the most trenchant is *The Duke of M—h's Vindication*. (She always had a congenial subject when dealing with either of the Marlboroughs!). He also supported the appeal of "the poor woman," as he calls her, to Lord Peterborough for some recognition of her services in the Tory cause, including those which had brought her into trouble over *The New Atalantis*. We shall hear of a small pension later, which may have been the response to this appeal.

At the beginning of 1712 she was ill with dropsy; and it was now that Swift gives to Stella the description of her, which we have already quoted, as being "about forty, very homely, and very fat." Her literary activities, however, did not cease, culminating in the production in 1714 of *The Adventures of Rivella*, while two vigorous pamphlets proceeded from her pen, *A Modest Enquiry into the Reasons of the Joy expressed by a Certain Sett of People upon the Spreading of a Report of Her Majesty's Death* and *The Honour and Prerogative of the Queen's Majesty vindicated and defended against the unexampled Insolence of the Author of the Guardian*.

We have made such extensive use of *The Adventures of Rivella* that it is hardly necessary to add any more about the book here. We may note, however, that in it she represents *Lovemore* as telling his friend the Chevalier that, after the fall of the Whig Ministry, "that native Gaiety and good Humour

so sparkling and conspicuous in her" had returned. He also says that "she now agrees with me that Politicks is not the Business of a Woman, especially of one that can so well delight and entertain her Readers with more gentle pleasing Theams, and has accordingly set herself again to write a Tragedy for the Stage." Eighteen years previously, as we have seen, she had been convinced that "Writing for the Stage is no way proper for a Woman, to whom all Advantages but meer Nature are refused."

Her last pamphlets indicate no failing of her powers of political controversy. *The Modest Enquiry*, written during Queen Anne's last illness, when there was a premature rumour of her death, very ably handles the attitude of the Whigs at the time. As the reasons of their "unseasonable exultation" she gives, among others, "the common Cant of the whole Party, the Fear of a *Popish Succession* and *Popery*" and that "the Protestant Succession is in the utmost Danger"; "the Hopes of having the Tories all Hang'd," and "their [the Whigs'] Consciousness that they ought to be so themselves"!

The other pamphlet was a fresh attack upon Steele, who had had a quarrel with Swift, and had also in *The Guardian* reflected upon Mrs. Manley, arousing her to the only display she admits of hatred and revenge, which she says in *The Adventures* she was "never known to persue upon any Person, though often injured, excepting Mr. S[tee]le, whose notorious Ingratitude and Breach of Friendship affected her too far, and made her think it the highest Piece of Justice to expose him." She not only turned his attacks on the Tory writers into charges against the Queen, but also in later editions of *The New Atalantis*, such as that in French, published between 1713 and 1716, castigated him with severity.

Nevertheless Mrs. Manley had to accustom herself to the new state of affairs produced by the death of Anne and the arrival of the Elector of Hanover. She abandoned politics, and devoted herself to the completion of the tragedy mentioned at the end of *The Adventures of Rivella*. This was *Lucius, the First Christian King of Britain*, which was produced at Drury Lane on May 11th, 1717.

For the production of *Lucius* she came to an accommodation with Steele, who wrote a prologue for her. In return, she dedicated the printed edition of the play to him, and in the prefatory letter indicated that their quarrel was definitely at an end. She writes :

> " In consideration that one knows not how far what we have said of each other may affect our characters in the world, I take it for an act of honour to declare, on my part, that I have not known a greater mortification than when I have reflected upon the severities which have flowed from a pen which is now, you see, disposed as much to celebrate and commend you. On your part, your sincere endeavours to promote the reputation and success of this Tragedy are infallible testimonies of the candour and friendship you retain for me. I rejoice in this public retribution ; and with pleasure acknowledge that I find by experience that some useful notices which I had the good fortune to give you for your conduct in former life, with some hazard to myself, were not to be blotted out of your memory by any hardships that followed them. . . . I shall say no more, trusting to the gallantry of your temper for further proofs of friendship, and allowing you, like a true woman, all the good qualities in the world now I am pleased with you, as well as I gave you all the ill ones when I was angry with you."

To this resolution to bury the hatchet Mrs. Manley seems to have adhered ; though this did not prevent her aspersions on Steele appearing in the new editions of her works containing them.

We have for some considerable space neglected the private life of Mrs. Manley, It might perhaps have been expected that, after the closing of her affair with Tilly and her retirement to the country, and especially after Tilly's death, she would have been content, as *The Adventures* put it, " to bury all Thoughts of Gallantry in *Cleander's* Tomb." But the approach of an age which is kindly described as " certain," the increase of fat, and the tendency to dropsy did not determine her to give up ideas of love. Her last affair was a curious

and sordid one. We do not know exactly when it began, though we have a fair amount of detail about the final object of Mrs. Manley's affections, though practically nothing from her.

John Barber was born in London in 1675, being the son of Morgan Barber, whose calling was the same as his surname. The young John was apprenticed to a printer, and got on so well at his trade that at the age of twenty-five, with outside aid, he opened a printing-house in Queen's Head Alley, subsequently removing to Lambeth Hill, near Old Fish Street. By 1705 he had made for himself a name among booksellers and authors; and the beaux and belles alike were in the habit of visiting his printing-house, we are told.

Two pamphlets exist, professing to be biographies of Barber, both published just after his death in 1741. The first is *The life and Character of John Barber, Esq., late Lord Mayor of London*, which was written by Benjamin Norton Defoe, son of the famous Daniel, and published by T. Cooper. This is a work eminently unfavourable to the deceased, while pretending a certain amount of friendly feeling and admiration for him. The other, *An Impartial History . . . of Mr. John Barber*, written by "several hands" and published by E. Curll, is a counterblast to Defoe's work, but is even more severe to the late Lord Mayor. Both pamphlets are pityingly tender to Mrs. Manley's reputation.

According to Defoe, Mrs. Manley was among those who paid a visit to Barber when his reputation began to attract people interested in literature to Lambeth Hill. He was a good printer, and she decided to employ him for the production of her books. Gradually she came to feel a warmer regard for him; and he was too ruled by self-interest not to take advantage of the fact. Then, "for the sake, *only*, of being near the Press and more at hand to see her own Work done *correctly*, and better attended to than it had been, she had an Apartment fitted up for her at the House of Mr. Barber, with whom she resided till the Day of her Death."

It was in Barber's house that Mrs. Manley wrote *Lucius*, Defoe says, which dates the commencement of her *liaison* with

him between 1714 and 1717, that is to say between her forty-second and forty-fifth years.

Defoe gives the details that for *Lucius* Mrs. Manley insisted on six hundred guineas on delivery of the manuscript to the management at Drury Lane, instead of accepting the proceeds of benefit-nights, and that the management paid her what she asked and still made a good profit on a run of fifteen nights. Barber printed the play and did well out of it.

Lucius owed its success to the acting of Booth and Mrs. Oldfield in the leading parts, which Mrs. Manley highly commends in her preface to the published edition. It is pompous and full of the conventional tricks of the day. It was furnished with a "happy ending," apparently to please Mrs. Oldfield, but has a couple of violent deaths in the final scene nevertheless.

Mrs. Manley's conversation and residence with Barber, Defoe goes on, continued the same for some years, and "her Capacity and Conduct were equally concerned in rendering her Person and Parts subservient to his Pleasure and Profit at home and in promoting his Interest abroad." Every valuable friend he had in the world she made a friend—unfortunately, by a misprint, this appears as "fiend!"—to him; and to her and Mr. St. John he was indebted for his acquaintance among "the Gay and the Great."

We have no means of checking these, and other still more injurious, statements about John Barber. We know that he rose to be Alderman, which he was during most of the time of Mrs. Manley's connection with him, and ultimately, in 1733, Lord Mayor of London; and that he was befriended by Henry St. John, later Viscount Bolinbroke, Swift, Prior, and other famous men. No answer was made to the two libels on him published after his death; but he left no relative capable of making a reply.

To resume the story, Barber is said to have had the benefit of Mrs. Manley's pension. This seems, from what is stated in her will, to have been an allowance of £50 from the profits of the patent as Royal Printers, granted by Queen Anne jointly to Barber and to Benjamin Tooke, the bookseller. He also

had the profits, said to amount to many thousands of pounds, from the printing of Mrs. Manley's own works. Lastly, he had " the Advantages of her Conversation," as Defoe expresses it. All these favours he repaid exceedingly ill. He was a man of many gallantries, from his early youth. After taking Mrs. Manley to live with him, the pamphlet issued by Curll alleges that he only got to wait upon her " a common house-maid at £4 a year "—" an ignorant and insolent country wench, of as mean an extraction as his own "—and that his conduct with " this *Dulcinea* " soon broke Mrs. Manley's heart. One of Curll's contributors, signing himself, in good journalistic style, " Civis," adds that " such was the insolence of his behaviour to her that she justly gave him the name of *Tyrant*, and in a few years he might be said to assume the *Brute* in forsaking the *Polite-Mistress* to take up with the ignorant *serving Wench*."

Before the end came Mrs. Manley gave further proofs of her literary productiveness. In 1720, being now about fifty-eight, she brought out *The Power of Love, in Seven Novels*; and she contemplated another volume on the same lines, which Barber's conduct prevented her completing. It can hardly be supposed that the world has lost a masterpiece through this circumstance, for *The Power of Love* is frankly worse than tedious. In 1720 also she contributed some poems to a *Miscellany* edited by Anthony Hammond. Anything else she wrote she left unpublished at her death.

In 1724 the curtain came down upon Mrs. Manley's troubled and reckless career. Some time previously Alderman Barber had gone on a visit to Rome, taking with him, it is alleged, bills of exchange to the amount of £50,000 for " the Pretender," which had been entrusted to his care by the Duchess of B——, James's half-sister. Barber's Jacobite views had been inculated in him by Mrs. Manley, who after Queen Anne's death had been unable to reconcile herself to the presence on the British throne of an Elector of Hanover, Protestant though he might be. Barber saw James in Rome (thereby bringing down upon himself trouble with the authorities when he returned to England), fulfilled his mission, and prepared to come home. He did not write to Mrs. Manley to acquaint

her with his intentions, but to the " ignorant serving wench," whom he directed to meet him in Calais. He returned too late to see Mrs. Manley.

This was what was supposed to have finally broken her heart, though the immediate cause of her death was something much more prosaic. We quote from the obituary notice by " Civis," who after the passage which we have already cited continues :

> " Mrs. Manley was a Gentlewoman both by birth and Education. All who had the Happiness of her Conversation were soon convinced how free she was from the general vain frailties of her Sex ; what a nobleness and Generosity of Temper she was possessed of ; how distant her views from the least Appearance or mean Design ; how often have I heard her compassionately regretting the Miseries of Mankind, but never her own, unless they prevented her Benevolence to the Afflicted. . . . At length a most violent Fit of the Cholic, which kept her upon the Rack no less than five days, carried her off with its exquisite Torture."[1]

It was on July 11th, 1724, that Mrs. Manley succumbed to colic, in Barber's house on Lambeth Hill. It is probable that her sister Cornelia, now the widowed Mrs. Markendale, was with her at the end ; for " Civis " informs us that this lady lingered on a most irksome life of seven years, under the insolent treatment of " Barber and his Spinsters," until death released her. In Barber's will in 1741 there was a bequest of £50 to Mistress Markendale, to be doled out to her as the executors thought good—" the legacy very *mean* and the manner of paying it very scandalous," comments another of Curll's contributors. It did not matter very much, however, as Mrs. Markendale had died in 1731.

Mrs. Manley's remains were buried in the middle aisle of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, the entry in the burial-register being : " Delariviere Manley Widow in the Church 14 July

[1] We are irresistibly reminded of the burlesque obituaries in Max Adeler's *Out of the Hurly-Burly*—" Little Hannah " and the like. There is also a quaint forestalling of one of Albert Chevalier's songs in " the Gentlewoman by Birth and Education ! "

1724." A tombstone was erected to her, bearing the following inscription, which appears to have been her own composition :

Here lieth the Body of
Mrs. Delarivier Manley
Daughter of Sir Roger Manley, Knight,
Who, suitable to her Birth and Education,
Was acquainted with several Parts of Knowledge,
And with the most polite Writers, both in the
French and English Tongue.
This Accomplishment,
Together with a greater Natural Stock of
Wit, made her Conversation agreeable to
All who knew Her, and her Writings to be
universally Read with Pleasure.
She died July the 11th, 1724.

Her will, dated October 6th, 1723, nominated as executors Cornelia Markendale and Henrietta Essex Manley, "late of Covent Garden, child's coat-maker, but now in the Barbadoes." The relationship of the latter to her is uncertain. The principal parts of this will are of sufficient interest to deserve reproduction, though it is to be feared that even the addition of punctuation leaves the item about the £50 obscure. It will be noted that the poor woman expresses nothing but gratitude to Alderman Barber. It is true that the will was drawn up before the alleged heart-breaking blow.

"I commit my body to the Earth, to be as decently and obscurely interred as consists with the Circumstances of my birth and present manner of living, and if I dye at Berkley my desire is that I may be buried in the body of the said Church with a plaine white Marble stone bearing a Short Inscription to be laid over me. . . . But if it be the will of God that I should dye at London or elsewhere my request is that I may be buried in the Churchyard belonging to the same parish in which I shall happen to dye, with the same covering stone of white Marble, only with this addition that my grave may be ffenced in with Iron Rails to preserve

it from being disturbed . . . Item, fifty pounds a year from off the profits of patents for King's printer granted by Queen Anne to Ben Took Bookseller and John Barber printer, my salary of fifty per annum to commence when they shall receive any profit of the said patent and to continue for the same number of years as their grant shall be in force, to which end I humbly beg my much honoured friend the Dean of St. Patrick, Dr. Swift, as he was privy to the promise that was made me of the said ffifty pounds a year to be received from the said patent, that he will aid and assist my Executors in getting the same or having it secured to them, especially the Moyety from Mr. Took's Executor acknowledging to have received twenty pound of the said Mr. Took, when living, upon the Motive of that Claime for which I then gave him my Note, but could never get him to anything decisive, notwithstanding the Dean's letter and Alderman Barber's Solicitations, from whom I acknowledge to have received so many favours that I cannot with any assurance make my Claime from him of the half of the fiftie pound a year from the patent, only beging he may out of his usuall goodness assist my Executors in their lawfull Claime upon Mr. Benjamin Took's share. My Collection of Books, one Tragedy called the Duke of Somerset and one Comedy named the Double Mistress, which may perhaps turn to some account. All my other Manuscripts whatever I desire may be destroyed, that none ghost-like may walk after my decease, nor any friends' Letters to me nor Copies of mine to them or, in a word, nor the least from my papers be published but the said Tra. and Com."

The precaution about the destruction of other manuscripts than those of *The Duke of Somerset* and *The Double Mistress* was no doubt very necessary. Soon after her death it was represented to Walpole by Curll that she had left behind her a projected fifth volume of *The New Atalantis*, containing attacks on George I. and his ministers, and that this ought to be suppressed. Whether or not such a manuscript had ever existed, it never "ghost-like walked." But, in addition to

new editions of her undoubtedly genuine works, several other books appeared which were attributed to her without warrant. That she directed her correspondence also to be destroyed must be regretted, for it might have cleared up some of the obscure points in her history. Probably, however, Alderman Barber would not have troubled to preserve the letters in any case, unless he saw commercial value in them.

. . . . . .

What most deserves to live of this extraordinary woman is the memory of her wit. Most of her writings are either insipid to-day or else appallingly indecent. They are of some historical service, when we can arrive at the truth in them amid the malice. But the wit cannot be denied. She was well aware of this quality, as appears from her epitaph and elsewhere. She prided herself still more upon another quality, of the success of which, judging from the actual results of her loose living, we should not have thought she was entitled to boast. But she closes *The Adventures of Rivella* with the following paradox, uttered by *Lovemore*:

> "We may say [of her], in relation to Love, since she has a peculiar a genius for and has made such noble dicoveries in that Passion, that it would have been a *Fault in her not to have been Faulty.*"

MARCELLUS OR BUTCHER?

MARCELLUS OR BUTCHER?

"THE young Marcellus" to his admirers[1]; "Billy the Butcher" to his enemies—which title did William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, really deserve? Probably the less pleasing one, or some variant of it, such as "Butcher of Culloden," is that which is the more often remembered, even in days when the cause against which he was so active is a long dead romance, and the cause which he championed is a commonplace fact in the British Constitution. The calm, and the horror, of old history enwraps the struggle in which he played his part, and leaves Cumberland, once the darling of the English Whigs, under a cloud. Did he merit such a fate?

A very able defence of the Duke of Cumberland has been written, in modern days, by the Hon. Evan Charteris; the more able because it does not reject, but only extenuates, unwelcome facts. One does not feel called on to dispute the author's contention that the Duke was "a real Englishman," a "John Bull," who, unlike the rest of his family down to his time, "understood and profited by his education in English traditions and English ways of thinking." George II. and his wife, in their dislike of their elder son Frederick, are said to have cherished the idea of elevating William Augustus to the British throne, leaving to Frederick that of Hanover only. George I. laid an embargo on this notion; but his son and daughter-in-law, nevertheless, gave only to the younger of the two princes an English upbringing, with the result that he was accepted as an Englishman by the ruling political clique and the mass of the people, while Frederick was merely a rallying-point for some of the discontented elements of the aristocracy, speculating on that possibility of a succession to throne which was destined never to be fulfilled.

[1] The resemblances between the Duke and the adopted son of the Emperor Augustus are scanty enough for the justification of the name, which seems to have been coined for him by the fourth Lord Chesterfield.

We may accept the Duke, then, as, in spite of his very small tincture of British blood (one thirty-second part Scottish, reckoning from James I. and Anne of Denmark, and the rest practically pure German), a successfully Anglicised prince, to whom his acquired nationality was, to quote Mr. Charteris again, "the dominating influence in his career." He was, in his early days at least, what the most powerful section in England would have him be; an imposing-looking young man, speaking and writing their language with fluency, bluff, easily approachable by men and women alike, with no damned nonsense about culture in his composition, and a born fighter.

But the fact that popular history, while accepting the propriety of his cause, has condemned the Duke all the same drives us to consider whether there is anything solid behind such a view. George II. once said of his son to Henry Fox—several years after the 'Forty-five: "The English are so changeable. I don't know why they dislike him! It is brought about by the Scotch, the Jacobites, and the English that do not like discipline." It is certainly not only the Scots and the Jacobites who have had the making of popular history, up to recently indeed rather the privilege of the Whigs; and it is difficult to believe that these latter gentlemen have accepted calumnies for realities, merely on the authority of their opponents dead and gone. Is it a sense of fairplay which has made them agree that, while to the Newcastles, the Chesterfields, the Walpoles, and all the other adulators of the young Marcellus his policy of "bloodletting" was admirable, there were other people who with justification looked on it as barbarous villany? If so, we must concede them a grace for which we hardly look in historians of their school.

Of the three classes named by George II. as the vilifiers of his son's fame, certainly the Scots had the strongest grounds for their grievance. The English Jacobites, apart from those who had followed the Stuarts into exile, and a few honest souls who dared remain in England and yet protest against the usurpation of "the Elector" or "the Duke of Brunswick," forfeit sympathy by their unwillingness to expose themselves to any danger in the cause in which they professed to believe.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

From the painting by David Morier in the National Portrait Gallery

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But those who were both Jacobites and Scots stand on a different footing. In these days of the doctrine of Self-determination, we cannot dismiss the claim of the Scots of 1745 to their own King as a crime calling to be punished by the sword, the musket, and the gallows. That was the policy carried out by the Duke of Cumberland; and that is all that will concern us here. In other respects he may have been as estimable a man as his defenders like to make him out. But, if he was, not a mere tool in others' hands, but of his own free will, the ruthless harrier that he appeared to be of the unhappy adherents of the last Scottish Kings, to that extent he was a scoundrel.

. . . . . .

Born in England on April 15th, 1721, William Augustus was too young to have any acquaintance with attempts to disturb the hold of his family upon the British throne. In his infancy, indeed, there had been plots discovered; and in January 1744, in consequence of the outbreak of war between England and France, there had been the scare of an invasion of Scotland by a French army under the command of Marshal Saxe, accompanied by Prince Charles Edward and his fellow exiles—a project wrecked by a storm after the expedition had left Dunkirk. The Duke, therefore, had no experience of civil war when it fell to his lot to take command of an English army on English soil in 1745. But he was, for his years, already an old soldier. On his twentieth birthday he had been appointed to the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards. Next year he was transferred to the First Guards. In 1743 he saw active service, accompanying his father to the Continent and taking part in the battle of Dettingen on June 16th. Here he was wounded and obtained the eulogies proper to princes in warfare. There was no doubt, however, that he was personally brave and took a keen interest in military affairs.

At the beginning of 1745 the Duke found himself, to his delight, "Captain-General" of the British forces on the Continent, and commander-in-chief of the allied army in West Flanders, with the Austrian Marshal Königsegg to assist him.

So it came about that on April 30th, a fortnight after his twenty-fourth birthday, he was called on to face the famous Marshal Saxe in the battle of Fontenoy. The Duke was defeated, but far from disgraced, doing his utmost to check the disaster and exposing himself freely to danger. At Fontenoy he met for the first time in battle, apparently, some of those exiled Jacobites whom he was destined to meet again at Culloden.

By the defeat of Fontenoy the cause of the Allies in Flanders was ruined, and Saxe was able to devote himself to the capture of the fortresses. The Duke was not in the position to take the field against him again, and had retired to the neighbourhood of Brussels, when in early October an urgent summons arrived for him to return to England with his British troops. Prince Charles was in Scotland claiming the kingdom for his father, and invasion of England was threatened by the much dreaded Highlanders. For the first time for thirty years the Jacobite peril had become actual again.

With the knowledge which we now possess of the hidden events of those days, the Jacobite cause, from the sudden death of Anne onwards, appears to have been practically hopeless outside Scotland, and scarcely hopeful there. Anne's death took her half-brother James by surprise, whereas the upholders of "the Protestant succession" had seen to it that the Elector of Hanover should not be unprepared. In conformity with the Treaty of Utrecht they had procured the banishment from France of the man whom Louis XIV. had himself recognised as James III. in 1701, and seven years later had tried to assist on his way to Scotland. Louis crowned a career of bad faith towards the Stuarts when he expelled the exiled James, and it was but a small addition to this when, on the news of Anne's death, he refused to allow him to cross the frontier from his refuge in Lorraine. It was sufficient, however, to make matters secure for the Elector of Hanover. George I. and his son crossed and established themselves in London, while James could only issue from Plombières his manifesto against the usurpation. Riots and other demonstrations of discontent by the English Jacobites were

unavailing against armed force. The Whig *coup* was entirely successful.

At last, when James managed to escape from Lorraine and set out to claim what to him was his by hereditary right, it was a year too late. Scotland led off well in August 1715; but the sporadic attempts to follow suit in the West and North of England were accompanied by miserably small success. The battle of Preston decided affairs in England before James ever landed in Scotland; and through lack of organisation and lack of resources the Scottish adventure failed too. Had James possessed the personal magnetism of his son, and had he had also the modicum of support which France afterwards gave Charles, the result must have been very different, whether it led to a Restoration or not. In England there was a strong body of anti-Hanoverian sentiment then; in Scotland the Lowlands had not yet grown asunder from the Highlands in their allegiance to James VIII.

The 'Fifteen was followed by many executions (which would have been more but for the escape from prison of such noted captives as Lords Nithsdale and Winton and General Forster) and many sellings into slavery in the West Indies of more humble folk. Scotland suffered little in comparison with the North of England, because of the fiasco of James's late arrival. But after the abortive rising in 1719 to aid a landing by Seaforth, Marischal and Tullibardine—James being then in Spain, where once more the hopes of an expedition to Scotland were dashed by a storm at sea—the English Government became sterner; and in 1725 the general disarmament of the Highlanders was ordered.

Against James himself the English Government were strong enough to enforce a system of persecution on the Continent. After the failure of the 'Fifteen they had Lorraine forbidden to him; and when he went to Avignon, though it was a Papal possession, they procured his expulsion, with the aid of the crafty Philip of Orleans, Regent for the young Louis XV. When Clementina Sobieska was on her way to marry him in 1718, they persuaded the Emperor to arrest her as she passed through his dominions; and when she had been rescued, had

married James, and had borne him a son, they took care that Charles should be allowed no commission in any army in Europe. So far as they could help it, the Stuarts must have no friends in the world. All they could not do was to prevent James from living as best he could within the domains of the Pope, after appeals for help to Spain, Sweden and Russia to help in his restoration had come to nought.

The approach of war between England and France, over the question of the Imperial Succession, made a change in the fortunes of the Stuarts. Once more they were useful pawns in the French game, worthy of just so much of help as would embarrass England. As before William of Orange had been divided between his Dutch and his English interests, so now George II. was divided between his Hanoverian and his English interests; and in both cases it suited France to have a means of threatening England and forcing the withdrawal of English troops from the Continent for home defence. Even before war was certain, Cardinal Fleury, who had in 1737 turned down the suggestion of John Gordon of Glenbucket that France should lend her Irish regiments to aid a rising in Scotland, relented and promised the Irish regiments and £20,000 in gold. But Fleury died too soon to keep his promise, and the French Government began to exhibit anxiety as to the amount of co-operation that could be relied upon from the English Jacobites.

The participation of George II. and English troops in the battle of Dettingen enraged Louis XV., and decided him to attempt to restore the Stuarts if it did not cost him too much. He had received a glowing report from England about the unpopularity of the Hanoverians and the sentiments in favour of the rightful King. He went so far as to command an expeditionary force of 10,000 men to assemble at Dunkirk under Marshal Saxe, and to invite Prince Charles to join it. The Prince hastened from Rome and was with Saxe when on March 6th, 1744, the expedition started, to be wrecked by a most disastrous storm—the "Protestant wind" that played so great a part in the history of James II. and his descendants.

The unhappy Prince tried in vain to spur the French

Government on to renew the attempt. He was even denied an audience by Louis. But he was determined to go, if he had but a single footman with him, as he told the representative of the Scottish Jacobites. This man, the afterwards notorious Murray of Broughton, warned him that, instead of the 20,000 Scots whom he had been led to expect would join him, he had better not look for more than 4,000. Charles was immovable, and sent word of his approaching arrival. The Scottish chieftains were, for the most part, as Murray knew, loth to see him come without a force of trained troops and a plentiful supply of arms and money. They prepared for him, but with great misgivings if he should land without such a backing.

The result of Fontenoy resolved Charles to cast the die. He waited no more for France, but pawned his jewels and ran himself deep in debt to buy arms and ammunition and to fit out a small vessel *La Doutelle*, on which on June 22nd he and seven companions only embarked at Nantes, their identity being unknown to the crew. In money he had only 4,000 louis left.

At Belleisle Charles was joined by the *Elizabeth*, a 64-gun French warship, or rather privateer, which had been chartered by one of his adherents to act as escort. On July 5th the two vessels left Belleisle in company. Four days later they fell in with the English warship *Lion*, and a six hours' battle between her and the *Elizabeth* left both so crippled that the *Lion* drew off while the *Elizabeth* put into Brest, leaving *La Doutelle* to proceed without escort on her voyage round Scotland to the West Coast. On July 23rd the Prince set foot at Eriskay in the Western Isles, and two days later was at Borradale, Arisaig, on the mainland of Inverness. He rejected advice to go back, with the words: "I am come home, and will not return to France." The local chiefs, with the exception of the Laird of Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald, gave him their allegiance; and on August 19th the Royal Standard was raised at Glenfinnan. Advancing to Perth, the Prince was joined by Lord George Murray, and on September 13th he entered Edinburgh amid a great display of enthusiasm. Eight days later "Johnny" Cope was routed

at Prestonpans, and Scotland seemed lost to the Elector. So, indeed, his chief general in England, Wade, the road-builder, declared.

In reality, however, the situation was not so favourable to Prince Charles as it outwardly appeared. A change had come over the Lowlands since the days of the 'Fifteen. The nobility and gentry were largely reconciled to the government under which they had now been so long, and the mass of clergy of the established church had parted company with the non-jurors and upheld the *de facto* rulers to whom they looked for preferment. Only from "the commons" was much support forthcoming. A promise to remove the unpopular malt-tax greatly pleased the farmers, of whom the majority were maltsters. But the lack of lead from above made even the commons slow to answer the call for recruits. When they saw the aloofness or active hostility of so many great Scottish families—Campbells (of course), Munroes, Macleods, Mackays, Grants, some of the Mackenzies, etc.—they were less inclined to stir themselves. The notable accession to the Prince of the young Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, was not perhaps an unmixed blessing, for he was rather a firebrand and inclined to carry things with a high hand against the waverers. A system of "military executions" which it was deemed advisable to put into operation after refusals to join up—the burning of the houses and farmyards of the recalcitrants—aroused bitter feeling.

Of the towns Glasgow, called by the Englishman John Daniel, who joined the Prince in Lancashire and remained with him until Culloden, "one of the prittiest (but most Whiggish) towns in all Scotland," was decidedly anti-Jacobite, causing Charles to insist on a guarantee of £5,000 when he went south. Prosperity had made Glasgow, and much of the Lowlands, averse from disturbance for a sentimental regard for "the King over the water" or his son in their land.

A centre of resistance to the Prince's enterprise was formed by the Lord President of the Court of Session, Duncan Forbes, whose eloquence enabled John Campbell, Earl of Loudoun, and Norman Macleod, of Macleod, to raise a force of 2,000

Highlanders willing to take up arms against their fellow-countrymen. With these troops Loudoun, given the command in the North, made his way to Inverness and upheld the English Government's cause until aid should come from the South.

One of Charles's most serious difficulties was the shortage of horses. He could get together barely five hundred, and for an invasion of England a cavalry force of that strength was miserably inadequate. His slowness to invade is, therefore, easily intelligible.

Still the English Government were not in a position to know what obstacles Charles had to encounter, and to them the state of affairs after Prestonpans seemed to call for very vigorous action. They recalled the Duke of Cumberland from the Continent with all his English troops, and prepared the home forces to meet the coming invasion. They had already in August offered a reward of £30,000 for " the Pretender or his eldest son " ; but that was a gesture which required much to make it impressive.

On October 18th the Duke was back in London, not only ready but anxious to take a command against the invaders. There were two armies in the field, one under Field-Marshal Wade at Newcastle, and the other under General Sir John Ligonier in Staffordshire. It would have been invidious to supersede either of these officers ; but, providentially for the Duke, Ligonier fell sick and there was then no objection to his appointment. In spite of a reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, he was known to be fairly popular with his men ; and he had acquitted himself well in Flanders. The Court politicians were, of course,delighted at the idea of a prince of the ruling family going forth to meet " the Pretender's son."

On November 27th the Duke reached Lichfield and took over the command of Ligonier's troops, whose numbers are variously given but appear to have been somewhat over 10,000, including 2,200 cavalry. The infantry were distributed between Stafford and Tamworth, being thrown forward at Newcastle-under-Lyne. By the time that Cumberland assumed control, contact had nearly been established with the hostile forces. Entering England on November 8th with an army of 4,500 men, Charles

had taken Carlisle on the 18th. The aged Wade had failed to get farther than Hexham in his attempt to relieve Carlisle, and had returned to his headquarters at Newcastle-on-Tyne, contenting himself, though he had between 8,000 and 9,000 men, with sending a detachment north to recover Edinburgh. Charles, therefore, who had now the Protestant Lord George Murray, an able soldier, as his commander-in-chief, slipped down the West Coast, *via* Kendal and Lancaster, to Preston, which he entered on the same day as the Duke reached Lichfield.

At Preston, as Mr. Charteris points out, the Prince was in the place which had proved so fatal to Scottish armies in both 1648 and 1715. He made a stay of two days here, and then on the 27th entered Manchester amid "the ringing of bells, and great rejoicings and salutations," John Daniel writes. Lancashire was one of the most Jacobite counties in England, and in Manchester, if anywhere, he had a right to expect a welcome—and recruits. Of the latter he had picked up a number at Preston and had formed the nucleus of an "English Regiment," which now, out of compliment to the town, it was decided to rename the "Manchester Regiment" and to officer chiefly with Manchester men, the colonelcy being given, after some dispute, to Francis Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Lancashire, an English Roman Catholic gentleman, who had served in the French army. Hostile writers would make out that the Manchester Regiment were all riff-raff; but over a hundred of them, at least, proved their valour in the only way open to them, and paid the penalty for it.

So far, in spite of the small measure of reinforcement which their army had received—for the Manchester Regiment was but small—the invaders had shown considerable confidence. Even in Westmorland, as we hear from a letter written later by a Quaker farmer, they had boasted that they would send "Geordy" back to Hanover and "tread down his turnip-field dykes." (For some reason, the Jacobites always associated George II. with turnips!) As for the Duke of Cumberland, they called him "Geordy's Wully," with many more opprobrious names.

Still coming south, on December 1st the Jacobite forces were at Macclesfield, only seventeen miles distant from the enemy's cavalry at Newcastle-under-Lyne. There was no intention, however, of risking a battle, with a disadvantage in numbers of about two to one against; and Lord George Murray made a clever manœuvre, with the object of passing Cumberland's army and getting on the road to London first. He advanced south-westward to Congleton with a small detachment, thus leading Cumberland to think that Charles was striking towards Wales. The Duke moved his infantry north-westward to bar the way, whereon Charles with his main army swung south-east and was in Derby on December 4th.

Cumberland had been outwitted, but promptly attempted to remedy his error by a dash to Northampton, sending a despatch to London to assemble any available forces at Finchley to meet such of the enemy as might elude his grasp. London was in consternation at the receipt of the news that Charles had got to Derby; but there was little cause for panic. On December 6th Cumberland reached Coventry, where next day he learnt that, so far from pressing on to London, the Jacobite army was in retreat from Derby.

It was true. Charles had shot his bolt in England and had missed the mark. Apart from the few recruits picked up in Lancashire, he had scarcely a man more than when he had crossed the border. There had been no hearty display of enthusiasm to greet him even in the county where he had hoped to appear as a deliverer. In Derby the attitude was one of dislike tempered by terror. There was no news of a French move on the South Coast, for which the Jacobite agents in Paris had been fondly working and praying. The frightened Government in London had expected such an attempt, perhaps. But it is clear that the rumour had been set about as a piece of French bluff,[1] in aid of the operations in Flanders. What

[1] D'Argenson, the French War Minister, as Mr. Charteris notes, had assured Prince Henry Benedict in Paris that troops would be ready to start on December 9th; and Henry communicated the promise to his brother. It was, of course, necessary to keep the Stuarts in the dark as to the real policy of France, to whom Charles was, as Chesterfield said, "the occasional tool of their politics, not the real object of their care."

was still more compelling was that Scottish chieftains declined to proceed further south. At Manchester their hopes had sunk low. At Derby they had vanished. Charles found himself alone in the desire to press forward. Lord George Murray could not see his way to dissociate himself from the rest of the staff ; and his attitude compels us to think that an advance was really madness. The Prince fought hard for a day to overcome opposition ; but in the evening he was sorrowfully compelled to yield.

So on December 6th the retreat from Derby began, and Cumberland, as soon as he heard the news, was in pursuit. On the 9th he was back in Lichfield and next day at Macclesfield. He had discarded his infantry, except for a thousand whom he had mounted on horses supplied by the local owners, and with these and his cavalry he has hurried ahead. At Macclesfield, however, he received orders, forwarded after him from Coventry, to return to London, where the scare of a French invasion was still prevailing when the orders left. Further contradictory commands followed, and at last he decided to continue the pursuit. Arriving at Preston, he was there reinforced by another thousand cavalry under General Oglethorpe, detached by Wade, who had become active and was now in the neighbourhood of Doncaster.

A letter from Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle, written on December 11th, gives the first taste of what the young Marcellus was to prove in dealing with an enemy in distress. " There are," he says, " I believe, to the number of about fifteen to sixteen of their straglers picked up, who are sent to different jayls. As they have so many of our prisoners in their hands I did not care to put them to death, but I have encouraged the country people to do it as they may fall in their way."

The country people, it is to be feared, needed little encouragement ; for, whereas on the march south the Jacobite army obtained a certain measure of welcome as possible victors, even from those who were not in sympathy with them, on the retreat it was far otherwise. They were practically a beaten army, and as they retired, in wintry weather, through the countryside, they were in desperate need of supplies. They helped

themselves to necessities, and made enemies of their unwilling providers.[1] In Manchester, where previously they had met with a semblance of rejoicing, there was now undisguised hostility, causing Charles to levy a fine of £500 upon the town, of which he was able to collect about half. Still they pressed back, assailed in some cases by the county militia, who had made no opposition to their advance, but had become bold in their evil days, especially when Westmorland was reached. The Duke's orders for this, and for the destruction of bridges and roads, had gone forward by express messengers, carrying, as Daniel complains, false reports of a great Jacobite defeat.

On December 15th Charles reached Kendal, having to inflict some punishment there for an attack on his advance-guard; and two days later he was at Penrith with his main forces. But the difficulties of the road had caused his guns and ammunition to lag behind, necessitating the leaving of a strong rearguard for their extrication and protection. In consequence by daybreak on the 18th the pursuers were at length able to catch up with the pursued. A detachment of Bland's light cavalry, indeed, actually managed to get in front of the Jacobite rearguard by an outflanking dash to Thrimby, but was routed. About 2 p.m. the Duke with his full cavalry strength was upon the most backward portion of the retreating army, which was composed of the Macdonald clansmen. The latter, though on foot, fought a series of brave actions in the narrow country roads, and held off the cavalry until the guns and ammunition were safely out of Westmorland and on their way to Carlisle.

The over-close attentions of the Duke's troops, however, had decided Lord George Murray to come back with reinforcements from the main army at Penrith and lay an ambush for the enemy near Clifton village, on the Westmorland side of the county border, so as to delay the pursuit. He hid his men on the sides of Clifton Moor, a triangular enclosed space into which

[1] John Daniel insists on the excellent behaviour of the Jacobite army in England, and admits to no more serious charge than that they commandeered horses on the retreat. On his showing, the slight chastisements which they inflicted on Manchester and Kendal were the result of much provocation. Daniel, though an enthusiast in the Prince's cause, seems to have been a fair-minded man. He does not, however, like "Cumberland Will," as he calls him.

only three narrow roads led. An hour after sunset, or about 5 p.m., when it was " pretty cloudy " with an occasional breaking out of a bright moon, the Duke's cavalry fell into the trap and were assailed with volleys of musketry from their concealed opponents. The Duke dismounted his dragoons and started to try to carry the position by storm ; but Murray, with a shout of " Claymore ! " let loose a charge of Highlanders in the darkness, which routed the dragoons. Then he prudently ordered a retreat, leaving the Duke to claim a victory. But really, as a ballad of the period says, " None got the day, because it was night."

This small battle, which lasted about half an hour, cost the pursuers possibly only eleven men killed and Murray five. Owing to the lack of light the shooting on both sides was not very deadly. Cumberland in his despatch put his total losses at four officers wounded and about forty men killed or wounded. It is very significant, in view of future events, that he alleges to Newcastle that the Highlanders —" the Rebels," as he calls them—in their charge upon the dragoons, cried, " No quarter ! Murder them ! " We have no confirmation of this allegation, though he adds that his officers " received several wounds after they were knocked down." As there were only four officers wounded, and none killed, there does not seem much to write about as regards " no quarter " !

Aided by the action at Clifton, Charles reached Carlisle in safety, and on December 20th, which was his twenty-fifth birthday, he left again, putting as garrison about 400 men,[1] including the Manchester Regiment. It is said that this was against the advice of Lord George Murray ; and in any case it seems to have been a foolish step. The next day Cumberland appeared before the town. As soon as his guns arrived he started to bombard it. The garrison had no choice but to surrender, though Towneley was for fighting on, until overruled by the Scots commander, John Hamilton, factor to the Duke of Gordon. They made an appeal for terms, to which Cumberland replied that all the terms he could grant were

[1] Daniel says about 500—300 Scots and 200 English ; but the English figure seems too large.

that they should not be put to the sword, but should be "reserved for the King's pleasure."

"I wish," he wrote to Newcastle on December 30th, the day of the surrender, "I could have blooded the soldiers with these villains, but . . . it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim on the King's mercy, and I sincerely hope will meet with none."

The prisoners taken were 274 Scots, 114 English, and eight French. Five of the English, troopers who had been in Cope's army and had deserted, were executed at once. The remainder were sent as prisoners to London in February to meet "the King's mercy." The result, as far as can be ascertained, was that of the twenty English officers, from the Manchester Regiment, nine were hung, as also was a chaplain; and of seventeen Scottish officers five were hung. The three French officers were allowed the treatment of prisoners of war. What became of those officers who were not hung, and of the English, Scottish and French non-commissioned officers and men, is uncertain. Whatever the fate of the Britons, it is not likely to have been pleasant. The two commanders, poor Towneley (who pleaded in vain that he had been an officer in the French army) and Hamilton, were both made examples of on the gallows on Kennington Common, Towneley in July, and Hamilton in November 1746. Naturally we cannot attach any blame to Cumberland for these executions.

With the failure of Charles's attempt to gain England, the Government felt emboldened to recall the Duke south to meet the still dreaded French invasion. On January 2nd, 1746, he left Carlisle for London. In his place the command of the English forces against Charles was given to Lieutenant-General Hawley, an old cavalry officer for whom the Duke had a high esteem. "I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility," wrote Horace Walpole to Mann. "He is called *Lord Chief Justice*; frequent and sudden executions are his passion." Walpole might have added another nickname for Hawley among the troops, namely "The Hangman," which he had earned by his severity in punishing breaches of discipline.

Fortunately for the Jacobites, Hawley's capacity as a general did not equal his reputation as a martinet, and he very soon destroyed the effect of Cumberland's association with the troops. Charles had reached Scotland with a scarecrow of an army, and Glasgow, which had been rebellious since his departure south and now received him in no friendly spirit, was called upon to forfeit its £5,000 guarantee, which was used for the rehabilitation of the troops. But the Prince found waiting for him in Scotland Lord John Drummond, at last arrived from France with the Royal Scots and detachments from the Irish regiments in French service, making altogether 800 regular troops; and recruits under young Gordon from Aberdeenshire and Banff, and from the Clan Fraser, which the "old fox," Simon, Lord Lovat, had at last allowed to be called out in the Jacobite cause. About 4,000 fighting men were thus added to Charles's army. With them he effected a junction at Stirling, having now about 8,000 effectives; and on January 8th, 1746, he forced the capitulation of the town.

Hawley was in Edinburgh, and moved to relieve Stirling Castle, which still held out. On the stormy evening of January 16th the rival armies met on Falkirk Muir. Though the numbers were about the same, Charles's victory was ridiculously easy; and Hawley retired to Edinburgh to write a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, in which he said that "his heart was broke," and bitterly complained of the scandalous cowardice of some of his troops.

Cumberland wrote back in consoling strain, but expressed the hope that the orders which the Duke of Newcastle was sending by the same post would hinder such proceedings as at Falkirk for the future. "Officers should especially be made examples of," he added. On January 25th he started back north to relieve Hawley, and on the 30th was at Holyrood Palace, to the apparent delight of the fickle crowd which had welcomed Prince Charles there in September. He signalised his taking over the command from Hawley by an act of politic mercy, pardoning the privates who had exhibited cowardice at Falkirk, though he declined to take the regiment which had

behaved worst to the front. With regard to the officers he wrote to Newcastle that, if he might venture to give his opinion, he wished the King would supersede them all, "since they are not to be hanged." He was obviously not inclined to clemency in their regard; but this was a matter of military discipline, which has its own rules.

Apart from Hawley's beaten army, the English Government had other forces in Scotland, though their situation was precarious if the Lowlands should come under Jacobite control. At Inverness there were Lord Loudoun and Macleod of Macleod, with their 2,000 so-called "loyal Highlanders," who had been furnished with arms, to the no small misgiving of many people in England. Then there were Fort William and Fort Augustus, also in Inverness, both held by garrisons in the Government interest. On the East Coast the fleet under Admiral Byng kept up a blockade, all the important harbours northwards being in Jacobite hands. The blockade was fairly effective, though we hear of the occasional landings of driblets of men and much needed sums of money from France. Byng had been unable to prevent the arrival of all Lord John Drummond's forces, but he had succeeded in capturing two transports out of eight. Later he cut off two out of three transports, which were making for Aberdeen with 500 of Fitzjames's Dragoons on board, and also seized the sloop *Prince Charles*, carrying gold to the value of £12,000. Leith, of course, was in English hands since the recapture of Edinburgh.

Cumberland's first duty was to relieve Stirling Castle, which Charles had invested after becoming master of the town. This was soon accomplished, without a battle. After Falkirk the Jacobite forces had dwindled, after the manner of Highland armies near their own homes and laden with a certain amount of booty. Daniel, who reckoned that Charles had between 5,000 and 6,000 with him at Falkirk, says that at Stirling he had only about 3,000. Moreover the chieftains, who were in a state of dissension among themselves, insisted (as was probably true) that their men were not in a condition to encounter the enemy. This was another bitter blow to the Prince, who strove again for a whole day to overcome his

advisers' opposition to a battle. Though supported apparently by Lord George Murray,[1] he strove in vain and at last, writing to them a note, saying that he washed his hands of the consequences, consented to a retreat. Early in the morning of February 1st he crossed the Forth, and Southern Scotland saw him no more.

Cumberland followed northward, by way of Crieff and Perth to Aberdeen. His progress was slow, the feeling in the Highlands being very different from that in the Lowlands, and the difficulties of provisioning the invading troops being great. He was compelled to halt two weeks at Perth, to organise supplies, and it was not until February 27th that he was in Aberdeen. The conditions of the country now favoured the Jacobites, who gained several small successes, and two at least of some importance. On February 20th they had taken Inverness Castle, and driven Lord Loudoun and his "loyal Highlanders" in flight to Skye; and on March 5th they compelled the surrender of Fort Augustus, one of the two English strongholds guarding the West Coast. Moreover they were encouraged by the successful running of the naval blockade by two small parties of Fitzjames's Dragoons and Berwick's Regiment, with a consignment of money from France.

In spite of the loss of Inverness and Fort Augustus, however, the invaders had the situation well in hand. The arrival of 5,000 Hessian troops in early February enabled Cumberland to check any attempt of the Jacobites to reappear in the Lowlands. Without actually using them in the field, he stationed them at Stirling and Perth, and so saved himself from the necessity of drawing on his English forces. No really effective help could come from the East Coast. The Jacobites were "bottled" in the Highlands, and sooner or later the battle which Charles had not been allowed by his advisers to offer at Stirling must take place.

As soon as the season improved and the water in the Spey

[1] Daniel, who was attached to Lord Balmerino's regiment of Life Guards, in consequence of his loyalty to his chief never does justice to Murray, between whom and Balmerino the relations were far from cordial. He more than once hints at the absurd story of Murray's treachery.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

From an engraving by N. F. B. de Poilly after Domenico Dupra

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subsided, Cumberland advanced westward, in the direction of Inverness, where Charles had been spending some weeks. Lord John Drummond, to whom, with 2,000 men, had been entrusted the talk of guarding the passage of the Spey, allowed himself to be surprised, and fell back on Culloden before the English forces, enabling them to reach Nairn unopposed. On April 15th the Duke celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday at Nairn, while Charles had assembled his army at Culloden, five miles in front of Inverness. Partly in consequence of the Jacobite leaders hearing that Cumberland had served out to his men a birthday-treat of two gallons of brandy to each regiment,[1] they decided to attempt a night-attack upon his camp. This was badly managed, and at dawn on the 16th the attackers found themselves still three miles from their objective. Lord George Murray saw nothing for it but to order a retreat, to the Prince's disgust; and about 7 a.m. the tired and drenched Scots were back at Culloden, Charles and his principal officers retiring to rest at Culloden House.

The hour of doom was just about to strike. The Prince was aware that all hopes of aid from France were gone. He had an army disorganised by hunger and lack of discipline. Dissension was rife among the leaders, and he suspected treason, even in Lord George Murray, of all men, who had so ably maintained the struggle against adversity up to now. Whether he actually blamed Murray for the failure of the night-attack is uncertain; but it is at least reported that he did so.

It was not a question of choice, however, about offering battle to Cumberland's army. That army was upon the Scots but a few hours after the intended surprise against it had miscarried. Aroused at 4 a.m., it was quickly on the march. Four hours later, Charles and his staff were awakened from their brief sleep at Culloden House by the news that the enemy's cavalry were only two miles distant and the main army about two miles further off. The drums and pipes were sounded —the overture to the last act of the tragedy.

[1] They hoped to find "the red-coats all drunk" (letter in *The Lyon in Mourning*, I. 260); but Cumberland knew better than to give his men too much drink before the battle.

It is extraordinary with what care everything seems to have been arranged that the odds should be absolutely against all chance of a Jacobite victory, or even an opportunity of "living to fight another day." Of course, it was only a matter of seeming; for it is impossible to believe that treachery on the part of any of Charles's advisers contributed to the giving of battle on the morning of April 16th. But position of the Jacobite army was woeful. In numbers they were, as far as can be ascertained from very varying estimates, under 5,000 strong, with only 150 cavalry, and, at the most, not more than nine pieces of artillery. Some 800 men, Scottish, Irish and French, were regulars from the French army. There were hundreds more Highlanders, perhaps a couple of thousand, who still slept exhausted near the battlefield or had straggled into Inverness in search of rest and food. The only ration which could be served out to the troops on the previous day had been one biscuit. It was said that 3,000 reinforcements from the West were hourly expected; but the battle would not wait for them. Had a retreat on Inverness been practicable, the situation might have been saved. Sheer physical weariness of the men prevented that.

On the other hand, Cumberland had under his command probably nearly 9,000 men, including three regiments of cavalry, and eighteen guns. His army was in good condition after the rest in Aberdeen, and the infantry had been trained in a new style of bayonet-fighting, to meet the dreaded rushes of the Highlanders with their claymores and targets.

The scene of the coming struggle was unfavourable to the smaller army. Drummossie Muir, though it offered some protection on the flanks for the defenders, was too open to afford shelter against Cumberland's great superiority in cavalry and guns. The very weather played its part against the Jacobites, wind and rain blowing in their faces.

It was not yet noon when the Duke, now about two miles distant, halted his troops and made them an encouraging harangue. Soon the two armies were engaged, with musketry and gun-fire, greatly to the advantage of the better-armed forces.

No new description of the battle is needed. Charles had but one weapon which gave him any hope of success, the Highland charge; and at last he decided to risk all on it. But this time "Claymore!" failed. The Scottish right and centre, indeed, made some progress, the right even breaking clean through the first of the enemy's three lines and inflicting on them most of the losses which they suffered at Culloden. The second line, however, held them up with musketry, and Lord George Murray, who led the charge, was unhorsed. In his report on the battle Cumberland says that the Highlanders stayed for a minute or two, throwing stones—they had discarded their muskets—and then "the total rout began," which was completed by a charge of dragoons.

The beaten Prince was hustled away by some of his supporters across the River Nairn. The victorious Duke rode proudly among his infantry, greeted with shouts of "Now, Billy, for Flanders!" It would have been well for his fame could he have been that same hour transferred from Culloden to Flanders. He had proved his generalship, even if all had been in his favour. He remained, however, to prove that the expression "the brutal and licentious military" in those times was but a mild term of reproach.

. . . . . .

We have come now to the section which makes the excuse for including the Duke of Cumberland in this book. It is not necessary, however, to go into the subject at great length. The only questions to be answered are two; Were there awful atrocities committed, against combatants and non-combatants alike, at and after Culloden? and, if so, was the Duke primarily responsible for them?

It may be presumed that the loosing of a campaign of atrocities will not be denied, even by those who consider that the tale was grossly exaggerated. This, however, may be left for the moment. If it is granted that atrocities were committed, who was responsible? At the time of the battle the Duke was absolute commander, so that it is not unfair to charge him with the prime responsibility for what occurred on the

field and immediately afterwards.[1] With regard to later proceedings, as long as he remained in Scotland, it was to him that everyone looked for guidance as to the policy to be carried out, and his therefore is the guilt that this policy was devoid of mercy or any regard for a perfectly justifiable national feeling; for we may assert this in spite of the existence of so many Scots who had accepted the rule of the Georges.

It is, of course, perfectly true to say that Whig opinion of the day looked for ruthless severity from the Duke of Cumberland and was ready to applaud it without stint. "I fancy the Duke will send you some food for Tyburn soon," wrote the Duke of Richmond gleefully to Newcastle on November 29th, 1745; and on the following March 9th he wrote again that he "had always much rather the Duke should destroy the rebels than that they should lay down their arms." "I depend upon my Marcellus, the Duke, for exterminating these rascals," wrote Lord Chesterfield from Dublin Castle next month. "For my part," he told Newcastle in March, 1746, "I would put a price upon the heads of 'em, and then they would bring in and destroy one another. . . . Why not put a price upon the Drummonds, the Gordons, the Glengairys, and the rest of those rascals? They are not enemies but criminals, we cannot be at war with 'em." And again, the same month: "Recall your Scotch Heroes,[2] starve the whole country indiscriminately by your ships, put a price upon the heads of the Chiefs, and let the Duke put all to fire and sword." "If the King does send him to Scotland," says Horace Walpole to Mann on January 3rd, "it should not be with that sword of mercy with which the present family have governed these peoples." This anti-Scottish feeling, it may be noted, was very widespread;

[1] When the Duke wrote to Newcastle in March to enquire his father's "thoughts and determinations" with regard to policy, Newcastle replied that, "as General of His Majesty's army, Your Royal Highness has his authority to do whatever is necessary for suppressing this unnatural rebellion." No more specific instructions were given him.

[2] *Sc.* the "loyal Highlanders," who sided with the Government, but whom Chesterfield was very loth to see armed. "The proverb indeed says," he writes earlier to Newcastle, "set a thief to catch a thief, but I beg leave to except Scotch thieves." This ardent anti-Jacobite, the fourth Earl, was indeed a strange contrast to his grandfather, who carried his devotion to the Stuarts almost to the point of folly.

and to the more ignorant classes in England the " Highlander " figured as a mere savage.

The sword of mercy, of which neither the Scots nor the North of England Jacobites had been especially aware in the 'Fifteen, was not taken in the Duke's baggage when he left London in November 1745. We have seen what happened at Carlisle. In Scotland at first, before victory was assured, the Duke kept himself and his troops well in hand. There is something ominous, however, in what he wrote to Newcastle from Crieff on February 5th: " This day we began marching through some of the Drummond's, Strathallan's and other disaffected persons' estates. I thought fit to let the soldiers a little loose with proper precautions that they might have some sweets with all their fatigue." We may wonder what his proper precautions were. But we must admit that he took severe steps against unauthorised plundering, and even hung two soldiers on the gallows at Aberdeen, for the edification of their comrades.

The victory at Culloden changed Cumberland's policy. We have to be very careful, of course, about accepting testimony against him which comes from purely Scottish and Jacobite sources, since it could scarcely help being biassed. Such evidence was collected in that series of manuscript volumes, *The Lyon of Mourning*, by the Right Rev. Robert Forbes, Bishop of Ross and Caithness. Forbes was an ardent friend of the Stuarts, but his good faith cannot be questioned, and he took immense pains to gather the impressions of actual eyewitnesses of the events which he wished to record, and to test their evidence. Therefore we cannot reject *The Lyon in Mourning* as a mere biassed compilation. It contains, on the contrary, much valuable first-hand material which, stripped of demonstrable exaggerations, must be admitted into the case of the Duke of Cumberland.

First as to the battle of Culloden itself, when victory had been assured. We may agree, with Mr. Charteris and other apologists, that the story of the Duke seeing a wounded Highlander smile defiantly at him, saying to the future General Wolfe, " Shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares look

on us with such contempt and insolence," receiving the reply, "My commission is at Your Royal Highness's disposal, but I can never consent to become an executioner," and getting a private to kill the poor wretch—we may agree that this story is vitiated by the fact that Wolfe was *aide-de-camp*, not to Cumberland, but to "Hangman" Hawley. It is true that the Rev. James Hay, of Inverness, one of Forbes's principal informants about the atrocities, asserted that Cumberland asked "a young gentleman of distinction," whom he saw on the battlefield, to whom he belonged, and getting the answer, "To the Prince," first tried in vain to get two officers to shoot him and finally had him killed by a private. It is true also that the story was obviously current at the time, and that the victim was identified with "young Inverallochy," Charles Fraser junior. But it is not improbable that the discredit should be transferred, even unwittingly, from Hawley to the Duke; and we may leave it there.

It does not appear certain whether any order of "No quarter" was issued to Cumberland's army on April 16th. The subject is not mentioned in the published version of his speech before the battle; and he records taking 222 French and 326 "rebel" prisoners. But he reckons that their losses—obviously in killed—were 2,000 on the field and in the pursuit, "as few of their wounded got off." A Presbyterian minister, who lived near the scene of action, estimated, from the bodies which he saw, the number of the slain Scots at 750, or, including those killed in the pursuit, 1,200. Yet another account makes 1,500 slain on the battlefield alone, though it is not clear whether these figures includes the subsequently butchered wounded.[1]

It was on the day following the battle that a pretext was found for the infamous feature of Cumberland's victory; and soldiers were sent out on the 18th to discover all the disabled Jacobites still lying on the moor or in its neighbourhood, and to put them to death. They performed their dreadful task thoroughly. One of the worst cases occurred at the house of

[1] Cumberland's official report of his own losses is 43 killed and 236 wounded. But the casualties on the left wing alone, as the result of the Highlanders breaking through the front line, are said to have been 200.

William Rose, grieve to the Whig Lord President Forbes, where twelve wounded had taken refuge. The soldiers came and, taking them out to a hollow near the battlefield, shot them in cold blood. This was vouched for by Rose himself; and Mrs. Rose added that the wounded were led away on the pretext of being taken to see surgeons. Another house was burnt down with eighteen wounded in it. In the end all those too disabled to have got away from Culloden had been accounted for. For eight days after the battle the corpses were still lying about unburied, stripped, mutilated and shamefully insulted.

Nor was this massacre confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Culloden. Some of the wounded had dragged themselves to Inverness, where they were followed up and killed. Men who had not taken part in the battle were among the victims.

The excuse for the cold-blooded slaughter after the battle is the subject of a famous historical controversy. It was alleged that in the pocket of a prisoner taken at Culloden was a copy of an order signed by Lord George Murray, beginning:

> "It is His Royal Highness's positive orders that every person attatch himself to some corps of the armie, and remain with that corps night and day untile the Battle and persute be finally over, *and to give no quarter to the Elector's troops, on no account whatever.* This regards the Foot as well as the Horse."

The order, as it appears above, is mentioned in a letter of Wolfe's written on April 17th and is quoted in the *Edinburgh Courant* and other newspapers in their accounts of the battle. But there are in existence still three copies of Murray's order, in his own handwriting, none of which contains the italicised words.[1] The very way in which they break the sense—for who would think of ordering that they applied not only to the handful of cavalry in the Jacobite army?—is sufficient to show

[1] See p. 313 below.

that they are a gross and clumsy interpolation, made with object of furnishing an excuse for what was to follow.

The wording of Cumberland's order issued on the 17th is:

> "A captain and fifty men to march immediately to the field of battle and search all cottages in the neighbourhood for rebels. The officers and men will take notice that the publick orders given yesterday were to give us no quarter."

Mr. Charteris, in his defence of the Duke, claims that this need not mean what it naturally seems to mean. "The phrase is at least ambiguous," he says. "The Duke, it must be remembered, was careful of his soldiers' lives, and though the wording of the order may have been unfortunate, yet the intention may well have been to warn those detailed for the work that they had to deal with desperate men from whom no quarter was to be expected. Such an interpretation, at any rate, is entitled to be considered." He also makes a point of another order dated March 24th and issued by the Earl of Cromartie, who was conducting operations for the Prince in Sutherland. This was a warning to all who had belonged to Loudoun's forces to bring in their arms in two days' time, on pain of having their houses and cattle destroyed and "all the men of the country put to the sword." A copy of this, he says, was in Cumberland's hands, as well as Lord George Murray's order.

Cromartie's order, however, threatening penalties against those who were, in his eyes, rebellious Highlanders, has nothing to do with the battle of Culloden. Nor is it germane to the question that it was a common belief in the English army that they must expect no quarter, except in so far that this was the impression which their leaders wished them to have. Hawley, for instance, had so primed his men before Falkirk.

It is difficult to see how, on the evidence, any fair-minded judge can maintain that the massacre of the wounded Jacobites was not an act of diabolical cruelty, based on a forgery to reinforce carefully spread tales among the English soldiery. The complete effectiveness of the ruse is its greatest condemnation.

The killing of the wounded was only one part of the reign of terror designed to prevent a Jacobite recovery. All deserters from the English ranks who had been taken prisoners before the no-quarter order, were hanged or shot in the courtyard of Culloden. These included not only actual deserters, but also men who had been captured by the Jacobites and had been induced to serve under the Prince to secure their freedom. This again might be justified by military practice, in spite of the special circumstances of the case. The same, however, could not be said of the rounding up of all the "disaffected" after Cumberland's arrival in Inverness and their consignment to prison among the common criminals, without bedding, with only half a pound of oatmeal a day, and, worse still, with a totally inadequate supply of water. Francis Stuart, a young man, son of a bailie of Inverness, who is one of Bishop Forbes's most trustworthy informants, vouched for having often passed the prison and heard the captives crying out for water. No one, not even a doctor, was allowed to go near the wounded among the prisoners; and several times Stuart saw three or four bodies in a day brought out, naked, by the town beggars, to be buried in the churchyard.

Even more terrible, if affecting less people, was the occasional maltreatment of not only men, but women and children, by parties of soldiers. Cumberland sent a detachment from Inverness to arrest the high-spirited young Lady Macintosh, the Jacobites' "Colonel Anne," at her house at Moy. A Farquharson by birth, Lady Anne had married Æneas Macintosh; but, whereas he had sided with the Elector, she was one of the Prince's most loyal adherents and had raised a regiment to support him. When her husband was captured at Dornoch on March 20th, the Prince had consigned him to her charge. Now she was a prisoner herself. On her way to Inverness she saw fourteen dead bodies of men, women and children on the roadside, the victims of her escort on their journey to Moy.[1]

[1] Daniel tells a pitiful tale of forty women, many with children in their arms, whom he met near Lochaber, in his wanderings after Culloden. Their homes had been burnt by soldiers from Fort William, and they had been driven out, starving, to lie in clefts of rocks amid the snow, and to perish without a hand to save them.

For other murders, mutilations, rapes, and brutal evictions against the civilian population we cannot hold the Duke personally answerable. But they occurred under his rule, and we hear of exceedingly little punishment being inflicted on the perpetrators of them. As he was popular with his men, in spite of his reputation as a martinet, he certainly could have stopped, or punished, such practices had he wished. The only inference is that he considered it the proper policy not to stop them.

The hanging of "deserters" continued at Inverness, and, according to one of Bishop Forbes's informants, the bodies were left hanging until the gallows was full, sometimes fourteen bodies hanging at a time. Francis Stuart tells of an unfortunate wretch sent to Cumberland from Fort Augustus on the wrongful suspicion of being a spy, and by his orders hanged on a tree at the cross-roads, where the body was exhibited naked for two days, before the Duke's own eyes among others. This extra touch of brutality was characteristic of the Duke and his friend Hawley; though, of course, in that they were no worse than many others.

For some of the prisoners the fate was reserved of being shipped to London for trial and punishment, which were practically synonymous terms. But for many of these it would have been better to perish at once on the gallows at Inverness. Starved, filthy, verminous, sick, lying on the ballast in the holds of transports, and prevented by armed sentries from ever leaving the hold, they were a ready harvest for death, and for few of them was it destined to survive for the pleasant prospect of slavery in the West Indies, provided it was not decided to finish them off with an execution on Kennington Common.

A minor incident in the campaign of repression was the destruction of the churches of the non-juring ministers of the then Church of Scotland, who were naturally Jacobite in sympathy. Cumberland had begun this good work in Aberdeenshire, where he had ordered all "non-jurant meeting houses and popish mass houses" to be destroyed as the army marched along. Any Roman priests found were to be seized, but non-jurant ministers were "not to be otherwise disturbed, unless

concerned in the rebellion." If they were concerned, of course, they shared the fate of laymen. This policy continued in Inverness, and Hawley took delight in it. On one occasion he was discussing with his officers the burning of a meeting house, with its seditious preacher in it, when Hossack, a former Provost of Inverness and a Whig, who had called to pay his respects, ventured to hope that extreme measures would not be taken. "Damn the puppy!" cried Hawley. "Does he presume to dictate to us?" The unhappy Hossack was propelled to the door, and actually kicked downstairs by one of the officers. Whiggism was a poor protection, under the government then existing at Inverness, unless the Whig was prepared to applaud every extreme measure to crush out "rebellion." We may add, however, that we do not read of any "seditious preachers" being burnt in their churches. The conquerors seem to have been content to use the altars, pulpits and seats as fuel for the army ovens.

At Inverness Lord President Duncan Forbes came to see the Duke and give him the benefit of his advice upon the situation. Forbes was more struck, or professed to be more struck, with the Duke than the Duke was with him. "As yet," wrote Cumberland to Newcastle, "we are vastly fond of each other, but I fear it won't be for long, as he is as arrant Highland-mad as Lord Stair or Crawford. He wishes for lenity, if it can be with safety, which he thinks, but I don't." According to Forbes's namesake, the Bishop, on one occasion at the Duke's levee the Lord President ventured to refer to the laws of the country, whereon Cumberland exclaimed: "The laws of the country! My lord, I'll make a brigade give laws, by God!"

After spending a month in Inverness, Cumberland moved his headquarters to Fort Augustus, as a more convenient place from which to "bring the Highlanders to reason." His method was first of all to offer pardon and protection to all, except definitely proscribed people, who would bring in their arms and make their submission. When this produced little effect, he was, in Mr. Charteris's words, "reluctantly driven to that process of devastation and burning which spread misery through

the hills and has caused his name to be execrated." Mr. Charteris holds that "probably most commanders of that epoch would have acted with more harshness; none, we may hazard the conjecture, would have acted more leniently." It is, of course, a matter of conjecture. All we know is that Cumberland, to whom the Highlanders' attitude was "unconscionable obstinacy," and who described them to Newcastle as "a more stubborn and villanous set of wretches than I imagined could exist," carried out his policy ruthlessly and, ably assisted by those who followed him, crushed the spirit of resistance, thus contributing, as Mr. Charteris says, to "that general pacification which smoothed the path of commerce and natural development, and secured to Scotland the first-fruits of the Act of Union." In comparison with such boons, what could such trivialities matter as the deaths of thousands of men, of hundreds of women and children, the making of a waste and calling it peace, the stripping from a nation of its customs, its traditions, and even its dress? The last point is a curious one; for, if Cumberland's measures against the clan system were effective, the kilt at least remains unconquered to this day!

By the middle of July the Duke's work in Scotland was considered to have been satisfactorily carried out, and he was recalled to London. He was not himself convinced that he had done enough, for on the day before he left Fort Augustus he wrote to Newcastle: "I am sorry to leave this country in the condition it is in, for all the good we have done is a little blood-letting, which has only weakened the madness but not at all cured, and I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this Island and of our Familly."

On July 18th he departed south, and a week later he was in London, where he was received as a national hero and voted by a grateful Parliament the sum of £2,500 a year. But even thus early there was some feeling that all had not been nobly done, if there is any truth in the story told by Horace Walpole, on August 1st, that on a proposal to elect the Duke freeman of one of the City companies an alderman said, "Then let it be of the Butchers!" This seems to have been the first articulate

expression of a sentiment which was to grow gradually in England, until it became so strong as to contribute not a little to blasting the Duke's career. So, to some extent, was justice done, even in the country which sent Cumberland to Scotland.

The good Bishop Forbes—he seems really to have deserved the conventional adjective for bishops, although he was not a Whig—wrote out, in his *Lyon in Mourning*, a poem addressed to the Duke of Cumberland in 1757. It appears to be his own composition. One stanza refers to the Culloden period :

> How good and great it was to see
> The wounded freed of all their pain!
> The many prisoners set free!
> The decent burials of the slain!
> The army with their leader so combin'd
> To bless and save both man and womankind!

It is not fine poetry ; but it is fine satire, and it shows how a Scot, even if a bishop, could be stirred to fierce bitterness by the memory of 1746. Can we say that the Duke of Cumberland did not fully earn that bitterness?

TWO BACK STAIRS GENTLEMEN

TWO BACK STAIRS GENTLEMEN

STRICTLY speaking, we cannot describe them both as Gentlemen of the Back Stairs. Only William Chiffinch, of the two, had control of that shady part of the Royal Palace of Whitehall, or at any time used the words in his title of office. But Edward Progers, while styled Groom of the Bedchamber, had, if we believe his enemies, very much to do with part of the business conducted by the Back Stairs, and for that reason may not unreasonably be included under the same heading as "Back Stairs Chiffinch."

In what follows there will be no sweeping together of details of low life above stairs, at Whitehall. Even if that were to any extent possible, it would be tiresome and monotonous to the ordinary reader. Such stories have no charm of their own. All that will be attempted is to get some idea, from their contemporaries, what kind of gentlemen carried out this peculiar work for the King after the Restoration, and to see whether their general characters were or were not what might be expected of those willing to be employed in such a way.

I

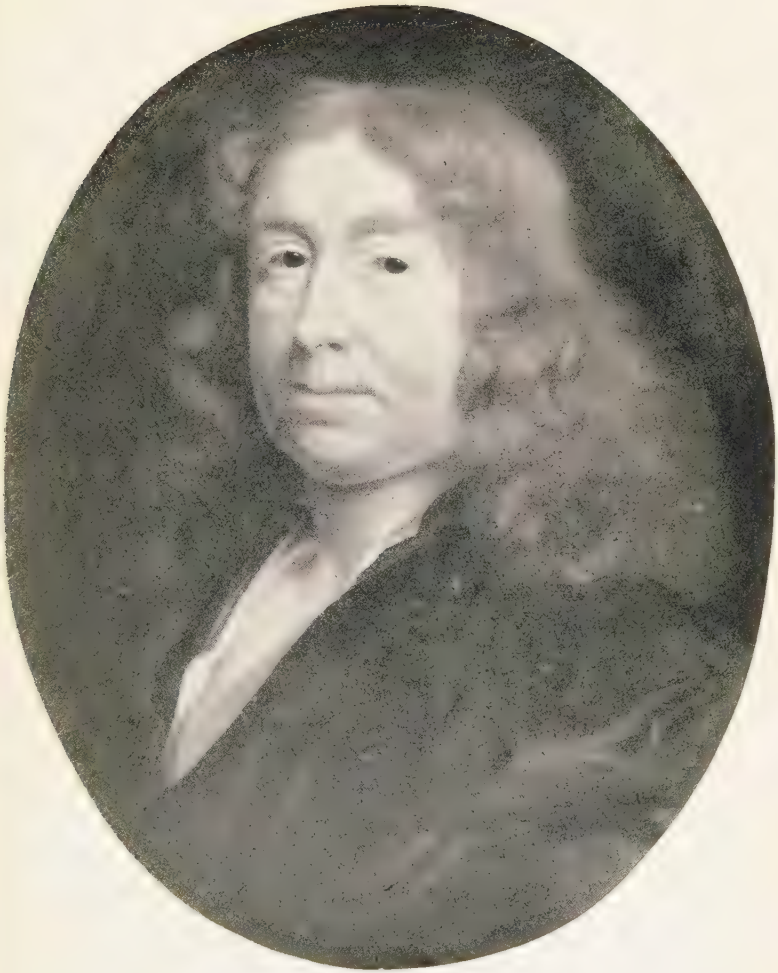
William Chiffinch deserves first place, as the older and the more notorious of the pair, the archetype of the profession in English history.

The Chiffinch family came from Kent—from Northfleet first, and then from Staplehurst, it is stated. But the brothers Thomas and William seem to have been born and to have spent their youth in Salisbury ; and it was from that city that Bishop Brian Duppa brought Thomas first to Court, securing him an appointment as Page of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., whose tutor Duppa was. The Bishop's good character is at least some testimonial to the boy whom he thus befriended. Thomas followed the Prince into exile after the Revolution, and still served him as page

during his days of penniless kinghood on the Continent. He had taken with him his wife, Dorothy Thanet, who entered His Majesty's service as laundress, perhaps toward the end of 1655; for, in January 1660, she represents in a petition that for four years and a quarter she has had no pay. It was from sheer want of money that Charles at this period left his servants without wages.

In 1660, however, relief came for master and servants alike. Thomas Chiffinch received the additional offices of Keeper of the King's Closet and Pictures, and Keeper of the Jewels; and Dorothy was confirmed in the post of Laundress and Sempstress to the King. Early in 1661, Thomas was granted, at the modest rent of 10s. a year, a piece of land in St. James's Park, near the Cockpit. On this he built a house; and Evelyn, who went to the housewarming in November 1662 records finding it "full of good pictures." Another grant in 1661 was to Chiffinch, in conjunction with Elias Ashmole, of the office of Comptroller of the Excise and the new impost in England and Wales. Further, Mary Chiffinch, who may have been a sister, was made laundress to the new Queen; and on September 28th, 1662, comes the first mention of William, appointed Page of the Back Stairs to Her Majesty. As William is supposed to have been but two years junior to his brother (who was born in 1600) and is not known to have held a previous post at Court, he commenced his career there rather late. It must be admitted that he made the most of his opportunities in a few years' time, though without the advantage of a particularly good marriage, his wife being Barbara, sister to Elizabeth Nunn, Starcher to the Queen.

While Thomas lived, William was overshadowed b his brother. The elder in June 1662 was put with five others, on a commission to examine into the seizure and sale of the late King's jewels and other goods under the Commonwealth, and to recover either the goods themselves or the value of the money received for them. By a later warrant one moiety of the sums recovered and paid into the Privy Purse was to go to the Commissioners, and Thomas Chiffinch was to handle all monies. Ultimately each of the Commissioners got £250.



WILLIAM CHIFFINCH

From the painting by Riley in the National Portrait Gallery

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In the summer of 1663 there was a retrenchment in the expenses of the Royal Household, which threatened the wages of the Chiffinches, among others. A series of special warrants, however, secured their continuance, from which and other documents of the period we learn some curious details. For instance, Dorothy Chiffinch was supposed to receive, as King's Laundress, 8*d.* a day and also the sum of £93 15*s.* a year. (We say "was supposed to receive," because in March 1668 she complains that she has had no yearly allowance since the Restoration, her petition being referred to the Treasury), Then Mary Chiffinch is allowed 4*s.* 8*d.* a day board-wages during the Queen's absence. To William Chiffinch and other Pages of the Queen's Bedchamber the Master of the Wardrobe is ordered to allow £23 8*s.* 2*d.* twice a year, for their winter and summer liveries.

Thomas Chiffinch had a less precarious income than the rest of his family. In addition to his pension of £200 a year as Keeper of the King's Closet, and the salaries, no doubt paid irregularly, of his other posts, very large sums passed through his hands on behalf of the King. In 1663 no less than £4,900 was paid to him in connection with works at Hampton Court. He was involved in some trouble over his disposal of this ; but Charles accepted his account as satisfactory, and there was no more heard of the affair. Years after his death applications were made to his widow for money alleged to have been paid to him, as to his dealing with which the applicants were not satisfied. Dorothy Chiffinch petitioned to the King, whereon His Majesty, "retaining a gracious sense of the petitioner's late husband's great faithfulness in his long attendance on him," certified that the money was laid out according to his directions, and discharged the widow from all liability.

The Rev. J. W. Ebbsworth, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, considers that Thomas Chiffinch, in contrast to his brother, was honest and loyal in money-matters. He was also a man of taste in his management of the Royal pictures and other belongings. The letter is well known which Evelyn wrote to him, concerning a catalogue of the King's treasures and curiosities, and another register of "the names and

portraitures of all the exotic and rare beasts and fowls " in the " Paradise at St. James's Park." His interest in a very different subject is shown by his petition that, " for the avoidance of the pestilence which in 1605, 1625, and 1636, was brought into the kingdom from the Mediterranean, precautions may be used here as in all those ports, except by the Turks, who believe in predestination," and that a quarantine be established.

Thomas Chiffinch died suddenly on the morning of April 8th, 1666. It was a Sunday, and Pepys, at Whitehall, found the court full of the news. " He was well last night as ever, playing at the tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven: they think of an imposthume in his breast." But there was at least a rumour of plague, which is curious in connection with the petition just mentioned.

Thomas was buried in Westminster Abbey, and William reigned in his place, being sworn in as Keeper of the King's Closet and Pictures on or soon after April 16th, and being granted the pension of £200 a year on July 6th. With his keepership, like his brother, he combined other posts. In August 1667 there was a warrant to pay him and other Pages of the Bedchamber £30 a year for washing the King's sheets—a task which we may presume they did not perform themselves! But his activities extended over all the mysterious region of the " Back Stairs," and he made a very lucrative job of it. He had apartments next the King's own in Whitehall, from which the stairs led down to the river, enabling him to introduce into the Palace anyone grave or gay, with whom it was desired to have a secret interview.

In these rooms, too, he was allowed to entertain on his own account and to use the King's wine, as purchaser of which he could guarantee the quality. Pepys on several occasions enjoyed his hospitality; notably on April 2nd, 1669, when, the diarist having been to see the Duke of York on Admiralty business, " Mr. Chevins took me into the back stairs, and there, with his friend Mr. Fowkes, . . . he did make me with some others . . . eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and

drink variety of wines till I was almost merry." Happily Pepys "did keep in good tune." Some six weeks later Mr. May—"Bab" May, the notorious Keeper of the Privy Purse—"took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chevins's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chicken, and good wine; and I dined like a prince, being very hungry and empty."

Two more allusions to William Chiffinch or his family are made by Pepys in the same month of May 1669. On the 26th he was at a dinner-party given by Chiffinch, from which "Mrs. Nun, Mr. Chevins's sister-[in-law], and one of her women" were called away hurriedly to the Queen, who, wrongly, imagined that she was pregnant. And on the 30th Pepys had the pleasure of dining alone with "Mr. Chevins his sister"—probably again Elizabeth Nunn—"whither by and by come in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by fine Mrs. Wells,[1] who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation."

The most important of Chiffinch's duties for Charles II. was the handling of money about which His Majesty wished secrecy kept. On April 13th, 1668, there is a Privy Seal for £4,000 to Chiffinch for secret service, "without account." It is calculated that in one period of less than ten years no less than £13,792 went through his hands, of which £2,300 was marked for the King's own use.

In consideration of the much larger sums dealt with by him than by his brother, William Chiffinch had far more work to do—from the distribution to their recipients of "pensions" from France, alterations at Windsor and Hyde Park, the provision of "speckled or other deer" for Greenwich Park and the payment of the keepers, the valuing of jewels sent by the King of Bantam, and the reception of some mathematical instruments which had been procured for Charles, to the purchase of pictures, wines, flowers, and what not. In addition there were countless small posts for which his patronage was

[1] This is Winifred Wells, Maid of Honour to the Queen, about whom Gramont, beside being more than usually scandalous, says that her good looks were spoilt by a sheepish look, while he credits her with little understanding. See also p. 262 below.

constantly requested. It is not surprising to discover that it was more than suspected that he enriched himself handsomely in the course of his duties for his master. A definite accusation of dishonesty is made in 1678, when we see Henry Coventry, Secretary of State, writing to the Attorney-General, Sir William Jones, that Mr. Mallett—Michael Mallett, a Member of Parliament—is charged with saying that "Lord Stirling is a rogue, Mr. Chiffinch is another, and the King as very a one as either of them." Coventry is not lawyer enough to tell how far this is a crime, but wants the Attorney-General's opinion. The result was that Mallett was sent to the Tower.

Chiffinch appears but seldom in connection with political affairs. But in February 1676 there is a note by Sir Joseph Williamson on the subject of Lord Shaftesbury and other malcontents, including Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London. An informant of the Secretary's, Lord O'Brien (Henry, Viscount Ibrackan) seemed to say that "Player &c. still own they come and drink now and then with the King at Will Chiffinch's, but that of late they seem not so well satisfied of their reception by the King, saying they had better not hazard themselves further, but, since they cannot be so entirely well with the King as they could wish, they must take care not to lose themselves elsewhere."

Two days before he had made this note Williamson had been sent by Charles to Shaftesbury, to tell him that he had information that he was very busy in town in matters that he ought not, and thought it fitter he should be at home in the country. On February 28th Williamson has another note: "I, dining this day with Mr. Chiffinch, observed him to be leaning to that side, that it had been better not to have sent any such message." But this was not, of course, because Chiffinch had any sympathies with Shaftesbury's scheme against the succession to the throne of the Duke of York. On the contrary, he was a well-wisher to James, and was in turn sufficiently trusted by him to be continued in his posts after Charles's death. It was to Chiffinch's house in Whitehall that Monmouth was brought a prisoner after the failure of his rebellion and kept until he was consigned to the Tower.

We now come to that branch of Chiffinch's business which has made his name best—and least favourably—known. Under his conduct of the Back Stairs there was very much seen of ladies' skirts. We hear scarcely anything of this through the writings of courtiers, who were all anxious to keep in with Master Chiffinch on account of his general influence,[1] though we might have expected an occasional malicious allusion. Gramont, naturally, has something to say on the matter. He only mentions Chiffinch's name once, as a matter of fact, but that is when he makes him and Bab May, acting in the interests of Lady Castlemaine, assist in the discovery by the King of the Duke of Richmond in a very compromising interview with his own favourite at the time, Frances Stewart. All the charge against Chiffinch is that he might have warned Miss Stewart, but did not do so. The implication, however, is that he had much to do with what went on in the hidden part of Whitehall Palace.

The enemies of the Court did not restrain their tongues on the subject of Chiffinch. But the only direct attack, mentioning him by name, seems to be that in the anonymous satire, *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost*, published after Godfrey's murder in 1678. This begins with the often-quoted lines:

> It happen'd in the Twy-light of the Day,
> As England's Monarch in his Closet lay,
> And Chiffinch step'd to fetch the Female Prey,

and concludes with some still more pointed lines, which do not lend themselves to quotation. There can be no doubt, however, that Chiffinch is included in the general attacks made by the many satirists on the class of men who performed the more disreputable secret services for Charles II., or that he, as ruler of the Back Stairs, was the chief of them. What has done more than anything else to perpetuate his evil reputation is Sir Walter Scott's sketch of Chiffinch in *Peveril of the Peak*, wherein he is represented, in addition, as a foolish drunken

[1] We get several instances of this in the correspondence of Sir Joseph Williamson. Twice in 1670 Sir Thomas Allen, commander of the Straits Fleet, in letters to Williamson speaks of Chiffinch or asks to be remembered to him. And while Williamson is out of town in 1669 his clerk, Robert Francis writes to him of "Mr. Chiffinch, who this day, in great affliction, puts on his mourning"—evidently for the death of his wife, which occurred when she was on a visit to France in August.

villain and a stealer of letters. This cannot be considered a strictly historical picture ; nor do we know what warrant Sir Walter had for the existence of a second Mrs. Chiffinch, " one of those obliging natures who are willing to discharge all the duties of a wife, without the inconvenient and indissoluble ceremony "—though that Chiffinch may have contracted an irregular union after his wife's death in 1669 cannot be called improbable. But we know very little of his domestic affairs, except that he had a daughter, named after her mother, Barbara, who married Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, cousin to Lady Castlemaine.

Besides his town house in Whitehall, Chiffinch had a house at Bray, " Philberds," whither Charles occasionally went over from Windsor to call upon him. According to a letter to Sir Ralph Verney from his kinsman John, at the beginning of December 1676 the King did Chiffinch the honour of dining with him one day and after dinner conferred a knighthood upon him. But, strangely, we hear no more of this knighthood, much as we might have expected such a mark of esteem.

Chiffinch continued in favour with Charles until the latter's death—in the year of which, 1685, he was elected M.P. for Windsor—and kept his posts under James II., in spite of their difference of religious opinion. He does not seem to have survived James's fall by long, though his death is only conjecturally assigned to 1688. With the advent of William of Orange and his own set of favourites, there was no place for Will Chiffinch.

The portrait by Chiffinch of Riley, obviously painted in his later life, when his bad eminence had been attained, presents just such a countenance as we might expect. Years of good living and of familiarity with the King's wines have smoothed out any tendency to wrinkles. The sensual element in his nature is plain, while the avaricious is obscured, except perhaps in the eyes.

II

Edward Progers, also often called Proger, was one of several sons of a Colonel Philip Progers, of Gareddin, Monmouthshire. The father was Equerry to James I., and perhaps all the sons

EDWARD PROGERS

From the painting at Rushbrooke Hall

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came early to Court ; but, as it is uncertain how many there were, this is only a guess. Edward, who was born in 1618, was a page to Charles I. and afterwards Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. Accompanying the younger Charles into exile, he went with him to Scotland in 1650, on his attempt to recover the Crown. He was there removed by an Act of the Estates from the young King's company, as "an evil instrument and bad counsellor," a fact from which much has been inferred as to his character. Seeing, however, that Charles's Scottish advisers were not all the broadest-minded of men, we should be unjust in attaching too great importance to their censure. Did they not, for instance, force the King to take the Covenant before they would do anything for him ?

Another early charge against Edward Progers is that he was concerned in the killing of Anthony Ascham in the streets of Madrid in June 1650. This accusation is made, for instance, by Bray, editor of Evelyn's *Diary and Letters*. The facts are these. Ascham was sent by Cromwell as agent or resident for the Commonwealth in Madrid, to look after mercantile affairs between England and Spain. He was not national ambassador, for the Spanish Court recognised Charles's representative, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, as English Ambassador. The presence of a hostile English agent in Madrid was sure to be resented by the Royalists ; and the post had been refused by two men before Ascham accepted it. He was bold to do so, even for a salary of £800 a year ; for he was regarded with extreme disfavour by the exiles, not only for having written a *Discourse of what is lawful during confusions and revolutions of government*, but as having taken at least an advisory part in what they regarded as the mock-trial of Charles I.

Ascham landed in Spain and came to Madrid, intending to deliver his letters of credence. He never did so, for on the day after his arrival he and his interpreter were killed in the open street by six men, who immediately took sanctuary in a church. These men's names were, according to official documents, John Guillim, William Spark[es], Henry and Valentine

Progers, John Halsal[l] and William Arnot. After representations by Cromwell's government, the Spanish authorities took five of the fugitives out of sanctuary, the sixth, Henry Progers, having escaped to the house of the Venetian Ambassador, who was a friend of his. The five were ultimately tried and condemned for murder ; but four of them were allowed to get away and take sanctuary again, where they were maintained by contributions from friends until Spain felt that she could ignore protests from England. Only one, Sparkes—because he was a Protestant, it was said—after a long imprisonment, was put to death, impenitent to the end. " The fruit to me is sufficient," he declared, " in the very consciousness of a most noble deed." It was the spirit of a holy vendetta.

Now it will be observed that there were two men of the name of Progers concerned in this affair : Henry, a well known figure at the English Court after the Restoration and Equerry to the King, and Valentine. Henry may have been a brother of Edward. Who Valentine was is a matter of conjecture, for his name does not appear in the State Papers at all. It does appear, a number of times, in the pleadings sent to Spain from London in connection with the case ; and there can be no doubt, therefore, that it was a Valentine Progers who was implicated. To bring Edward Progers into the affair, it is necessary to identify him with Valentine. But in the very month in which Ascham was slain, in fact only a few days after the deed, Edward Progers is supposed to have landed in Scotland with Charles II.

Moreover—and this a very strong point, which seems to have been entirely overlooked—on December 14th, 1652, the committee appointed by Cromwell's Council of State to consider the cases of the Royalist prisoners who had been set at liberty were invited to decide, among other things, whether " Mr. Progers " be commanded into France or remain in England upon giving good security not to act prejudicially. Next day he was committed to the Gatehouse during the Council's pleasure ; and on January 11th there was an order for " Edward Progers, prisoner in the Gatehouse," to be released on bail, on a bond of £1000 and two securities of £500.

Therefore it is clear that Edward Progers, after his banishment by the Covenanters, must have come to England and at some subsequent date have been arrested as a Royalist suspect. Had he been known to have been concerned in Ascham's death, he would have received short shrift. But he obviously had as little to do with that as with the similar removal of Isaac Dorislaus, the regicide, at The Hague in May 1649. In these two acts of Royalist " justice " he had no share whatever.

From England Edward Progers somehow made his way to the Netherlands and rejoined Charles; for in Secretary Nicholas's list of the King's Court and household, made for Don Juan of Austria and dated December 4th, 1657, the names appear of " Armorer and Progers Esquires "—that is, Nicholas Armorer and Edward Progers. It must be noted that he is not at this period called a Groom of the Bedchamber.

Almost at the very time when Secretary Nicholas was signing this list, Progers was mixed up in a very strange affair, in which his share, though it is true he acted under orders, was little to his credit. The boldly beautiful, but disreputable, Lucy Walter was now living in Brussels with her two children, James and Mary; the former possibly, as Charles thought, his son, but the latter most certainly not his daughter. Lucy's life had long been a scandal. Not content with becoming, about the age of eighteen, the mistress of Robert Sidney (after a narrow escape from being his brother Algernon's), and from him passing to the young King, so suddenly that very many people besides James II. considered Sidney the real father of James Duke of Monmouth, she had since taken several more lovers. The staider Royalists were disgusted with the notoriety of the connection, and Charles himself, when he had got over his infatuation, only wanted possession of his reputed son. For the lady he was willing to make what financial provision he could out of his scanty funds; but he did not want her back again.

In the June of 1656 Lucy had been induced to free Cologne from her compromising presence. On the promise of a pension of 5,000 *livres* a year she went to London, where her mother had just died, leaving her, as she at least pretended, a handsome

legacy. She took with her her two children, her brother Justus, her present lover Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Suffolk, and her maid, Ann Hill—a mixed party truly. In London she settled, with the children and the maid, in lodgings near Somerset House, passing under the name of Mrs. Barlow. Here she and the maid were soon arrested as Royalist spies. On examination, she declared that her son by "Charles Stuart," as the authorities called him, was dead, and that the two children were by a husband, now also dead, in Holland; but the maid's evidence was that she had claimed both children as Charles's, and also there was found the document in which the King promised the pension of 5,000 *livres*. However, nothing further was discovered against Lucy, and in July she was released and deported, with her children, to Flanders. Cromwell himself wrote, with evident gusto, the order to send away "Charles Stuart's lady of Pleasure and the young Heir," and saw to it that this was done with some ceremony and publicity.

So the plans of the King's friends were upset, and the embarrassing Lucy was again in their neighbourhood, having come to Brussels. Moreover, a fresh scandal arose, Tom Howard (who was Gentleman of the Horse to the Princess Royal) having quarrelled with her over some papers which he had entrusted to her care and which had been stolen. First he was wounded in the arm by a relative or servant of hers; and then he commenced an action for the recovery of the lost papers, which were very compromising to him in view to his possible accession to the Suffolk title. Charles's advisers were at their wits' end what to do to put an end to the disgrace, while ready to help him in his determination to get hold of the boy James, now seven years old. Further there were letters from Charles to her, which Lucy used as a threat to enforce payment of her pension, saying she would exhibit them publicly if the money were not forthcoming.

The attempt to secure the boy and the letters was entrusted at first to Captain or Colonel Arthur Slingsby, son of a former Comptroller of the Navy. A knighthood was bestowed on him in anticipation of his success; but he began with a bad blunder. After having induced Lucy, with her children, to take up her

abode in his house in Brussels, on December 5th he set out to carry her off to prison on a charge of debt. A great scene took place in the streets, Lucy crying out loudly and clinging to her son, so that a sympathetic mob espoused her part, and, after she had first taken refuge with the Earl of Castelhaven, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, who had been Spanish Ambassador to Cromwell, took her into his house.

Charles remonstrated with Slingsby that he had never intended "that noise and scandal," but accepted his suggestion to complain to Don Juan of Austria against the interference of Cardenas. Lucy remained at the house of the last-named, however—only to find its shelter illusory. On December 22nd Slingsby proposed to Charles that Cardenas should be asked to allow the wanted letters to be taken from her trunks. Cardenas must have agreed, and Lucy also must have consented to the surrender of the letters. Slingsby, who was naturally not *persona grata* to the lady, did not undertake the errand himself. Edward Progers was the agent chosen; and he was completely successful. The story, as it reached England, through the medium of Peter Gospritt, a Dutch merchant living in London, who had married a sister of Lucy's mother, was that "Mr. Progers went out for him [young Master Jacky, as we find him described], and took him away from his mother whilst she was seeking for a paper: when she miss'd him she immediately went in quest after him."

It may be added that in 1680, when rumours were sedulously put about by Shaftesbury's adherents of the existence of a certain "Black Box," containing proofs of Lucy Walter's marriage to Charles and the consequent legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth, and when the Government felt compelled to take action to dispel the rumours, two of the witnesses examined stated, in course of their evidence, that "Mr. Proger took the child away."

It is curious that in *Rochester's Farewell*, written by the Earl in 1680, there occur the following two lines with regard to the Duke of Monmouth:

> Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
> See Proger's Bastard fill the Royal Throne.

There does not appear, however, to be any intention of attributing the Duke's paternity to Progers, merely an allusion to his carrying the boy off.

One cannot grow sentimental over the woes of Lucy Walter, who was undoubtedly a bad young woman and a very unsuitable guardian for her "Jacky." But she was his mother, while Charles's fatherhood is by no means certain, and the manner of the abduction was treacherous. Charles must have felt some compunction, since he apparently went to see Lucy Walter again one day in Brussels two months later, when perhaps he reassured her as to the child's future. Her miserable end in Paris not long after does not come into our story.

After his exploit in abducting the future Duke of Monmouth, Progers disappears from view, until in June, 1661, we find him mentioned as Groom of the Bedchamber again; while in November of the same year he, with Thomas Killigrew and others, is to have a pension of £500 a year. Before that he was, according to a later story, to have been one of the new order of Knights of the Royal Oak, which Charles proposed to institute; but the order was not instituted, and we never find him referred to as a knight.

Pepys's first mention of Progers is on October 26th, 1663, when he goes with his friend Creed to "the King's Head ordinary, where much and very good company." At the table there was a discussion about the Emperor (Leopold I.). One young gentleman, "a pretty man, and it seems a Parliament man, did say he was a sot, for he minded nothing of the Government, but was led by the Jesuits." Several at table took him up, lastly "Mr. Progers, one of our courtiers, who told him that it was not a thing to be said of any Soveraigne Prince, be his weaknesses what they will, to be called a sot, which methinks was very prettily said." On the following February 22nd Mr. Allsop, the King's brewer, calls on Pepys and laments on the way that His Majesty is led away by half a dozen men, "so that none of his serious servants and friends can come at him"—the evil counsellors being Lauderdale, Buckingham, (James) Hamilton, Fitzharding, Sir H. Bennet and Progers.

LUCY WALTER

From the painting by Lely at Knebworth

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It is doubtful how far Pepys agreed with Allsop where Progers was concerned. His occasional references to him later seem to show that they were friendly. When he speaks, however, in February 1667 of "one of the Progers's that knows me," who has some remarkable—Pepys calls it "pretty" —conversation of a mistress of his in Spain, whom lack of money forced him to leave, but who got on extremely well in the world, he would seem to be talking of Henry Progers, the equerry. Him we know to have lived in Spain. The Progers who sits near Pepys at the Duke's Theatre on the following September, and with him is wearied of *Tu Quoque* ("a very silly play . . . but it will please the citizens"), may have been either Henry or Edward.

Both of them appear frequently in the list of grants from the King. The principal one to Edward is of the right to build a lodge in the North (Bushey) Park, Hampton Court, on condition that it shall revert to the Crown after his death. In January 1667 this was followed by a warrant for the reversion, after the Duke of Albemarle, of the office of Keeper, Paler, etc., of the Middle Park or North Park, and by the King's approval of the Duke's appointment of Progers as his deputy during his own lifetime. Five months later Progers had a free gift of £448, being the fines due for various things, including the Hampton ferries and "the fishing in Cobham River." But in May 1669 Progers represents that he has spent £4,000 in building the lodge [1]—and clearly asks for more. In the following year, through the death of the Duke of Albemarle, he succeeded to the keepership of the Park, though apparently only in conjunction with John Lightfoot, while the grasping Lady Castlemaine put in for and obtained the reversion of the post after them.

Apart from what he got from Bushey Park, Progers was receiving constant marks of the King's high favour. Notably in February 1668 there was a warrant for the payment to him of £1,000 for services rendered in "the discovery and proposal

[1] The Upper Lodge at Bushey, on the site of which was built the Lodge which was occupied by William IV., as Duke of Clarence, and Mrs. Jordan, and was subsequently renamed Queen's Lodge when William bestowed the Rangership of Bushey Park on his Queen.

of means for improving the farm of customs of unwrought wood, glass, etc." Numerous small grants followed. Then in 1675, just after he had been appointed one of the commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, an order was sent to the Lord Lieutenant for a grant to him out of the Irish revenues, "in consideration of his long and faithful services and of his sufferings for the King, and also of his surrender of the place of housekeeper of the palace of York." In January 1677 there is a hint of some of the gifts to him having remained in the promise stage, when the King mentions in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant that Mr. Progers has been disappointed of several sums intended him for the payment of his debts contracted in His Majesty's service.

We are reminded of what Lord Halifax in his *Character of Charles II.* says of the King's profusion, that "his spending was rather an easiness in letting money go than any premeditated thought for the distribution of it," and that "he would do as much to throw off the burden of a present opportunity as he would to relieve a want." With his favourites, as with his mistresses, Charles could not bring himself to say No. But the money was not always forthcoming, so that his promises frequently brought little more than a temporary vain satisfaction to those to whom they were made.

Before we come to the services which Progers rendered to the King, apart from the "sufferings" just mentioned (which must refer to what occurred in Scotland and England in 1650–53), we may notice what little can be gathered of his domestic life. He married Elizabeth Wells, supposed to have been a sister to Winifred Wells, the Maid of Honour who was the unfortunate heroine of the story of the Court ball, narrated by Pepys in January 1663, and of still worse tales in Gramont. Whatever the real truth behind these stories, it looks as if Winifred Wells was one of those English ladies about whom Catherine of Braganza was much concerned that "they spend so much time in dressing themselves, she feares they bestow but little on Almighty God and in houswifry." Gramont makes Progers the recipient of Charles's confidences as to what he thought about her—which was very little, even from one in whose

" inclinations to love," to quote Halifax again, was " as little mixture of the Seraphick part as ever man had."

But, if rumour was true, Elizabeth Wells was also a lady of whom the King could speak with intimate knowledge. The eldest of her daughters, Philippa, who afterwards became Mrs. Croxel, was said to bear a very strong resemblance to Charles. That, in such a case, she was not like her father must be admitted; since Edward Progers, in his still existing portraits, has no resemblance to the King. Matters like this, however, hardly come within the scope of biography, and so we may let the reputation of Elizabeth Wells rest. By those who have studied the case of the Duke of Monmouth it will be recognised that the argument from features can never carry conviction. The real proof is naturally incapable of establishment.

The evidence that Progers performed similar services for the King to those by which William Chiffinch gained his chiefest reputation is equally scanty, and does not come from the mouths of courtiers, who are very polite to both of them. The most direct attack on Progers is contained in Andrew Marvell's *Last Instructions to a Painter*, 1667, where he writes:

> Then the procurers under Progers fil'd,
> Gentlest of men. . . .
> No troop was better clad, nor so well pay'd.

The rancorous hatred which inspired Marvell and other contemporary satirists towards the Court favourites makes us slow to accept charges simply because they made them. But the nature of the accusation specifically put forward against Progers and Chiffinch, coupled with the fact that both got very large sums of money for no very obvious services, forbids us to reject the tale as a mere invention. Some people at Court obviously performed the functions attributed to Progers and Chiffinch. These two are especially singled out by the Court's enemies as performing them, which could scarcely have been done if common talk had not pointed to them as the actual instruments.

In the case of Progers, however, it is impossible to feel quite

certain that an injustice is not done him in assigning to him so infamous a rôle. The report of his daughter's resemblance to the King may have had nothing behind it ; and if we except what is implied by it, and except also the discredit attaching to his obedience to orders in the abduction of Lucy Walter's son, there is nothing much we can urge against the character of Progers, save that he was the recipient of large sums of money. But it is to be feared that probabilities are in favour of his being guilty of the worst charge against him.

Notices of Progers become scanty towards the end of Charles's reign, though small grants to him do not cease. A letter survives from him to Williamson, telling of a visit with the King to Newmarket in 1677, when he remarks: "The country people are much rejoiced that the Monsieurs stayed here so little, all concluding they were ill and coldly received by His Majesty. By this you may perceive the kindness they have for that nation." Two allusions to him occur in letters to Viscount Conway in 1679. In July the Earl of Ranelagh writes from Windsor that "old Progers is in waiting as well as I" ; and in November Francis Gwyn writes from London that "honest Progers is very well in town."

In 1679 Progers, who had represented Brecknockshire in Parliament since 1662, was not re-elected. The King was desirous that he should again be "knight of the shire, as in the last Parliament" ; but, through the influence apparently of the Marquis of Worcester, one John Jeffereys was chosen. Progers made a protest to Parliament against the result of the election, alleging "sinister practices" on the part of the sheriff, a friend of Jeffereys, and claiming that he really had the majority of the freeholders in his favour. The result, however, seems to have stood.

On his Royal patron's death Progers retired from Court. Subsequently he became badly off, having failed to save anything out of the many gifts he had received, and applied to King James for assistance. He survived almost to the end of Anne's reign, but in obscurity. Finally, either on December 31st, 1713, or January 1st, 1714, he died at the age of 96, having seen every one of the Stuarts on the English throne.

The circumstances of his death are peculiar. The antiquarian John Le Neve records that it was caused by " the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut 4 new teeth, and had several other ready to cut, which so influenced his gums that he died thereof." He was buried in the church at Hampton; and when the structure of his period was pulled down, his tomb was preserved in the present church, where it still may be seen.

WHAT WAS THOMAS CROMWELL?

WHAT WAS THOMAS CROMWELL?

An otherwise indulgent and kindly critic of my *Life of Anne Boleyn* suggested that it was to be desired that I had extended the same moderation of treatment which I gave to Anne to one or two other characters with whom I dealt in the book, notably Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell. Of the latter my critic said that he was "too complex a personality, and accomplished a work too important, to be dismissed merely as a monster."

This reproof naturally caused me to reflect whether I had, in fact, consciously or unconsciously, painted Cromwell "merely as a monster." I had not set out, of course, with any intention of depicting either Henry VIII. or the second of his great ministers as monsters; though I must confess to a long-cherished antipathy to the Tudor king, based on my reading of his personal character and not on any religious prejudice. In *Anne Boleyn* my desire was to find out, if possible, whether this tragic young woman deserved her awful end, and, if she did not, who were the contrivers of such villany as brought her to Tower Hill. Being impelled to the conclusion that Anne was guiltless of the charges brought against her, I had to form an opinion whether the two men who had her proclaimed guilty did so in good faith. It was impossible to believe this. The evidence showed that Henry was prepared to go to any length to rid himself of Anne Boleyn, in order to gratify his passion for Jane Seymour; and that Cromwell, to please the King, and to restore his own threatened position, deliberately carried out a plan which he conceived to send Anne, and as many friends of hers as he could, to the block.

Was it too strong, then, to describe the minister's cunning as "diabolical," or to hold him and the master who availed himself of it as monsters? That does not make them "mere monsters," I admit; and I did not really say they were such.

Mere monsters scarcely have a chance of survival. It is the part-monster who is the danger to mankind—and womankind.

It may be thought that Anne Boleyn was not worth making a pother about, that Henry and Cromwell must not be judged by their conduct over "a little woman's little life." I am not ambitious to write an appreciation of Henry VIII.; and, with regard to Cromwell, I only propose here to look at a few aspects of his career apart from his connection with Anne Boleyn's story.

. . . . . .

Thomas Cromwell was not quite the lowly born person that he has sometimes been represented to have been, in spite of what his enemies said of him at the time of his attainder.[1] No more than Wolsey was the son of a mere "butcher" was Cromwell the son of a mere "blacksmith." John Cromwell, the grandfather, who transferred the fortunes of the family from Nottinghamshire to Putney, married the sister of William Smyth, an armourer; and it is thought that his son, "Walter Cromwell, *alias* Smyth," may have derived his *alias* from being apprenticed to his uncle. Walter was not only smith, but also a fuller and, in conjunction with his father, had a flock of sheep on Putney Common in 1475. Further he became a brewer, and with his numerous trades must have made a fair amount of money. The early days of Thomas are not easy to disentangle. It seems likely, however, that he quarrelled with his father—a quarrelsome man—and ran away to the Continent, serving for a time as a soldier of fortune in the French army in Italy. Turning his attention to commerce, he appears to have been for some time a merchant or a merchant's clerk in Italy and in Flanders. Possibly in 1512, and, again possibly, at the age of twenty-seven, he returned to England and married Elizabeth Wykys, a shearman's daughter. The following years he spent as merchant in cloth and wool, and in the study of the law, while lending money at a high rate of interest. He was even more versatile than his father had been, and very likely amassed gold at a rapid pace.

Doubt has been thrown on the story that Wolsey made

[1] See p. 288 below.

Cromwell his collector of revenues in 1514. In fact, the first origin of their connection is obscure. When Wolsey became Archbishop, Cromwell appears as a servant of his, apparently steward at York Place. Nevertheless, he was able to enter Parliament in 1523, and became a member of Gray's Inn next year. He kept up his work with the Cardinal Archbishop, as a kind of secretary-agent, and in 1525 was set by him to the survey of the smaller monasteries which were to be suppressed for the benefit of Wolsey's educational schemes. His conduct in that work brought on him no little unpopularity; but he later turned his experience to profit. When the fateful month of October 1529 arrived, Cromwell was still in Wolsey's household; but on November 1st he rode off from Esher to London, with his famous declaration either to make or to mar.

At this time Cromwell may have been about forty-four. He was now a widower, with a son Gregory, and two daughters, who subsequently died young. In appearance he was insignificant, or rather ill-favoured, with close-set eyes and a small mouth under a long upper lip. In repose his face gave the impression of dulness; but it was otherwise when he became animated, and his eyes and mouth would make great play.

For education Cromwell was clearly well furnished, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his adventurous youth. Chapuys describes him in 1535 as "speaking well in his own language, and tolerably in Latin, French and Italian." He had retained, from apparently two early visits to Italy, a liking for both the language and the ways of the country. He might, indeed, be considered an example of the *Inglese Italianato*—not without the corollary, *diavolo incarnato*. He was perhaps the earliest English student of Machiavelli, having read the famous *Prince* in manuscript, it would seem, several years before it was first printed.

From Wolsey Cromwell learnt to be what Chapuys also says of him, "hospitable, liberal both with his property and with gracious words, magnificent in his household and in building." To his liberality with his property we shall return. Gracious words were not an invariable mark of his conversation. He could be very bold, as he is reported to have been on his first

introduction to Henry VIII. ; and he certainly could be very harsh to his inferiors and to those whom he had no reason for courting. Graciousness was more of a pose with him than with Wolsey. It was assumed to gain the object which he had in view. There were the two weapons, brute force and flattery ; and he used whichever was the better adapted to his ends. He would submit to humiliation from his master if thereby he could maintain his place ; for it can hardly be an invention which one of the commissioners appointed to look into Irish affairs writes of Henry's conduct towards him even after he had become Lord Privy Seal, how that " the King beknaveth him twice a weke, and sometyme knocke him well aboute the pate ; and yet when he hathe bene well pomeld about the hedde, and shaken up as it were a dogge, he will come out into the great chambre, shaking of the bushe with as mery a countenance as thoughe he mought rule all the roste."

How he got audience of Henry after Wolsey's fall is not clear. When he was in the royal presence, according to his admirer John Foxe, he was very outspoken, and told the astounded tyrant that he was but half a king while his bishops made oath of allegiance to the Pope as well as to him. If Henry was astounded, he was also impressed, and marked Cromwell down as worthy of a place on his Privy Council. Whether he ever liked him, as he liked Wolsey for example, is doubtful ; but he gradually surrendered himself to the sway of his powerful intellect, which was so adroit in forestalling his own desires. Moreover, the man was not slow in fulfilling a boast to make him " the richest king that ever was in England."

Besides catching the King's attention, Cromwell also approached the Duke of Norfolk, little inclined to favour a servant of the hated Wolsey, and seems through his influence to have re-entered Parliament as M.P. for Taunton. The evidence for his reported loyalty to his old master is less impressive when it is closely examined ; and when it was one for Wolsey it was two for himself in what he did for him. Wolsey's bribes, given on Cromwell's advice to placate his enemies, at least won favour for the adviser as well as for the giver ; and Cromwell's Parliamentary efforts on behalf of the

fallen Cardinal were no bad policy for a man who wanted to recommend himself to future patrons.

The story of Cromwell's use of his opportunities after his introduction to Court need not be told again. Almost unseen, he wormed his way further and further into power, making up to the Boleyns when they welcomed assistance against the growing forces of hostility to the King's divorce and second marriage, and at the same time avoiding giving offence by claiming any outward semblance of control over Henry. He was content with minor posts, a seat on the Privy Council, the Mastership of the Jewels, and the Clerkship of the Hanaper. In 1533 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, which did not mean so much then as nowadays; and it was not until April 1534, when the King's "great matter" was fully accomplished, that he had his reward of the Chief Secretaryship, in succession to Gardiner. Then, however, fresh marks of power soon followed, and Cromwell got his famous appointment as Vicar-General and Visitor-General of the Monasteries, from which he and his deputies derived so much personal profit.

We have seen that Cromwell was described as "hospitable, liberal with his property, . . . magnificent in his household." He could well afford to be so, who throughout life was venal and unscrupulous. He believed in money, not as a treasure to be hoarded, but as a force to be collected and judiciously expended. He was convinced of the value of bribery, both as applied to other men and, more particularly, as applied to himself. Speaking of him later, a critic whom we have already quoted avers that no lord or gentleman in England bore love or favour to my Lord Privy Seal, because he was so great a taker of money and would speak or do for no man except for money; "though I would not be in his case for all that ever he hathe." (Then follows the account of the King "beknaving him.") At no time, however, did Cromwell's itch for money show itself more than in his visitation of the monasteries.

With regard to that part of Henry's ecclesiastical policy which involved the suppression of the monastic establishments, it is of course possible for opinions to differ. On the manner of the suppression, as carried out by Cromwell, there can be

but one opinion. The monasteries may have represented a waste of money which might be better applied than in their upkeep. It is not necessary to touch that thorny question. The monks and nuns may have been in many cases idle, and in some at least immoral. All that is beside the point when we are considering how the alleged abuses were remedied. By a stroke of the pen the Vicar-General and his agents were given absolute power, under the King, to deal with their victims. In two years that power had been so successfully applied that hardly a monastery was left untouched. Deeds of surrender had been obtained of almost all, by persuasion, by force, or in some instances by forgery. The accounts of the visitations remain, to show how all kinds of foul charges were brought against the inmates, based on "confessions," spiteful charges of one against another, or the flimsiest gossip of neighbours. There cannot have been real ground for all these tales of drunkenness, immorality, theft, and the rest, couched in monotonously stereotyped language. They are too like the evidence at the treason-trials of the day. What the King wants proved is "proved"; and that is the end of it. The agents whom Cromwell employed were men of bad character—agents of other character would be useless for such a job—and they did their bad work well, from their point of view. Their *comperta* were just what was required.

But the visitors could be bought. Money saved many of the heads of establishments from the worst fate. They could not preserve their houses, but they could save their skins. That they should have availed themselves of the chance can hardly be imputed to them for serious blame. The lot of the braver among their fellows was a terrible warning. Two great Abbots, of Glastonbury and of Reading, refused to surrender their abbeys. In November 1539 each was hung, drawn and quartered outside his own monastery, on a charge of high treason. In Cromwell's "Remembrances," as he called his notes of what was to be done, we read how the "Abbot of Redyng" is to be "sent down to be tryed and executed." The trial seems superfluous!

The Abbot of Colchester was similarly executed, though at

the Tower. But the discreeter abbots bought themselves off. In any case, the establishment was closed and, after Cromwell and his agents had taken their bribes or done the recalcitrant to death, the monastic estates were sold at a low price to the nobility, to ensure the permanence of the work; for the purchasers would naturally resist an attempt to restore the property to its former owners. The "Hammer of the Monks" bought or appropriated several large estates for himself, such as that of Lewes Priory, and provided others for his relations, including his nephew Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, great-grandfather of Oliver.

In his dealing with the monasteries Thomas Cromwell exhibited both his venality and his utter callousness where life and death were concerned. Of the latter quality his behaviour toward Anne Boleyn would be sufficient proof, even if it were not supported by other acts of his. We do not know how far his great system of espionage, resembling that of the worst period in Tsarist Russia, and involving the laying by the heels of all kinds of little people over the country for alleged treasonable talk, resulted in executions. These victims were not important enough for their fate to be noted. But in the case of the greater people the facts were notorious. There was Sir Thomas More, concerning whom "Master Secretary sware a great oath that he had lever that his only son had lost his head than that More should have refused the oath" (to the preamble of the Act of Succession), but whom he nevertheless took care should not escape the penalty for his steadfastness.[1] There was Bishop Fisher, to whom his bullying letter of February 1534 is sufficient proof of his being "out for a kill." And, to mention no further examples, there is the sweep which Cromwell made of the Poles and other Yorkist families in 1538–9. Reginald Pole, a newly created Cardinal, was too wary to be enticed back to England and lucky enough to escape the assassins whom Henry and Cromwell endeavoured to set on

[1] Cromwell's reply to Cranmer's suggestion that, as More and Fisher were willing to swear the oath required by the Act itself, this might suffice, was unyielding. The King could not agree, he said; the rejection of the preamble might be taken as a confirmation of the Bishop of Rome's authority and a reprobation of the King's.

to him in both France and Spain. But Geoffrey Pole, his brother, was caught and made to serve his turn as informer, against others of his family and his friends, including Henry, Lord Montague, the eldest of the Poles, and Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter. The Marquis's conduct towards Anne Boleyn does not encourage us to much sympathy for him; but there is no reason to think that either he or Montague died a traitor's death for genuine treason. Any Pole, as representative of the house of York, and any member of an old Yorkist family were suspect to Henry VIII.; and Cromwell, with his subtle insight into his master's secret thoughts, grasped that every possible excuse to get rid of them would be welcome. It is well for the Minister's reputation that the old Countess of Salisbury, mother of the Poles, though arrested during the period of his predominance, was not done to death until the year after his own execution.

It is hard to apportion out exactly the blame for the executions during the reign of terror that began with the barbarous scene of May 4th, 1535. Chapuys thought that Henry was urged on by "the Lady" and Cromwell. I have found no evidence against Anne, unless we can accept as such occasional wild speeches against superfluous priests. In Cromwell's case there can be no doubt about the direction of his influence over the King. It was against mercy; and he overruled Cranmer's feeble protests in the matter of the Carthusian fathers as in that of More and Fisher. Truculence may have been inspired in him by policy rather than by innate cruelty. But the truculence was there. It was accompanied by a certain grim humour, as when he met in St. Paul's churchyard a friar, still wearing his habit after a general order had been issued for the leaving off of this dress. Though Foxe calls the friar Bartley, he appears to have been Alexander Barclay the poet. Cromwell looked at him and ejaculated, "Yea, will not that cowl be left off yet? And if I hear by one o'clock that this apparel be not changed thou shalt be hanged immediately for an example to all others!" Barclay preserved his neck at the expense of his cowl.

With his truculence there was a very distinct strain of

cowardice in Cromwell. We shall hear of this when we come to his death. It was to be detected in the very manner in which he kept out of sight in the early days of his work on the Privy Council, and still more at the time of the "Pilgrimage of Grace." He had good occasion, it is true, to feel nervous when the Northern rebels rose; for it was the undoing of his work with regard to the Church that they demanded, and his head more than any other's that they wished to see fall. He left the task of dealing with the rebels to the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and even the Duke of Norfolk, loth though he was to see the last regain any of the authority from which he had succeeded in driving him. He was content that others should suppress the storm which he had raised, and had no desire for military enterprises. His place was at the King's side, keeping other influences in check. The lesson of Wolsey's defeat was not lost upon him. Absence did not make Henry's heart grow fonder.

The conduct of Cromwell towards the Princess Mary must always furnish a heavy indictment against him. To her mother he had consistently been a foe. Indeed, it has been suggested that, if Henry VIII. had really anything to do with Katharine's death, it was Cromwell who saw to the carrying out of the plan. It is not necessary to accept this horrible theory; but Cromwell's attitude to Katharine was in any case callous and brutal. For Mary he professed sympathy and even affection. Yet, though he had not originally been in favour of declaring her illegitimate, he had endeavoured to get from her a renunciation of her title of Princess. After Katharine's death he came out in his true colours. Henry was bent on securing Mary's admission, both of his headship of the Church in England and of her own illegitimacy. To Cromwell he committed the task of seeing that her long resistance to these demands came to an end. Without a show of compunction, Cromwell set to work on the twenty-year-old girl, still a prisoner at Hunsdon in spite of Anne Boleyn's death. It was Mary who opened the correspondence, however, evidently believing that in him she had one who could help to mitigate her lot.

On May 26th the Princess wrote to Cromwell that she would

have been a suitor to him before, to obtain the King's blessing and favour for her ; " but I perceived that nobody durst speak for me as long as that woman lived which is now gone." The bitterness of the allusion to " that woman " is excusable in Katharine's daughter. But how mistaken was she in supposing that the fall of Anne's head had brought her better times !

Four days later Mary wrote again, thanking Cromwell for " the great pain and labour " he had taken in obtaining for her her father's blessing and license to write to him—the two highest comforts that ever came to her !—and begging him to continue in suit for her.

To Henry his daughter addressed a humble letter, asking for his daily blessing, and acknowledging, and imploring forgiveness for, all her offences. This was on June 1st ; but the King made no reply, so that six days later Mary applied again to " Good Mr. Secretary," sending him a token, which she wished him to deliver to her father, and begging him to find means that the King should send her a token in return, to comfort her till she might come into his presence.

Another brief appeal to Henry followed on June 8th, and further letters to both him and Cromwell on the 10th. " You will see I have followed your advice," she tells the Minister, " and will do so in all things concerning my duty to the King, God and my conscience not offended. . . . I desire you, for Christ's passion, to find means that I be not moved to any further entry in this matter than I have done. . . . If I be put to any more (I am plain with you as with my great friend) my said conscience will in no ways suffer me to consent thereunto."

In another letter, possibly the next of the series on Mary's side, she says that she perceives " that you do mislike mine exception in my letter to the King's Grace." This Cromwell obviously did, for he now applied the screw. Addressing her curtly as " Madam " he upbraided the Princess for her conduct at the last visit of His Majesty's Council to her. (We do not know the details of this visit.) He is ashamed of what he has said and afraid of what he has done on her behalf. " With

your folly you undo yourself and all that hath wished your good, and I say to you, as I have said elsewhere heretofore, that it were great pity you should not be an example in punishment. . . . Wherefore, Madam, to be plain with you, I think you the most obstinate woman that ever was, and one that, so persevering, well deserveth the reward of malice in extremity of mischief. . . . I dare not open my lips to name you unless [you repent and are ready to do your duty]. If you will not, with speed, leave all your sinister counsels, which have brought you to the point of utter undoing, . . . I take my leave of you for ever, and desire you never to write or make means unto me hereafter; for I will never think of you other than the most ungrate, unnatural, and most obstinate person living, both to God and your most dear and benign father."

With this letter, of which there is much more, Cromwell enclosed a book of articles for her to subscribe, conceding the whole case and sparing her nothing. The haughty spirit, which Anne Boleyn had failed to move either by threats or by cajoleries, broke. Mary wrote two more pitiful letters to her father, couched in terms of deepest abasement. The second of these is dated from Hunsdon at 11 o'clock at night. In it she makes the gesture of surrender to the tyrant's demands. She overrides her conscience and signs the confession desired of her. Henry is Supreme Head of the Church in England, under Christ, and the pretended authority of the Bishop of Rome is repudiated. Worse still, the marriage between the King and her mother is "by God's law and man's law incestuous and unlawful."

So much had Cromwell's "friendship" done for Mary. But he was a man who did not allow woman's influence to affect his schemes. We hear of no love affairs, unless his one marriage was the result of such. At any rate, Mrs. Cromwell is suspected of having had money. When she died, some time before July, 1529, he seems to have been content to live a widower's life and ignore matters of the heart. There is no ground for supposing that he ever aspired to Mary's hand; though some historians have suggested that Henry at one time entertained the idea, and though the threat which Chapuys

puts into Anne Boleyn's mouth of marrying Mary to some "varlet" has been interpreted as referring possibly to Cromwell. The minister himself was far too prudent to dream of an alliance which would intensify the almost universal jealousy against him.

After receiving the reward for betraying Anne Boleyn to death, in the Privy Seal which Anne's father resigned to him, and a further post as "Vicegerent of the King in Spirituals," together with a barony, Cromwell appreciated that his position could never be a safe one. He might be now Lord Cromwell, but he was still hated by the aristocracy as an upstart. Though he succeeded in getting his son Gregory, never a bright youth, married in 1537 to Elizabeth, widow of Sir Anthony Ughtred (Owtrede) and, as daughter of Sir John Seymour, sister to Queen Jane, and though he courted the Seymour family, he did not win their regard. Indeed, Edward Seymour, when Earl of Hertford, was said by some to have had a hand in his ultimate ruin. Nor with all his artful use of bribery could he buy himself true friends. Cranmer was perhaps the nearest approach to such; and Cranmer's friendship never proved a very valuable asset to anyone. Those among the Reformers who had been adherents of the Boleyns could not be expected to look on Cromwell with favour. The others had the bond with him, that they approved of his conduct in ecclesiastical affairs; but how far could they regard him as one of them? He was too obviously a politician to be a good theologian. He was destined to pay heavily for his connection with Reform. He was, however, no martyr in the cause of Protestantism, though it was the Roman Catholic reaction which brought about his doom.

One of the more creditable acts of Cromwell's career was his attempt to mitigate the severity of enforcement of the "Six Articles." He did not consciously or willingly pave the way to the enactment of this statute. He packed the Parliament of April 1538, so that it was ready to yield to the King's lightest wishes. But he did not know what Henry, influenced by Norfolk and Stephen Gardiner, and anxious to prove that he was still a good Catholic, had in store for Parliament.

THOMAS CROMWELL

From the painting, after Holbein, in the National Portrait Gallery

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Thus, while Cromwell was scheming for alliance with the Continental Protestants against the ever-threatening combination of France and the Empire to enforce the Papal decree of deposition, Henry and his other advisers pushed through Parliament the Act "to abolish diversity of opinion," which threatened destruction to every Reformer in England. In practically all matters except that of the headship of the English Church, the doctrine of Rome was to be enforced.

Circumstances put in Cromwell's hands the means of defeating the intentions of those who framed the Six Articles, of whom the moving spirit was the Bishop of Winchester. Without being unfair to Cromwell, however, it may be said that political wisdom was his main motive in opposing his reactionary colleagues on the Privy Council. He did not believe in the possibility of, nor wish for, a reconciliation with the two great Roman Catholic Powers on the Continent. A true reconciliation must involve an agreement with Rome, dooming both his work and himself to death. His only salvation lay in persuading Henry that France and the Empire were not to be won over to friendship with him, that there was, on the contrary, a genuine danger of their combined action against him, and that the only possible allies against them must not, therefore, be antagonized by a display of zeal against a religious reform movement in England. This policy was curiously interwoven with the problem of the King's next matrimonial venture; and once more the question of the lady had a powerful influence on the history of the reign.

Cromwell was certainly very unfortunate in his connection with the choice of Anne, Duchess of Cleves, as fourth wife to Henry VIII. Since the early death of Jane Seymour, only twelve days after her son's birth, Henry had been casting about for a successor to her. Having now the son and heir whom he had so long vainly desired, he could afford to make a marriage with political intent, rather than with an eye to the succession to the throne. All the same, he was not prepared to disregard the sensual appeal. He wanted, at once, a woman who pleased him physically and a princess who brought him a strong alliance on the Continent.

A suitable French marriage would have gratified him most. Jane had been dead but a very short time when he suggested to King Francis that Marie of Lorraine, elder daughter of the Duke of Guise and widow of the Duke of Longueville, should become his next Queen. But Francis had already promised her to his nephew, James V. of Scotland, and declined to break his word. Marie's younger sister, for some reason, was not acceptable. There were other French princesses, among whom Henry was prepared to make his choice, if he could see them first. His good brother of France, however, was very cool towards him, in the warmth of his reconciliation with the Emperor Charles. There was no dealing, therefore, in French princesses.

The widowed Christina (of Denmark), Duchess of Milan, would have suited Henry's requirements. But not only was she the Emperor's niece; she had no ambition to fill the dangerous place of Queen of England, having "only one head."

Cromwell was ready with his solution of the difficulty. The menace of the Franco-Imperial alliance must be met by a league with the Emperor's rebellious subjects[1]; and a wife might be found among the daughters or sisters of some of the Protestant princes. Henry agreed reluctantly to renew his overtures to the Lutheran states, which he had tentatively begun in 1533, employing the same agent as then, the German who went by the name of Christopher Mont. There had already been some talk of a husband for the Princess Mary of England in the young Duke of Cleves; and Mont was secretly told by Cromwell not only to revive this, but also to enquire what qualifications the Duke's sister, Anne, might possess for becoming Henry's bride. Further, when a political mission was sent to Cleves, instructions were given to it to reinforce the appeal for alliance with a formal offer of Mary to the Duke and a suggestion of Henry's marriage to Anne.

[1] It should be noted that Cromwell was not prepared to meet the Lutherans with any doctrinal agreement. When the German princes' envoys, Baumbach and Burckhard, on their visit to England in January 1539, pressed for this before a political union, Cromwell insisted that he "must hold to the same belief as his master, even at the peril of death."

Dr. Nicholas Wotton, one of the English ambassadors, wrote to Henry a fairly favourable report of the lady's accomplishments and appearance; and Holbein, who had been commissioned by the King to go to Cleves to paint her portrait, sent back to England a picture of her with her younger sister Amelia. Henry must have been sufficiently pleased with this, coupled with what Wotton and Cromwell (on Mont's authority) told him, to make up his mind to honour Anne with his hand. The marriage was arranged, and the Duchess was sent for. The story of the King's disappointment when he saw his bride at Rochester on January 1st, 1540, is well known. His shock was not quite so severe as that of George IV. when, as Prince of Wales, he first set eyes upon Caroline of Brunswick. Henry did not faint; but he let his courtiers see that he was worse than dissatisfied. Nor was Cromwell slow to hear of it, as appears from his own statements made when he was in the Tower five months later. These statements were wrung from him when he was ready to swear to anything that the King demanded of him. But there is no reason to doubt the general accuracy of what he says about Henry's complaints and confidences to him.

The King had not taken Cromwell with him to Rochester to give the first greetings to Anne of Cleves. On January 2nd he returned to Greenwich Palace without her, and summoned his Minister to his presence. How did His Grace like the Lady Anne? asked Cromwell. Somewhat heavily, Henry replied that she was no such manner of woman as she had been declared to him, "with many other things" which much grieved Cromwell. Finally the King, in lamentation, asked, "What remedy?" Cromwell said he knew of none and was very sorry!

Nevertheless, on the following day Anne made her state progress to Greenwich, amid all the pomp which might have adorned the reception of a much desired bride. Cromwell, as he had done at the Coronation festivities for the other Anne, exerted himself to the utmost to make the show a success and an entertainment for the watching crowds. Like a good stage-manager, he was busy everywhere, and as far as the audience was concerned the result was splendid. The chroniclers have

recorded their impressions of the scene with due enthusiasm. It was unfortunate, however, that the central figure of it all was displeased with his part.

When Anne was safely bestowed in her apartments in the Palace, the King called Cromwell to him again, and at once began, " My lord, is it not as I told you ? Say what they will, she is nothing like so fair as she was reported to be." All he would allow was that she was " well and seemly," Cromwell replying that she had a queenly manner. Thereon Henry bade him call together the Council, to see whether they could not break the match on the pretext of a prior engagement of the Duchess of Cleves. Anne had, as a matter of fact, been engaged, in earlier youth, to the son of the Duke of Lorraine ; and ultimately Henry was able to get rid of her on this ground. But now the representations of the envoys from Cleves that the engagement had been cancelled and the fear, no doubt fully impressed on his colleagues by Cromwell, that to break the match at this stage meant to render all the Protestant Powers of Northern Europe hostile and leave Henry without a friend on the Continent, made the Council unwilling to commit themselves to the advice which the King wanted from them. Furiously Henry consented to " put his neck into the yoke," as he expressed it.

The wedding morn, Epiphany Day, arrived, and the bridegroom remarked to Cromwell as the hour for the ceremony drew near, " My lord, if it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do that I must do this day for none earthly thing ! " With this hopeful utterance Henry went through with his marriage. On the following morning Cromwell came to the King's privy chamber, where he " found Your Grace not very pleasant," according to his statements from the Tower. He was so bold as to ask how His Grace liked the Queen. " Surely, my lord," cried Henry, " as ye know, I liked her before not well, but now I like her much worse ! " He explained, with his usual coarseness of detail, that he thought her no maid, which " struck him to the heart." Anyhow, he had left her as good a maid as he had found her.

More than ever the King was bent on repudiation. He

would not treat Anne as his wife, and the man who did not discover the way of delivering him from the yoke on his neck stood no chance of retaining his favour.

It was easy to talk of repudiating Anne of Cleves; but to Cromwell's policy such an action meant ruin. With Anne must go the Protestant Alliance, which Cromwell had taken such pains to build up. Henry might survive the loss of this, if he could gain the friendship of France, once more, or the Empire. Cromwell must pay with his life in the event of either combination. Another Roman Catholic reaction was bound to follow, and the Vicar-General had a debt to pay. The Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of Winchester were not men to forgive or forget; and, in truth, they had small cause for doing so, quite apart from the fact that his dominance in the Council meant their eclipse.

Norfolk, in particular, lost no time. Sent on an embassy to France, with his well-known pro-French views he soon succeeded in rallying the elements at the court of Francis hostile to the Emperor Charles, and an Anglo-French intrigue was set on foot. Marillac, who had been Francis's ambassador in England for two years of very strained relationship between the two countries, was jubilant at the signs he saw of a reversal of English policy. The Six Articles were being strictly enforced again (among the victims being Dr. Barnes, an agent of Cromwell, who had been so bold as to quarrel with Gardiner), the more pronounced Romanists among the bishops were summoned to the Privy Council, Cranmer and Cromwell did not know where they stood, and Cromwell, indeed, was "tottering."

My Lord Privy Seal, however, had no intention of surrendering without a fight. He worked as successfully as usual to secure for Henry a subservient Parliament in April, which agreed to the measures proposed to augment the King's revenues; and on April 18th he was rewarded with the Earldom of Essex, and the post of Great Chamberlain of England.

Less than two months later the crash came, in circumstances that are obscure. As Cromwell himself had always worked by underground means, so his downfall was engineered by his

enemies underground. Their methods have not been revealed, except that somehow Henry's fears were played upon, and he was persuaded that the man whose guidance he had so long accepted was a traitor to him. But, no doubt, the fact that he was still saddled with Anne of Cleves, and that Cromwell had found no way of getting rid of her, as he had got rid of Anne Boleyn, weighed most with the King. Henry, now nearly fifty, was in love again, his new passion being for the youthful Katharine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and (history repeating itself) Maid of Honour to the Queen. Cromwell had failed to clear the path for the gratification of the Royal desire ; and so he might go.

On June 6th or 7th the new Earl was walking back to his house in Austin Friars, in the company of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, one of the principal secretaries to the King. Cromwell talked of his trouble over the King's dislike of the Queen and the non-consummation of the marriage. Some way must be found to relieve the King, said Wriothesley. "It is a great matter," was all Cromwell could answer. Next day Wriothesley returned to the subject, and pressed Cromwell to devise some way of relief ; for, if the King remained in this grief and trouble, they should all one day smart for it ! "It is true," agreed Cromwell, "but it is a great matter." "Marry, I grant you," said Wriothesley, "but let the remedy be searched for." Cromwell had no answer ready. "Well," he began, but then broke off without further words.

In spite of these two conversations which Wriothesley records, the doomed man apparently had no expectation of what was in store for him when, on June 10th, he went to a meeting of the Privy Council. It was said that, as the Council went out to dinner after the morning's work, the wind was so strong that it blew off Cromwell's head the cap which is familiar to us in his portraits. Seeing that the others did not, as etiquette demanded, uncover until his cap should be replaced, but on the contrary pressed theirs on their heads, he remarked how high the wind must be to blow his cap off and cause them to hold on to theirs. On their return to the Council Chamber the end came quickly, the Duke of Norfolk denouncing him as

a traitor, unfit to sit among them, and calling in the guard. The French Ambassador, Marillac, heard that, when the Captain of the Guard declared his charge to make him a prisoner, Cromwell in a rage cast down his bonnet, crying to Norfolk and the other Councillors that this was the reward for his services and appealing to their consciences as to whether he was a traitor. Thereupon some said he was a traitor, others that he should be judged according to the laws which he had made. Norfolk, after reproaching him for some of the villanies he had done, snatched from his neck the Order of St. George; and the Admiral (the Earl of Southampton, the erstwhile Sir William Fitzwilliam), to show himself an enemy to his former friend, unfastened his insignia of the Garter, which he had been given in 1537. Then, by a door opening on to the Thames, he was led into a boat and taken to the Tower—at the hour of three, according to the brief official account of his arrest.

All was done so swiftly and secretly that the public were unaware until the King's archers were seen at Cromwell's door in Austin Friars. According to Marillac's information, when an inventory was made, less treasure was found in the house than had been expected; £7,000 in money, and as much more in plate, including crosses, chalices, and other church spoils. Before night all of this was taken to the King's treasury, as a sign that it was confiscated. No sooner was the arrest made than a letter was sent out to various people whom it was thought fit to inform, including the English Ambassador in France, speaking of the treasons of the Lord Privy Seal, who "had not only been counterworking the King's aim for the settlement of religion, but had said that if the King and all the realm varied from his opinions he would withstand them, and that he hoped in another year or two to bring things to that frame that the King could not resist it." This was of the man who had eighteen months before told the Lutheran envoys that "he must hold to the same belief as his master, even at the peril of death!"—not that we must be surprised even if Cromwell made both remarks.

It was not to be expected that there would be any murmuring against what had befallen Cromwell. Even Cranmer could

only write to Henry of his amazement and grief that Cromwell should be a traitor. He had loved him as a friend, he said, and the more for the love he seemed to bear the King ; and now, although he was glad that the treason was discovered, he was very sorrowful—" for whom shall the King trust hereafter? "

Cromwell himself, after a day or two in the Tower, wrote to the King a humble and sorrowful letter, denying the charges he understood to have been brought against him, but received no acknowledgment of it. Henry was content to leave to his fate the minister who had been unable to suggest to him how to free himself from Anne of Cleves. So Cromwell was " judged according to the laws which he had made," as his enemies had promised him. He had no trial, and no opportunity of answering accusations. A Bill of Attainder was brought against him in the House of Lords and, without a protesting voice, passed through its second and third readings on June 19th. Ten days later, after alterations in the Commons, it was approved by the Lords, and Cromwell was condemned to suffer " as a heretic or a traitor, at the King's pleasure."

The Bill, after describing the wretched man as " the most detestable traitor that has been seen during the King's reign," followed this up with a string of miscellaneous complaints, such as that he had set traitors at liberty ; sold trading licenses and posts ; boasted of his power over the King, though " a person of as poor and low degree as few be " ; dispersed false and erroneous books, importing some from abroad and causing others to be translated into English ; licensed heretics to preach ; enriched himself by bribery and extortion, and held therefore the nobles of the realm in great disdain. A curious charge comes last of all, that on January 31st, 1540, when warned by someone, apparently, that he was not secure against an accusation of treason by the nobility, he had said that, " if the lords would handle him so, he would give them such a breakfast as never was made in England, and the proudest of them should know."

By the sentence of the Lords he became simply " Thomas Cromwell, shearman "—he who on the previous April 18th

had received the magnificent style of "Earl of Essex, Vicegerent and High Chamberlain of England, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Justice of the Forests beyond Trent." This done, Cromwell awaited the King's pleasure. Henry had, however, a certain need of him before he sent him to the scaffold. He wanted his evidence to support that of others for the annulling of the marriage with Anne of Cleves. With Cromwell removed from among them, the Privy Council, and chief of them, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, had been able to recommend the King that his marriage was invalid. Cromwell was asked to give his assistance in establishing the case.

First a set of five questions was submitted to him, to which he subscribed the declaration, "All these articles be true, by the death I shall die." Then, after an interview in his prison with the representatives of the King, Cromwell amplified his testimony with two long statements, in part almost the same. We have already referred to these statements when speaking of the reception of Anne of Cleves in England. One of them has an introductory section, full of gross flattery and humble supplication addressed to the King, which in the surviving manuscript is too mutilated for reproduction. The other has not this introduction, but concludes with the words:

> "Written at the Tower this Wednesday the last of June with the heavy heart and trembling hand of Your Highness' most heavy and most miserable prisoner and poor slave
>
> "THOMAS CROMWELL.
>
> "Most gracious prince, I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy."

When Cromwell had put his pen to these humiliating documents, the King proceeded at once to have his marriage annulled by Convocation and Parliament. There was no further use for the great crusher of Convocation and packer of Parliaments; but Cromwell was kept alive a few weeks more, mainly in order to have certain charges of peculation against him investigated. It was not until July 28th that he was led to the block. A dying speech, attributed to him, was printed

and published. We cannot, however, feel sure that it was what he actually uttered, nor, if it was, that it was not composed for him to say. It was not safe, even for those about to die, to utter their actual sentiments. In the authorised version, if we may call it so, Cromwell confessed that he had done wrong, begged the King's forgiveness, and declared that he died in the Catholic Faith, "not doubting in any Article, . . . no, nor doubting in any Sacrament of the Church."

Having thus said, perhaps, what he was desired to say, Cromwell was executed without the additional degradations which would have punished a recalcitrant attitude. He was merely beheaded; though, according to the accepted story, the executioner was unskilful, and did not succeed at the first attempt.

With him was executed, possibly just after him, Walter, Lord Hungerford, accused of disgraceful offences and also—what is more significant—of heresy. Further deaths on the last charge followed; and Henry then with a good heart went to his marriage with Katharine Howard in early August. The enemies of the dead man rejoiced, even though one of his legacies remained very plainly in view, that his gracious master was still Supreme Head of the English Church.

It is impossible to repress a feeling of pity for Thomas Cromwell in his fall. The appreciation of poetic justice done is merged in the horror of the end. One is tempted to think of his industrious climb to power, in spite of so many obstacles; of his wonderful control of the tyrant with whom he had to deal; of his successful statesmanship and the permanence of some of his work—to think of these things, and to forget, for the moment, all the evil that went with them. But the temptation must be resisted. I did not intend here to do more than look into Cromwell's character as a man, with a view to satisfying myself whether I wronged him in painting it so black (so unduly black, as I was accused of doing) in my *Life of Anne Boleyn*.

It may be that I am prejudiced in my own favour. I still do not feel that I overstated the case against Cromwell. Rather, in fact, does it now appear to me that he was worse than I

thought. Granting his brilliant intellect, his subtle knowledge of the world, his capacity for attaining his objects by the aptest of means, and waiving all question as to whether his achievement of the change in the Church was good or bad, I ask: Do we ever hear of a single kind or disinterested act on his part? What virtues had he, except the "virtues" of the politician? What morals had he, except that in the sphere of sexual morality he seems to have escaped reproach. He was cold, callous, brutal when he had the power, capable of cringing and cajolery when it appeared necessary, venal in himself and an adept in the corruption of others, a brigand, a dissembler, a liar, and a physical coward. If, regarded purely from the viewpoint of personal character, he was not a monster, what *was* Thomas Cromwell?

A NOTE ON ANNE BOLEYN

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THE point which follows came to my notice when I was examining the material for the preceding section of this book; but, as it has only a very remote connection with Thomas Cromwell, and has, on the other hand, a distinct importance with reference to the story of Anne Boleyn, I decided to put it separately, under the above heading.

In my *Life of Anne Boleyn* (pp. 291–2) I wrote of Archbishop Cranmer's last interview with Anne in the Tower, when he succeeded in drawing some admission from her, to be used by the King in proving that his marriage with her had never been legal, and I alluded to Friedmann's "conjecture" that the unfortunate Queen admitted an impediment caused by the previous illicit connection with Henry of her sister Mary, which brought herself, by canon law, within the prohibited degrees of affinity to him. I said that Henry "could not admit this himself nor appeal to common knowledge at Court," and that "Cranmer proceeded to declare Henry's second marriage null, on account of a certain unnamed impediment."

I will not shelter myself behind the excuse that Anne's biographers before me failed to notice, or did not sufficiently emphasise the fact, that it is not a mere conjecture as to what was the impediment put forward as the ground for annulling the marriage. I somehow missed reading an extremely important letter written by Eustache Chapuys, Imperial Ambassador in England, to his friend Nicholas Granvelle on July 8th, 1536, fifty days after Anne's execution. Therefore I described as a conjecture by Friedmann what I might have called a practically established certainty.[1]

[1] Friedmann, it is true, distinctly states (*Anne Boleyn*, II. 288): "Scandalous as the proceedings might be, the marriage was to be annulled on this ground," *viz.* a forbidden degree of affinity. But he does not give his authority in his text, and in an appendix refers to the letter of Chapuys, quoted below, without drawing attention to its full meaning. In *The Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere the Chapuys letter is overlooked.

What Chapuys writes is as follows :

" The statute declaring the Concubine's daughter princess and lawful heir has been repealed, and she has been declared bastard—not as being the daughter of Master Noris,[1] as might have been more honourably said, but because the marriage between the King and the Concubine was invalid, since the King had carnally known the said Concubine's sister ; on which ground the Archbishop of Canterbury, one or two days before the said Concubine's execution, pronounced the sentence of divorce, of which, as you know, there was little need when the sword divorced them absolutely. It would have been more honourable to have alleged that she had been previously married to another ; but God has been pleased to reveal still greater abomination, which is the more inexcusable as ignorance could not be alleged either of the law or the fact."

So there was no secret, as far as Chapuys was concerned, as to the nature of the impediment on the ground of which Cranmer pronounced Henry's marriage with Anne null ; and his words might even be taken to imply that Cranmer actually named the impediment. We know that the Archbishop did not name the impediment when he gave his sentence on May 17th. He merely mentioned " certain true, just and lawful causes recently brought to our notice."[2] But how did the Imperial Ambassador, writing little over seven weeks later, know that the impediment was such as he stated it to be ? It must have leaked out and became known to some of his friends in Court circles ; in fact, must have been familiar to not a few at Court. Why then the fact did not get further publicity, why it was forgotten, is a mystery.

The point does not make what I wrote in *The Life of Anne Boleyn* inaccurate, except in so far as I used the word " conjecture " with regard to the nature of the impediment. We still see Henry VIII., failing to prove a precontract between Anne and the Earl of Northumberland, planning to preserve himself from an admission of guilt by basing the nullity of his

[1] Sir Henry Norris. [2] D. Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 803.

marriage on an unpublished impediment, allowed by Anne (which later enabled Sanders to give colour to his foul story); still see Cranmer pronouncing for nullity on the ground of the unnamed impediment; still see, only more clearly, the sordid vileness of the whole plot.

We also see, however, that Henry's scheme miscarried. He did not succeed in keeping the nature of the impediment from the ears of some, at least, at his Court. Of course, they knew all about Mary Boleyn before. But they need not have known that the old story was to be raked up again. Henry's tender conscience was responsible for that. It would be interesting to learn who divulged the secret.

NOTES

NOTES

THE FATAL COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY

p. 19, ll. 13 *ff.* Concerning the Brudenells see Collins, *Peerage*, III. 496. Robert's first wife was Mary, daughter of Henry Constable, 1st Viscount Dunbar, by whom he had one daughter, who married William Hay, 3rd Earl of Kinnoul. Dorothy Brudenell's second husband, Robert, 3rd Viscount Dunbar, was a grandson of the 1st Viscount. He was doubly her cousin, being son of her father's first wife's brother, John Constable, 2nd Viscount, and also son of her father's sister, Mary—John Constable having married Mary Brudenell. Rather a complicated bit of genealogy!

p. 20, l. 19. 1645. *H. M. C. VII., Verney Papers.* In a list of sixteen prisoners of quality taken at Hereford, "the Lord Brudenell" is one of three marked as papists.

p. 21, l. 30. The *Memoirs of Gramont* make the Earl of Arran one of Lady Shrewsbury's first admirers, and "not one of the last to desert her."

p. 22, l. 12. I am indebted to Mr. Allan Fea, in his edition of *Gramont*, p. 123*n.*, for the information that there were two "Spring Gardens" at this time.

p. 22, l. 34. *Verney Papers.* Dr. William Denton to Sir Ralph Verney, August 21st, 1662. See also *Calendar of State Papers*, 1662, letter to Lord Conway on August 18th, for a notice of the duel.

p. 24, l. 1. *Hatton Correspondence.* Charles Lyttelton to Lady Hatton, November 26th, 1664.

p. 25, l. 25. On the alleged affair between Talbot and Lady Shrewsbury see my *Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot*, p. 144.

p. 26, l. 14. See Burnet, Dryden, Pope and Samuel Butler on Buckingham; and, in modern days, Lady Burghclere.

p. 26, l. 17. In his note at the time of Buckingham's death in 1687, Reresby says: "He was certainly the most witty man of his time, wholly addicted to pleasures, and unsteady." See the *Memoirs* as edited by J. J. Cartwright in 1875, from the original MS. in the British Museum.

p. 27, l. 12. G. E. C[okayne] states that John Talbot, when he was killed on February 2nd, 1686, was "within five or six days of 21 years old."

p. 30, l. 17. Killigrew spoke of her having been "a little lecherous girl" (Pepys, October 21st, 1666).

p. 30, l. 26. *Verney Papers.* Dr. Denton to Sir R. Verney, July 25th, 1667. Pepys gives a shorter account on July 22nd. See also a newsletter, July 20th, in *H. M. C. XII., App.* 7, *MSS. of S. H. Le Fleming.*

p. 31, l. 8. *Le Fleming MSS.*

p. 31, l. 15. Charles II. to the Duchess of Orleans, October 7th, 1667.

p. 31, l. 20. *Cal. St. P.*, 1667.

p. 31, l. 33. *Savile Correspondence.*

p. 32, l. 15. Sir John Talbot is the man afterwards addressed by the young 12th Earl of Shrewsbury as his "uncle." He is not to be confused with a son of the 10th Earl (by his second wife), who died young. See Collins, *Peerage*, III.

p. 32, l. 19. According to Andrew Marvel, Holmes was "first an Irish livery boy, and then a highwayman."

p. 32, l. 31. *Verney Papers.* Letter of January 23rd, 1668.

p. 33, l. 13. *Royal and Noble Authors*, II., 82.

p. 33, l. 25. *Cal. St. P.*, 1668, January 27th, 28th, 31st.

p. 34, l. 4. *Ib.*, May 19th.

p. 35, l. 8. Pepys, January 17th, 1668.

p. 35, l. 38. *Verney Papers.* Dr. Denton to Sir R. Verney, March 19th, 1668. In the same letter is mentioned Lord Shrewsbury's death.

p. 36, l. 25. Letter from Colbert to Lionne, May 20th, 1669 (J. J. Jusserand, *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.*).

p. 36, l. 36. *H. M. C. MSS. in Various Collections, II.* (*MSS. of Sir George Wombwell*) p. 128.

p. 37, l. 6. This newsletter is in the *Le Fleming MSS.*

p. 37, l. 14. There is some confusion as to the tenancy of the Mastership of the Revels by Harry and Charles Killigrew. Steinman says that Harry held it until his death in 1700, when it fell to his brother. But see Fowell and Palmer, *Censorship in England*, pp. 105, 113.

p. 37, l. 20. *Savile Correspondence*, p. 301.

p. 38, l. 33. Halifax, *Character of King Charles II.*

p. 39, l. 16. Marvell's *Works*, I. p. 406.

p. 39, l. 24. James's "Life written by himself," in Macpherson, *Original Papers* (1775), I. p. 58.

p. 40, l. 4. *H. M. C. VI. MSS. of Sir H. Ingilby.* Letter from R. Brockenden to Sir Robert Paston.

p. 40, l. 10. Wallingford House became Buckingham's after the Restoration. The Crown purchased it in 1680, and forty years later the Admiralty was built on its site.

p. 41, l. 25. It is rather curious that we find, in the State Papers, a warrant, dated November 19th, 1673, for a grant of pardon to the Duke of Buckingham for all treasons, rebellions, and a host of other imaginable crimes. It looks like an attempt by

Charles to protect his so-long-favourite against the coming attack.

p. 41, l. 37. For the petition and Buckingham's defence see *H. M. C. IX., Pt. II.*, pp. 35–6, from the *Lords' Journal*, Vol. XII.

p. 43, l. 20. *Cal. St. P.*, 1674.

p. 44, l. 9. *Ib.*, 1673–5.

p. 44, l. 16. Lady Burghclere mentions the convent at Dunkirk, but does not give authority for the statement.

p. 44, l. 17. *H. M. C. MSS. of the Duke of Buccleugh. The Shrewsbury Papers.*

p. 44, l. 22. See the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* by Dr. A. W. Ward.

p. 44, l. 29. According to the genealogies, he had an uncle Gilbert, his father's full brother; and two half-uncles, Thomas and Bruno, his grandfather Shrewsbury's sons by his second wife.

p. 45, l. 2. Dartmouth's note to Burnet's *History of My Own Time.*

p. 45, l. 9. Louisa, sister of Prince Rupert "of the Rhine," and niece of Charles I.

p. 46, l. 5. Lady Shrewsbury's letter, her son says, was dated January 3rd (*O.S.*).

p. 46, l. 30. *E.g.*, both G. S. Steinman (*Althorp Memoirs*) and Allan Fea (*Memoirs of Gramont*) give the date as 1680.

p. 46, l. 31. *Savile Correspondence.*

p. 46, l. 37. *H. M. C., Shrewsbury Papers.*

p. 47, l. 12. *Cal. St. P.*, 1678. The warrant is dated July 19th. The appointment as Groom of the Bedchamber is not definitely dated.

p. 47, l. 17. See below, note to p. 52, l. 1.

p. 47, l. 24. As we see, the custom is not extinct now.

p. 47, l. 28. *Cal. St. P.*, 1679.

p. 48, l. 21. See *My Lady Castlemaine*, p. 205.

p. 48, l. 36. Stanley's Christian name is not mentioned by Evelyn; but Robert is the only one of the Earl's four sons who is not found living after the date of the duel. Their mother, by the way, was Dorothea Helena Kirckhoven, a daughter of the Countess of Chesterfield. See p. 91.

p. 49, l. 1. Luttrell, *A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714.*

p. 49, l. 7. See *My Lady Castlemaine*, pp. 267–8, for the astonishing escapade of the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland.

p. 49, l. 12. April 16th, 1687.

p. 49, l. 26. The Brudenell family appear to have acted the rôle rather of passive resisters than of active opponents of the usurpation. There is in *Cal. St. P.* for May 3rd, 1692, a curious order from

the Earl of Nottingham to Lord Lucas, to allow Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Brudenell (presumably Francis's wife) and Lady Westmorland (the former Dorothy Brudenell) " to come and speak to the Earl of Middleton, and to see Lord Brudenell for this time only." Middleton, the husband of Catherine Brudenell, though he was not attainted by William until 1695, was under suspicion as having been James's Secretary of State, to which post he was reappointed at Saint-Germain. The date of his marriage to Catherine Brudenell is unknown. Their elder daughter, Catherine Middleton, was 16 when she married Sir John Giffard at St. Germain on June 27th, 1702. See C. E. Lart, *Jacobite Extracts.*

p. 50, l. 18. Macpherson, *Original Papers*, I. 456–8.
p. 50, l. 22. *Ib.*, I. 480–4.
p. 51, l. 30. *Shrewsbury Papers.* Letter of December 29th, 1696.
p. 52, l. 1. This petition is cited by Mr. Allan Fea, *Memoirs of Gramont*, p. 108, *n.* 1, from " State Papers Dom. Petition Book 20." I have not myself been able to trace it.
p. 52, l. 29. *Shrewsbury Papers*, p. 762.
p. 52, l. 35. Luttrell, *Brief Relation.* Entry for April 21st, 1702.
p. 53, l. 5. She was the widowed sister of the Marquis Paliotti.

THE SECOND LORD CHESTERFIELD

p. 57, l. 14. The work is entitled *Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to several celebrated individuals*, and was published by Lloyd & Son in 1829.
p. 57, l. 16. *B.M. Additional MSS.* 19253. For a curious extract from this see at the end of these Notes.
p. 57, l. 25. Chesterfield himself gives 1633 as the year of his birth. Now 1633, under the old calendar, includes any date up to March 25th, 1634 ; but I have tried, without success, to fix his birth in any one of the fifteen months so as to make the chronology of the *Short Notes* consistent in itself and with actually ascertainable dates.
p. 57, l. 27. Camden, in his *Discourses on Surnames*, refers to a " town of Stanhope (now a forest so called) in Darlington wapentake."
p. 59, l. 14. The variations in spelling of Poliander's name are numerous. We find Kirckhoven, Kerckhoven, Kirkhoven ; and Heenvliet is still more variously represented. *The Dictionary of National Biography*, in the article on his wife, calls him " John Polyander à Kerckhoven, lord of Heenvliet in Sassenheim."
p. 62, l. 19. John Bargrave, D.D., Canon of Canterbury, lived from 1610 to 1680. He was a son of John Bargrave, of Bridge,

near Canterbury, and nephew of Isaac Bargrave, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, who married Elizabeth Dering, niece of Sir Henry Wotton, half-brother of Edward, first Baron Wotton. Dr. John Bargrave's book on *Pope Alexander* was edited for the Camden Society in 1867 by Canon J. C. Robertson. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, May 13th, 1672, speaks of Bargrave as "my old fellow-traveller in Italy"; but he refers to an earlier visit by Bargrave to Italy, in 1646–7.

p. 63, *n.* These dates are given in the genealogical tables of Johann Hübner.

p. 64, l. 22. Collins, *Peerage*, gives the date of the marriage as June 21st, 1652; but this cannot be made to fit in with Chesterfield's date of his first marriage as in his eighteenth year.

p. 65, ll. 1*ff.* See *Calendar of State Papers Domestic*, under dates January 9th, December 25th, 1651; January 9th, 1652. I shall not consider it necessary, in future, to give the exact references to the *Calendar*, unless there is a special reason for doing so, or where the source of the quotation is not plain.

p. 65, l. 26. *Nicholas Papers*, III. 31.

p. 71, l. 21. It may be noted that Shelden was the maiden surname of the mother of Charles, Earl of Anglesea, though there may be no significance in that fact.

p. 71, l. 33. I said in *My Lady Chesterfield*, p. 21, that Chesterfield had preserved no letters between himself and Barbara Villiers which bore the date 1658. I erred through not consulting Chesterfield's original MS. collection. It is true that Barbara did not become Mrs. Palmer until April, 1659, which cannot be included in 1658, even according to the old style calendar, when ended the years on March 25th; but Chesterfield may easily have made this slight mistake in the label to the letter.

p. 78, l. 37. Dryden, *Astræa Redux*, 230–1. The *Naseby* was renamed the *Royal Charles*.

p. 79, l. 18. Kirckhoven's death, in Holland, is assigned to March 10th, 1660 (O.S.), *i.e.* 1661.

p. 79, l. 31. Chesterfield copied out two letters from himself to Barbara Palmer in 1661. In the other he complains that "after so many years' service, fidelity and respect, to be banished for the first offence is very hard, especially after my asking so many pardons." On the quarrel between the lady and Chesterfield see *My Lady Castlemaine*, pp. 37–8.

p. 80, l. 7. Mary Stanhope, generally stated to have died unmarried, but by some assigned as a wife to Colonel Thomas Howard, the Princess Royal's master of the horse.

p. 81, l. 27. *Cal. of St. P., Domestic*, February 1/11, 1658.

p. 82, l. 4. *Ib.*, August 19th, 1669. Warrant to pay the Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Wotton £9,000 for their surrender of a

contract between the King and Daniel O'Neil for the sole making of gunpowder for the King.

p. 84, l. 4. *Calendar of State Papers Irish*, 1663–5, p. 10.

p. 85, ll. 1*ff*. The quotations are from the *Ormonde MSS.*, New Series, Vol. III.

p. 85, l. 38. Peter Cunningham, in an appendix to his *Story of Nell Gwyn*, states that he derives this date for Lord Chesterfield's departure from town from the books of the Lord Steward's office.

p. 86, l. 12. Letter of Cunæus, secretary to the Dutch Ambassador May 27/June 6, 1663, in *Cal. St. P. Domestic.*

p. 86, ll. 26. We quote again from the *Ormonde MSS.*, New Series, Vol. III.

p. 91, ll. 10*ff*. See *Cal. of St. P., Irish*, under dates August 15th, 1666, and January 8th, 1667.

p. 92, l. 12. I am indebted for the information about Henrietta Price to Mr. Allan Fea's edition of the *Memoirs of Gramont*, p. 136*n*.

p. 96, l. 22. Wrongly transcribed "Lady Olivia" in the printed edition of the *Letters*. In the manuscript it is quite plainly "Lady Obrian."

p. 96, l. 24. *Ormonde MSS.*, New Series, Vol. IV.

p. 99, l. 33. Chesterfield gave a long account of this affair to his friend Arran, at the time Lord Deputy of Ireland. The letter, dated January 20th, 1684, is in the printed edition.

p. 102, l. 17. The author of the memoir goes so far as to say, "While rectitude of principle is honoured, the memory of Lord Chesterfield will be continually respected by posterity."

In Chesterfield's letter is a page devoted to "a catalogue of some friends and acquaintance of mine who killed them selves." As it is a curious document and has not, to my knowledge, been reproduced before, it seems to be worth quotation:

"Monsieur Poliander,[1] my intimate friend and bed-fellow for many years, stabbed himself in the belly and died. His body was found some days after his death in a heap of nettels.

"Sr. Thomas Alcock, a pleasant merry man, after the having invited some freinds of his to sup with him, and the having been very merry in their company, retired as soon as they were gon into his closet and shot himself with a pistol into the head and died.

[1] The identity of this Poliander is uncertain. He may have been a son of John Poliander van Kirckhoven by a wife previous to Lady Catherine Stanhope—the possibility of a previous wife having already been suspected. (See *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

"Mr. Robert Spenser who was afterwards Lord Tiveat did cut his Throat with a Rasor. He was all the time he live a mighty devout person.

"The Earl of Essex who was my Brother in law, being in the Tower of London, and committed for high Treason, did cut his Throat with a Rasor and was found dead.

"The Earl of Bath, a young man with a great estate, shot him self with a pistol in to the head and died.

"Mr. Temple, onely son to Sr. William Temple, leaped in to the river at London bridge and drowned him self.

"Mr. Blunt my neighbour in the Country first took opioum, and then shot him self with a pistol into the belly and dyed.

"Mr. Bucly, brother to the Lord Buckley, did run him self through the body with his sword and dyed at the Bath.

"Mr. Child 2 or 3 dayes before that he was to be married hanged him self."

BLOOD: OR THE REVENGER'S COMEDY

p. 108, l. 22. A certain amount of the material about Blood's origin is collected by Professor W. C. Abbott, *Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown Stealer*, and Sir G. J. Younghusband, *The Jewel House*—the latter having had some information imparted to him by General Sir Bindon Blood. The statement about the "ancient inheritance" is from *Cal. St. P., Irish*; see Sir Gilbert Talbot's letter of June 13th, 1663, quoted on p. 121 above.

p. 109, l. 8. The birth-date is given by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, in his article on Blood in the *D. N. B.*, as "? 1618." I do not know the source of it.

p. 109, *n.* R. H's "Remarks" are reprinted, from the second edition of the original publication, in Lord Somers's *Tracts*, Vol. VIII., pp. 438 *ff.* G. Smeeton's *Historical and Biographical Tracts*, Vol. I., also reproduces the "Remarks," but with somewhat different wording from the original at the beginning.

p. 110, l. 14. See Thomas Paulden's narrative in Somers's *Tracts*, Vol. VII., pp. 3–4.

p. 112, l. 2. Prince Rupert made this statement at Blood's examination before the King on May 12th, 1671. See p. 145.

p. 113, l. 2. Holcroft Blood has a short article devoted to him the *D. N. B.*

p. 113, l. 26. The dates are a sufficient indication of the place in *Cal. St. P., Irish*, of the various documents quoted in connection with the plot against Dublin Castle. Similarly I do not think it necessary to give the references in *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, where the date furnishes the clue.

p. 115, l. 33. It is not at all easy to make the dates given in the various accounts square, owing no doubt to various changes of mind on the part of the conspirators as to the most appropriate day for the attempt. Ormonds tells Bennet, on May 23rd, that the date had been changed to a day *earlier*, whereas Tanner, as we see, makes Blood speak of its being *put off* to the 21st.

p. 117, l. 13. The Declaration and a note upon it, from the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are printed by Thomas M'Crie, D.D., in his edition of the *Memoirs of W[illiam] V[eitch]* (1825), Appendix pp. 508–9.

p. 121, l. 16. For the facts of Lackey's death see *H. M. C. VIII., App. I.*, p. 502b. Some of his Presbyterian admirers apparently invented the story that he was offered a reprieve if he would become an Anglican, but refused and so had to die.

p. 121, l. 32. I do not know of any *Sir* Gilbert among the Irish Talbots.

p. 122, l. 27. Somers's *Tracts*, VI. 417.

p. 123, l. 1. *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, 1663–4, p. 405.

p. 123, l. 10. See p. 147.

p. 125, l. 18. Dr. M'Crie does not believe that Blood was in the Pentland Hills affair. Veitch, who was there personally, does not mention him as a participant.

p. 126, l. 11. Leving's and Darcy's statements are in *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, July 25th and 29th, 1667.

p. 129, l. 15. *Memoirs of W. V.*

p. 130, l. 35. Rugge's *Diurnal*, or *Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, is *Add. MSS.* 10,116–7 in the British Museum. It covers the period 1659–March 28th, 1672.

p. 131, l. 9. Thomas Carte, *History of the Duke of Ormonde*, Vol. II.

p. 133, l. 7. For the story of the attempts to unravel the mystery see *H. M. C. VIII., App. I., House of Lords Journal*, pp. 154 *ff.*; and also the documents quoted in *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, for the period.

p. 133, l. 35. It cannot be said that the style of this "Letter to the Church" helps us to identify with Richard Halliwell the R. H. whose biographical "Remarks" on Blood have been so much quoted above.

p. 137, l. 33. *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, 1671. The petitions of Mrs. Halliwell are assigned to January and February.

p. 140, l. 2. I have added punctuation, but have preserved the spelling of the original.

p. 142, l. 17. Edwards's story is given in Strype's *Continuation of Stowe's Survey of London.*

p. 144, l. 3. Newsletter of May 9th, 1671, in *Cal. St. P., Domestic.*

p. 146, l. 2. Evelyn's entry concerning Blood is dated May 10th, 1671, on which day he says that he met him at dinner at Sir

Thomas Clifford's—an obvious mistake in the date. Blood was a prisoner in the Tower that day and for many weeks after.

p. 146, l. 22. Mr. F. H. Blackburn Daniell, editor of *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, 1671–2 (Preface, p. xix), evidently regards this letter as a forgery, probably a joke. It is endorsed, in Williamson's hand, "a foolish letter."

p. 147, l. 35. It is curious that an enclosure in Blood's letter to Arlington on December 20th, 1672 (*Cal. St. P., Domestic*) mentions August 28th as the date of Blood's pardon for treason, etc., with the remission of all forfeitures.

p. 149, l. 17. See p. 153.

p. 150, l. 12. These notes of Williamson's are reproduced in *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, under their dates.

p. 156, l. 12. See *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, concerning these licensing transactions and Blood's other activities at this period.

p. 159, l. 34. *The Narrative of Col. Tho. Blood concerning the design reported to be lately laid against the life and honour of his Grace George D. of Buckingham* has the imprint of R. Everingham, "at the Seven Stars in Ave-Mary Lane," 1680. A copy is bound up in a volume of *Trials*, 1665–1754, at the British Museum, which also contains a copy of the second edition of R. H.'s *Remarks*, with the postscript.

p. 161, l. 15. The offence, it may be noted, was against a woman, whom Buckingham was alleged to have afterwards smuggled out of the country, or otherwise got rid of.

p. 163, l. 31. The *Narrative* reproduces this document.

p. 163, l. 13. This and the succeeding letters are in *Cal. St. P., Domestic.*

p. 163, l. 19. Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, entry for June 25th, 1680.

p. 168, *n.* *The English Review* published excerpts from Voltaire's notebook soon after its discovery in St. Petersburg.

RIVELLA THE RECKLESS.

p. 171, l. 24. The first edition of *The Adventures of Rivella* appeared in 1714. The Key was published with the third edition in 1717.

p. 172, l. 7. In *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence* (1735), III. 45, it is stated that Mrs. Manley was born "at sea between Jersey and Guernsey"; but she herself says nothing about being born at sea.

p. 172, l. 8. Sir Roger Manley has an article devoted to him in the *D. N. B.*, by Mr. J. A. Cramb. His principal book, on the Rebellion, was published in Latin in 1686, and did not appear in English until 1691, three years after his death. His writings are stated to have some historical value.

p. 172, ll. *ff.* For these facts about Sir Roger Manley see *Cal. St. P., Domestic.* Mr. G. A. Aitken, in his article on Mrs. Manley in the *D. N. B.*, fixes the date of Sir Roger's departure from Jersey as 1674, on the authority of "information supplied by Mr. Godfray." It is from the period of her father's post in Jersey that we are enabled to arrive at the probable date of Mrs. Manley's birth, commonly assigned to 1672.

p. 174, l. 22. *The Adventures* merely say a country house; but it was his house at Kew that Sir Roger left to his eldest daughter.

p. 174, l. 32. There seems no doubt about the identification of the wicked cousin with John Manley, M.P., though writers about Mrs. Manley seem to hesitate for some reason.

p. 176, l. 32. The Key to the French edition of *The New Atalantis* makes this identification.

p. 177, l. 27. I have told, in *My Lady Castlemaine*, the story of this acquaintance between Mrs. Manley and the Duchess of Cleveland, but from a different point of view.

p. 179, *n.* From some lines by "Mr. Stepney" in *Poems on State Affairs*, Vol. II.

p. 184, l. 12. *The Royal Mischief* is dedicated to His Grace William, Duke of Devonshire.

p. 186, l. 30. Tidcomb is recorded to have died at Bath in June 1713.

p. 188, l. 28. Catharine Cockburn, *née* Trotter (1679–1749). See an eulogistic article in *D. N. B.*

p. 188, l. 35. The writer of Mrs. Manley's biography in the *D. N. B.* calls Tilly Warden of the Fleet. He was not so, apparently, when Mrs. Manley met him.

p. 191, l. 29. In *The Adventures of Rivella* Montagu is *Lord Crafty*, the Earl of Bath is *Baron Meanwell*, and Christopher Monk is *Tim Double*. In her descriptions of *Tim Double* Mrs. Manley is at her brightest and most racy. But space forbids quotation.

p. 193, l. 7. The lady, according to the Key to *The Adventures*, was the widow of Mr. George Smith, of Doctors Commons.

p. 193, l. 29. In full, *The Secret History of Queen Zarah and the Zarazians; being a Looking-glass for — in the Kingdom of Albinogion.* It is an imitation of a form of satire already popular in France. It was republished, with a second part, in 1711, after the success of *The New Atalantis*; and again, in French, at Oxford, in 1712. It is classed as a doubtful work of Mrs. Manley's; but, except in a secondary sense, I do not think it can be called doubtful, in spite of the fact that *The Adventures of Rivella* ignore it.

p. 194, l. 22. John Nichols, *Steele's Epistolatory Correspondence* (1809), note on p. 500.

p. 196, l. 21. Luttrell's account in the *Brief Historical Relation* does not tally with Mrs. Manley's, as on October 29th, 1709,

he records the arrest of all concerned in the work, while on November 1st he records the discharge of the printers and publishers, as if they had no further trouble in the affair. Nicholls, in the note just referred to, makes Mrs. Manley reveal her authorship after the others' arrest.

p. 197, l. 32. *Steele's Correspondence*, p. 182.

p. 201, l. 30. *L'Atalantis*, published at The Hague, in threevolumes, with a Key to the characters.

p. 203, l. 21. In full the title is *An Impartial History of the Life, Character, Amours, Travels and Transactions of Mr. John Barber, City-Printer, Common-Councilman, Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London.* It is explained in this work that "Mr. Norton de Foe" offered his services in the compilation, which were declined.

p. 206, l. 6. In *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence*, III. 9, occurs the passage: "On Saturday morning, about one o' Clock, July the 11th, 1724, Mrs. Manley died. She was seized with a Fit of the Cholick on the Tuesday before, which never left her till she died. Her Corpse was interr'd in the Parish-Church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, with great Decency."

MARCELLUS OR BUTCHER?

p. 213, l. 13. The Hon. Evan Charteris, *William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: His Life and Times* (1913). I have not thought it necessary to give every particular reference to this valuable work where I have consulted it. The author had access, it may be noted, to the "Cumberland Papers" at Windsor; as also had Colonel E. M. Lloyd, who wrote the article on the Duke in the *D. N. B.*

p. 214, l. 15. George made this complaint to Fox in 1751, by which time the revulsion of feeling in England concerning the Duke had grown to considerable proportions.

p. 216, l. 37. The manifesto of "James III., by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc., was "given at Our Court at Plombières, the 29th day of August, 1714, in the thirteenth Year of Our Reign."

p. 218, l. 29. See that excellent work, *The Origins of the Forty-five*, edited by Mr. W. B. Blaikie (1916). I have freely availed myself of the assistance given by the prefaces and documents in this volume.

p. 220, l. 4. See an analysis of the position in the "Memoirs of the Rebellion so far as it concerned Aberdeen and Perth," in the work just mentioned.

p. 220, l. 28. The "True Account of Mr. John Daniel's Progress with Prince Charles Edward" is in the same work.

p. 222, l. 32. This letter is reproduced in Chancellor R. S. Ferguson's article, "On the Retreat of the Highlanders through Westmoreland in 1745" (*Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society*, 1889). With reference to the subject of "turnips," I see that in Dr. Philip Gosse's *Pirate's Who's Who*, a certain Wilson, surgeon to the amazing Captain Bartholomew Roberts, is quoted as saying that, "if ever they were taken by one of the 'Turnip-Man's ships' —*i.e.*, a man-of-war—they would blow up their ship and go to hell together."

p. 225, l. 19. General Bland is Humphry Bland, a probable relative of Mrs. Jordan the actress. See my *Mrs. Jordan*, p. 136.

p. 225, l. 31. Chancellor Ferguson gives a full account of the Clifton affair, from contemporary sources and plans.

p. 227, l. 34. Walpole to Mann, January 17th, 1746. On January 3rd Walpole had described Hawley to the same as "a military magnate of some fierceness."

p. 228, l. 38. The Irish Dragoons.

p. 229, l. 23. Fitzjames's Dragoons unfortunately brought no horses with them, and had to be mounted at the expense of the existing cavalry.

p. 230, l. 11. Mr. Charteris shows that the Duke did very good work in the restoration of his army in the northward march.

p. 232, l. 9. The highest Jacobite estimate is 6,000 men, the lowest 4,000. The latter is Daniel's figure; but he exaggerates the disparity between the forces, putting Cumberland's army at 11,000. The full Jacobite muster-roll was 8,000. It is obvious, however, that a far smaller number took part in the fight. Lord Elcho's *Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland* says 6940; but, as Professor C. S. Terry points out in *The Forty-Five*, this figure does not allow for desertions.

p. 232, l. 23. 8,800 is the figure generally agreed on by modern writers. Daniel, as we have said, gives 11,000; and other Jacobite estimates, while not agreeing with Daniel's small figure for the Prince's army, make the Duke's between 10,000 and 12,000, including or with the addition of 1,100 to 1,200 cavalry. It seems safe to say that the numerical odds were two to one in Cumberland's favour.

p. 235, l. 24. A selection was made from the MS. volumes of *The Lyon in Mourning* by Dr. Robert Chambers, under the name of *Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of* 1745 (1834). But the whole mass of documents was published in 1895–6 by the Scottish Historical Society, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Paton. There are three substantial volumes.

p. 237, l. 1. The evidence of the Roses was communicated to Bishop Forbes by Francis Stuart (see p. 239).

p. 237, l. 18. The legend of "no quarter to the Elector's troops" should have been dissipated for all time by an article which appeared in *The Athenæum* of March 11th, 1899, from the pen of Mr. W. Roberts, who is no Jacobite, since he considers Prince Edwards "a charlatan."[1] Mr. Roberts saw the three actual copies of Lord George Murray's order, two in the possession of the Duke of Atholl, and the other in the Hardwicke collection in the British Museum. I myself have inspected the last (*Add. MSS.* 35, 889, f. 95b.), and give a verbatim transcript of the whole document:—

"Orders from ye 14th and ye 15th of Apr.

"Roi James (in English King James)

"It is his Royall Highness Positive orders that every person attach ymselves to som Corps of ye Army & to remain with that Corps Night & Day till ye Battle & Pursuit be finally over. This reguard the Foot as well as ye Horse.

"The Order of Battle is to be given to every Gen. Officer & every commander of Regiments or Squadrons.

"It is required and expected yt every Individual in the Army as well Officer as Soldier keeps ye Posts that shall be allotted to them, & if any man turn his back to run away the next behind such man is to shoot him.

"No body on pain of Death is to Strip the Slain or plunder till the Battle be over. The Highlander [*sic*] all to be in kilts, & no Body to throw away their guns. By his R.H. Command.

"George Murray."

p. 239, l. 26. The details of the atrocities on the road to Moy, like those of some of the outrages immediately after Culloden, are too horrible for re-publication. Unfortunately the late war produced many parallels; but in 1746 they were committed by Britons against Britons. The horror, less in quantity, is greater in quality.

p. 240, l. 4. Mr. Charteris prints three of Cumberland's orders, dated April 19th and 21st and May 5th, on the subject of plundering, the third of which sentences a soldier of Wolfe's regiment to 1,500 lashes for stealing meal. But what is this act of brutal discipline among so many cases where no punishment followed far worse crimes than stealing meal?

p. 241, l. 5. The story about Hossack is well authenticated in *The Lyon in Mourning*.

p. 242, l. 7. Cumberland to Newcastle, June 29th, 1746.

[1] I have purposely refrained from expressing any personal opinion on the Prince's character, as it is his opponent with whom I am dealing, not the Prince. But I must protest against the charge of charlatanry, for which I see no cause whatever.

WR

p. 243, l. 5. Bishop Forbes himself helped in stirring the better feelings of the English people to a sense of the wrongs which had been committed in Scotland, as the letters show which he wrote, anonymously, for publication in the Press.

TWO BACKSTAIRS GENTLEMEN

p. 247, l. 2. William Chiffinch, like his brother, has an article devoted to him in the *D. N. B.* But the only biographical sketch of which I know concerning Progers is a footnote on p. 231 of Mr. Allan Fea's edition of the *Memoirs of Gramont.*

p. 248, ll. 2*ff.* These early references to the Chiffinches are all to be found in the *Cal. St. P., Domestic.*

p. 249, l. 32. Mr. Ebbsworth calls William Chiffinch "a time-server and libertine, wasteful, unscrupulous, open to bribery and flattery, ingratiating himself into the confidence of courtiers and mistresses, delighting in intrigue of every kind except political plots"—a description which does not err on the side of lenity. I fancy that William had some of the good qualities of his brother as well as his own undoubted vices.

p. 252, l. 7. "Lord Stirling," *sc.* Henry Alexander, Earl of Stirling, younger brother of the poet-Earl.

p. 252, ll. 13*ff.* See Williamson's notes for February 18th and 28th, 1676, in *Cal. St. P., Domestic.*

p. 253, l. 20. This is included in the various editions of *Poems on Affairs of State.*

p. 253, *n.* See *H. M. C., App.*, p. 488. Letter of September 1st, 1669: "Mrs. Chiffins . . . dead in France."

p. 254, l. 9. *Ib.*, p. 478. John Verney writes to Sir Ralph Verney, some date in 1680: "Tis said Sir Thos. Isham is this day or yesterday married to Mrs. Bab Chiffinch." We hear no more about this, however.

p. 254, l. 15. *Ib.*, p. 467. Same to same, December 7th, 1676.

p. 256, l. 20. The pleadings may be seen in Park's *Harleian Miscellany*, IV., 280.

p. 256, ll. 30*ff.* These proceedings are recorded in *Cal. St. P., Domestic.*

p. 257, l. 20. Much about this affair of Lucy Walter will be found in G. S. Steinman's *Althorpe Memoirs* and in Allan Fea's *King Monmouth.*

p. 259, l. 20. See *B. M. Add. MSS.* 28094, f. 11, "The Information of Mr. William Disney . . . April 27th, 1680." Disney was an acquaintance of Gospritt, from whom he derived part of his information. It is from him that we hear of the name "young Mr. Jacky."

p. 261, l. 27. *Cal. St. P., Domestic*, 1670, p. 14.

p. 262, l. 33. Catherine's remark is preserved in a letter from Lord Cornbury to the Marchioness of Worcester, June 10th, 1662 (*H. M. C., XII. App. Pt.* 9, p. 52).

p. 263, l. 6. Mr. Fea, *Memoirs of Gramont*, 231*n.*, mentions this fact; but I cannot identify his reference.

p. 264 l. 27. See a sheet preserved in the British Museum, "to the Honourable Committee of Privileges and Elections the humble Petition of Edward Progers Esq." The date provisionally assigned to this in the Catalogue (? 1662) is wrong. It should be 1679.

p. 265, l. 2. John Le Neve, *Monumenta Anglicana*, IV. 273, from the MSS. of Peter Le Neve, Norroy Herald.

WHAT WAS THOMAS CROMWELL?

p. 269, l. 1. *The Sunday Times* reviewer, at the time of the first publication of *The Life of Anne Boleyn*.

p. 270, l. 10. The researches of Mr. R. B. Merriman (*Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell*, 1902) have succeeded in throwing a certain amount of fresh light upon the Cromwell family. I must express acknowledgment of my indebtedness to this writer for some of my information here and later.

p. 271, l. 17. See the work just cited for a full description of Cromwell's appearance; and see also the story of his acting at the interview with Chapuys on March 31st, 1536, in my *Life of Anne Boleyn*, p. 264.

p. 271, l. 30. Cardinal Pole is authority for the statement that Cromwell commended to his notice Machiavelli's work—at a time apparently three or four years before *The Prince* was in print.

p. 272, l. 10. *State Papers, Hen. VIII.*, Vol. II., p. 552.

p. 273, l. 27. *Ib.*, p. 551.

p. 274, l. 24. See *Letters and Papers Hen. VIII.* for abstracts of these *comperta*.

p. 275, l. 23. *Ib.*, Vol. VII., p. 227.

p. 276, l. 32. It escapes me who pointed out that the friar was Barclay. The story comes from Foxe, *Ecclesiastical History*.

p. 277, l. 23. Modern medical theories attribute Katharine's death to "melanotic sarcoma."

p. 277, l. 36. See *L. and P. Hen. VIII.*, 1536, for the correspondence; and also Thomas Hearne's *Sylloge*.

p. 279, l. 34. An extant will of Cromwell's, dated in that year and month, shows him to be then a widower.

p. 279, l. 37. Professor Gairdner, in his article on Cromwell in the *D. N. B.*, appears to credit Henry with the idea.

p. 280, l. 18. Mr. M. A. S. Hume has found no confirmation for this story, which appears in *The Spanish Chronicle of Henry VIII.*

p. 282, l. 1. See Mr. Hume's *Wives of Henry VIII.*, pp. 312–3, for an amusing summary of the French negotiations.

p. 282, l. 27. When Mont went out, Anne was daughter of the reigning Duke (John) of Cleves; but her brother William succeeded to the Duchy on his father's death, February 6th, 1539.

p. 284, l. 22. Marillac to Montmorency, April 10th, 1540 (*L. and P., Henry VIII*).

p. 286, l. 14. See Wriothesley's deposition, *L. and P., Henry VIII.*, Vol. XV., p. 423.

p. 286, l. 30. Marillac to Montmorency, June 23rd, 1540.

p. 287, l. 25. Letter to Sir John Wallop and others, June 10th, 1540.

p. 288, l. 7. In *L. and P., Hen. VIII.*, the date June 12th, 1540, is suggested for Cromwell's letter.

p. 288, l. 21. *Ib.*, Vol. XV., pp. 216–7.

p. 289, l. 14. *Ib.*, p. 243.

p. 289, l. 17. *Ib.*, pp. 388, 389–94. Of the two statements, the longer one, which is among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, is badly mutilated. The other is one of the MSS. at Hatfield.

p. 289, l. 36. Foxe, *Ecclesiastical History*, II. 243, gives the speech, and also a prayer, which he attributes to Cromwell, but very unlike Cromwell in style.

p. 290, l. 12. Marillac to Montmorency, July 29th, 1540.

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